

MEN!

18 MILLION ON U. S. BLACKLIST
—How About You?

Bluebook

JANUARY 1956 ★ 25¢

IN '56:

**You
Can Get
the Job
You Want**

★

**How
Parking
Lot Gyps
Take You**

★

**How to Buy
A Suit**

★

**SCENE FROM →
New Peter
Chambers
Mystery
Novel**



**"Every reader ought to understand that
Mr. Paynter is talking directly to him."**



**Sen. Harry P. Cain,
Member of the U.S. Subversive
Activities Control Board, says of**

"YOU ARE ON A BLACKLIST,"

by HENRY PAYNTER:

I HOPE that millions of citizens will be so fortunate as to read Mr. Paynter's article. His criticisms of our internal-security programs are valid and his basic contentions are true.

"Every reader ought to understand that Mr. Paynter is talking directly to him. He is talking about injustices which have been suffered by some among us and can ruin you or me.

"No person who knows anything of Henry Paynter and his background would consider him less than intelligent, informed, fearless and a patriot of the highest character. In 'You Are on a Blacklist' he has done every other patriotic citizen a favor by

pointing out the ways in which our needed but haphazardly thrown-together internal-security systems are defeating the purposes for which they were established. Any student of the situation, like myself, would approve in principle Mr. Paynter's corrective recommendations.

"As a free republic, the United States can suffer from too much security as well as from too little. When we finally construct internal security programs in the image of our traditional practices of common decency, fair play and simple justice, we shall make our nation much more secure than it is today."

... see page 12

WADE H. NICHOLS, Publisher
ANDRÉ FONTAINE, Editor

WILLIAM N. JEFFERS, Managing Editor
ROGER G. MENGES, BRUCE CARR, Assistant Editors

EDWARD J. McLAUGHLIN, Art Editor
FRANCES O'NEILL, Editorial Assistant

ARTICLES

| | | |
|--|----------------------|-----|
| The Death of #764 | James Joseph | 6 |
| You Are on a Blacklist | Henry Poynter | 12 |
| You Can Get the Job You Want in 1956 | John Keats | 18 |
| Cars: How Parking Lot Gyps Take You | Bruce Lee | 23 |
| How to Buy a Suit | John L. Springer | 26 |
| Little Boy Blue Come Call the Play | Bob Loeffelbein | 33 |
| Stroke! | Herbert Thayer Bruce | 38 |
| Money Down Your Drain | Samuel R. Burns | 51 |
| Find Just the Home You Want—Quick! | Jack Bannick | 60 |
| The Battle of Codes | C. C. Hanks | 120 |

STORIES

| | | |
|--|------------------|----|
| What Do You Want? | Robert Turner | 10 |
| The Regulator | John Prebble | 16 |
| The Zealots of Cranston Tech | Archib Oldham | 20 |
| Bennie Brought a Gun | Yewell Lybrand | 24 |
| Disposal Service | Robert Scheckley | 30 |
| The Night the Station Got Lost | Hugh A. Mulligan | 36 |

NOVEL

| | | |
|---------------------------|------------|----|
| Watch the Joals | Henry Kane | 61 |
|---------------------------|------------|----|

FEATURES

| | | |
|--|------------------|-----|
| Pro and Con | | 2 |
| The Head Man | Oren Arnold | 4 |
| Editor's Note | | 5 |
| Famous Firsts in Sports: Winter Olympics | Bill Gottlieb | 15 |
| Lend-a-Hand Dept. | | 41 |
| It's Your Money | Sidney Margolius | 42 |
| What's New and Good | Carl Dreher | 45 |
| Man Around the House | John Shornik | 49 |
| Skiing Tips from the Experts | Irving T. Marsh | 55 |
| Wordly Wise | Webb Garrison | 90 |
| Crisis: What Did You Do With the Money? | Lydel Sims | 129 |
| Bluebook's Cover | Larry Harris | |

The short stories and novel herein are fiction and intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS, unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes, will not be returned.

BLUEBOOK is published each month simultaneously in the United States and Canada by McCall Corporation, Marvin Pierce, President, Lowell Shumway, Vice-President and Circulation Director, Edward M. Brown, Secretary, William C. Auer, Treasurer, Publication and Subscription Offices: McCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio, Executive and Editorial Offices: 230 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y. MANUSCRIPTS and ART MATERIAL will be carefully considered but will be received only with the understanding that the publisher and editor shall not be responsible for loss or injury. SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: \$2.00 for one year, \$4.00 for two years, \$6.00 for three years in U. S., Canada and Pan-American countries (add \$1.00 per year for other countries). Send all address changes to Bluebook, P.O. Box 100, Dayton 1, Ohio. IF YOU PLAN TO MOVE SOON please notify us four weeks in advance. Subscription lists are addressed in advance of publication date and extra postage is charged for forwarding. On sending notice of change of address give old address as well as new, preferably ellipsing name and old address from last copy received. JANUARY ISSUE, 1956, VOL. CII, No. 3. Copyright © 1955 by McCall Corporation. Reproduction in any manner in whole or part in English or other languages prohibited. All rights reserved throughout the world. Necessary formalities, including deposit where required, effected in the United States of America, Canada, and Great Britain. Protection secured under the International and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reprinting not permitted except by special authorization. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter November 12, 1930, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Pro and Con

Making Cars Safer

Harold Mehling's article, "Big Three Fight Over How Safe to Make Your Car," (October), hits hard at GM.

In January 1947 my sister, her two-year-old son, and the driver of the automobile were instantly killed on an Oklahoma highway in a head-on collision with an oil truck. Had safety belts been installed in that car, chances are all of the occupants would be alive today. The medical report showed that *all three* died of multiple skull fractures from being thrown out of the car onto the pavement.

Thanks for a wonderful article.

Bill Stalnaker, Houston, Tex.

I wonder if Mr. Mehling has not done an injustice to Mr. [Howard K.] Gandelot [GM's Safety Engineer]. As I read this article, it is evident that Mr. Gandelot and General Motors have made every effort to see if safety belts would be worthwhile.

It is entirely possible that as many people would lose their lives through the use of safety belts as would be saved with them. Mr. Gandelot's position on . . . safety . . . is very secure, he's been an outstanding man over a long period of years, and it seems very unfair to place the implication that Mr. Mehling has on his work. In fact, I think that both Ford and Chrysler have jumped the gun on this very important question . . .

Safety belts may or may not be good. It is entirely too early to make a flat statement either way. And personally, I would go along with Mr. Gandelot and General Motors. Let's be sure before we take the people's money for another gadget.

W. P. Mitchell, Waynesville, Mo.

Your article brings to mind one car manufacturer's last great effort, before withdrawing from the race, to sell the American people on car safety.

The beautiful Kaiser Manhattan, with its padded dashboard, pop-out windshield, narrow corner posts, large window area and low, road-hugging safety, was advertised as having "the safest front seat of any car." But baseless public ridicule together with the useless safety campaign helped eliminate this good car.

Safety can't be sold to the public. It has to be drilled in.

Bruce V. Parker, Ketchikan, Alaska

If the automotive safety engineers would lean towards the development of structural strength as well as



to passenger safety, maybe a lot of the safety devices wouldn't be needed. Put the weight back into the bodies

and utilize the added horsepower to haul the steel around rather than trying to combine the features of a jack rabbit and an airplane.

Seat belts will hold a person in, but what will keep the object hit out of the car? How many of the engines in cars hit head-on stay in place?

Ernest L. Thompson, South Yarmouth, Mass.

How to Save \$185

Your June 1954 article on car insurance caused me to look around and as a result I was able to save \$85 on car insurance for 1955.

After reading your September 1955 article, "How to Buy a Board," I expect to make a saving of over \$100 on lumber purchases.

Paul Garcia, San Francisco, Calif.

Let's see, on the 50 cents you invested for those two copies, that's 37,000 percent interest. You can't even come close to that buying in the stock market.—Ed.

Five-Minute Mile

On page 119 of your October issue, you've got two guys walking a mile in five minutes. They obviously



didn't dawdle when you consider that Bannister et al almost killed themselves to run a mile in just a minute less!

H. G. Sandstrom, Valley Stream, N. Y.

The editor who let this one through is hereby sentenced to run a mile in five minutes.—Ed.

First World Series

I was pleasantly surprised to see the piece on the first World Series (October BLUEBOOK). My dad came from Boston and he used to tell me stories about those games which he happened to see. What I remember most was his description of how thousands of kids hopped over the outfield fences and scrambled away from the

policemen with handlebar mustaches. That must have been something to see.

Will Baum, *New York, N. Y.*

Who's a Pirate?

In "Read All About It: Pirates" (August), John Dunlavy states that the Norse Vikings' very name means "pirate." I have to contradict him.

Viking means only that the person so named resided on either side of Oslo fjord, which in the olden days was called Viken (pronounced Weeken). Viken means an inlet from the sea.

Undoubtedly some Vikings were pirates, but the majority were farmers, traders, and so forth. To call



New Yorkers gangsters because a few are, would be just as wrong.

So let Mr. Dunlavy be keelhaunched at slow speed from the Battery to Staten Island.

Capt. Fin Westgaarden, *Salt Point, N. Y.*

Says Mr. Dunlavy: "If I'm to be keelhaunched, I'll have impressive company. For my authorities on this item are generally considered about tops. The number one authority on pirates, Peter Gosse, in his 'History of Pirates,' states flatly that the word Viking signifies pirate. Similarly, A. Hyatt Verrill in 'The Real Story of the Pirate' refers to the Vikings as a 'race of pirates.' Further, the current edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica deals at length with the Vikings as pirates and sea robbers."

Starboard, Larboard and Port

Having recently ordered the book, "Best Sea Stories from Bluebook," I wonder if you could tell me the origin and meaning of the words, starboard, port and larboard?

Joseph Krawczyk, *S/S Gulfvictor*

In his book, "Why You Say It," Webb Garrison, who writes our "Wordy Wise" items, says: "Early sailing vessels were steered by means of a big oar which protruded from the right. Hence, in Anglo-Saxon that side of a ship was called 'steorbord' (steer side). In order to get next to a dock, a vessel had to turn its rudder to the outside. So the left side was invariably used for loading and was called the 'ladebord' (loading side). Slightly modified into 'starboard' and 'larboard,' the terms were standard for centuries. Then there was a series of accidents because the words sounded so much alike that they were confused. Since larboard was always next to the dock, 'port' came to be substituted for it."

Successful Gamble

A couple of months ago I was looking for a well rounded-out magazine, noticed yours, leafed through it, took a chance and bought it. I just finished your latest and am eagerly awaiting your next.

I especially enjoy George Fielding Eliot's stories. He certainly has his sea lore down pat. He must have been born with an oar in his hand and salt on his brow. When's his next?

Kirk Vaughan, *Oscoda, Mich.*

Another in the Caleb Pettengill series will be along next month—"The Gold-Plated Gunboat."—Ed.

More on Southwest's Troubles

In regard to your September article, "The Southwest Is Doomed—Unless": Since we cannot store all the surplus water we get during the rainy season above ground and millions of gallons return to the oceans to become worthless for man's use, I am wondering why this surplus cannot be put into underground storage.

My idea would be that numerous shallow wells be drilled in the higher elevations near sources of streams and that all water from streams that could be saved, diverted into such wells.

G. C. Miller, *Anderson, Calif.*

Out our way we have big holes called recharge basins. Rain water is drained into them via storm sewers; there it seeps into the ground to restore the water level. The silt settles and every so often they go in with bulldozers and scrape up some of the richest topsoil you ever saw.

Ed.

Address all letters to: The Editor, Bluebook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

...AND YOU CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT 'EM



"I've decided what to wear."

Bluebook B142

The HEAD MAN

By Oren Arnold



About January 1 each year our family gets back to normal. Mom is through pouting because my Christmas gift to her cost more than she paid for mine. The kids have swapped their loot around so that practically every item can be worn or enjoyed by somebody. And I cease being sullen over the fact that I have to foot the bills for everything.

Who else can remember away back when we were expected to start worrying about income taxes along about now? Ha! From where I sit, April 15 seems as far off as next Christmas. Fortunately my Adele already has the family books moved to her desk beside the sewing machine, so I know the matter will be taken good care of in good time. As usual.

There are many questions that no man can answer. And either my kids or the Internal Revenue collector have asked every one of them.

My neighbor's 13-year-old daughter demands to know just why she didn't get a strapless evening gown and a football for Christmas as ordered. Growing pains, doesn't it?

Whoever said women don't have a sense of humor have never lived with mine. Mine find funny things in my conversation that were not intended to be funny at all.

Friend Ed Meyer gave me a beautiful \$300 French poodle for Christmas, and while my wife and kids are delighted, I am appalled at the necessity of trying to live up to it socially. Whenever I walk out with it, I get a feeling from grinning neighbors that I am the one on the leash.

"The happiest days of your life are school days," said Mrs. Betty Smith, grimly shooting her tribe off to the waiting bus.

Certainly appearances are deceiving. The 1956 dollar looks exactly like the 1946 dollar.

To be sure, religion is no joking matter. But I can't help feeling a kindred spirit in the chap who put this sign on the lawn of his church in California: COME IN AND GET YOUR FAITH LIFTED.

At the church carnival last night my daughter-in-law stripped the fortune teller's gears. "Never mind about the man in my future," said she. "What about the future in my man?"

I can't think why they call it "legal tender." It's plenty tough to get, and even tougher to hold onto.

I have never had much desire to be a Man Among Men. Which is just as well, because with a wife and three daughters I've long been a Man Among Women. And brother, I like it. It's as much fun to go fishing with gangly-legged companions under pony-tail hairdos as it is with gawky offspring under crew cuts. Besides which, with daughters I'm seeing a gay old time with your sons in my home practically every evening, while you are lonely at home!

This abrasion on my forehead was caused by a flying saucer. Washing dishes Saturday, my Adele said she had just come from the beauty parlor, and in a moment of mental lapse I asked, "How come you couldn't get waited on?"

You feel sorry for yourself? You should.

You parents should be careful to have at least three kids, thus assuring two with brains enough to support the genius.

Go ahead and build better things, Mister, and advertise them boldly in the good American way. But remember, customers are not fools; don't get caught in your own mouthtrap.

I never mind it when a woman looks poured into a dress, provided too much hasn't settled to the bottom.

"The best thing about growing old," said Dad Wilson, visiting in our patio and philosophizing on girls, "is that you can enjoy the looking without demanding the loving."

"You used to be younger," Mother Wilson remarked dryly.

The older you are, I have noticed, the more you can brag about your youth without being contradicted.

Ned Hale's mamma dog, bred to a highbrow for a \$100 fee, has just had two right nice-looking pups, all right. But our old roughneck Queenie, a thoroughlybred mongrel who always mates with her kind, is nursing 12 sturdy new babies under our back porch steps. Just like people.

Mr. and Mrs., in managing your family don't get the idea that you can right selfishness with self-righteousness.

Editor's Note:

We're a guy as always likes to watch a good fight and some characters opine that on occasion we sort of nudge the contestants until they start pounding each other—though such characters are obviously biased and therefore unreliable. However, knowing how many basketball fans there are in the country, we give you the following statement by Archie Oldham, who wrote the zany story on page 20:

The story is about a coach who's too obsessed with systems; says Oldham: "I still believe that it's better for a coach to be a little too authoritarian than too laissez-faire. I have yet to hear of a game being won with a last-minute play that was selected by a democratic straw vote of the players, student body and assembled alumni.

"Instead," says Oldham, who is probably also a biased witness since he's freshman basketball and head tennis coach at Columbia University, "what actually happens is much more decisive and orderly. The coach jumps up and shouts unintelligibly the first thing that pops into his head. The players, unable to hear above the crowd, think that he is simply exhorting the officials as usual, and ignore him. Besides, they believe they're ahead by a point instead of behind by one. The ball goes to the worst shooter on the team who, without looking at the basket, tries a shot he has never made before. The ball hits the corner of the backboard and is bounding away toward the balcony seats when a gust of air from the ventilating conduit sweeps it back in the other direction and through the basket as the buzzer sounds. In a dead faint, the coach is carried off on the shoulders of an hysterical student body, while frenzied alumni try to stuff shares of AT&T down his coat collar.

"This is why you gotta have a system."

It's entirely possible that one reason Oldham is so lighthearted about this is that he's a bachelor of 29 and is six feet, eight inches tall. Some time ago he attended St. John's College, in Brooklyn, where he played four years of varsity basketball and three years of varsity tennis. It's easy to see he ain't got proper respect for the gravity of a tense basketball game.

The guy whose picture adorns this page today is Bob Turner, a North Carolina type who has been writing some 800 short stories and at least four novels for the past 17 years—or since he was 23. Reason we're writing about him is a sort of paradox. As follows:

"For years," writes Turner, "I've been watching writing friends of mine appear in *BLUEBOOK*, which is a sort of secret goal for most writers, I believe, and been applauding quietly and wondering why it's never happened with me. Well, now, it finally has and I take a small bow with very great pride in this accomplishment."

The trick is, we take a small bow in having Turner in the book. The story on page 11 is the third of his we've printed; we think they were all outstanding. Our favorite, by a nose, was "Big Boys Don't Cry," which we ran in August. But maybe that's because once, years ago, we talked with a kid who'd just accidentally shot his kid brother. We tried to coax him out of the state of numb shock he'd been in for three days, shock so deep he didn't speak or sleep, or

**Bob
Turner**



eat, but just stared with eyes that seemed as big as the bull's-eye on a target. We couldn't reach him.

We have another paradox lying around this month so, while we're on the subject, we might as well tell you about it. See the story on page 17. We think it's a swell Western. The man who wrote it lives in Coulsdon, Surrey, England.

John Prebble was with the British Second Army from Normandy to the Rhine, then was on occupation duty in Hamburg. Post-war he was a reporter and feature writer for a couple of London papers and a news magazine. He's written four novels and the movie "White Feather." So how come he knows anything about American Westerns?

Easy. He grew up in Saskatchewan, learned his Indian lore first-hand, and one of the earliest stories he remembers is the one his father told about his Great-uncle Tanner, a buffalo hunter with the Union Army. Tanner went west into Dakota Territory and married a Cheyenne girl—a sequence which Prebble built into a short story called "My Great-aunt Appearing Day," and *this*, in turn, became "White Feather."

"The Regulator," too is based on fact, says Prebble. "Life writes better fiction, anyway, than an author can invent, and he would be a fool if he did not make use of it."

Amen.—A.F.



Bob
Tink

The Death of #764

BY JAMES JOSEPH

The jet flashed down the sky like a flung silver spear. Suddenly, the spear blossomed into a puff of debris and two parachutes. A new fighter, on its final structural test flight, had died. Then began the long, quiet, painstaking hunt for the killer.

AT 11 A.M. ON OCTOBER 12, 1954, Major Guy Hoagland was throttling his B-47 Stratojet at 25,000 feet over the Mojave Desert in southern California. Ahead and high above the bomber, its contrails tracing the clear sky, poised a silver-skinned North American F-100, a Super Sabre, one of the newly-hatched century-series fighters.

Though a veteran jetman, Major Hoagland tensed as he watched the Sabre wing-over and point its tapered nose desertward. Projectile-like, the F-100 screamed down from 45,000 feet. Nose cleaving the airstream, its swept-back wings blurred against the sun, 11 tons of technical perfection dropped straight and true.

The F-100 passed the B-47's altitude in a sizzling, supersonic dive, so fast that Hoagland, even from a distance, had to turn his head quickly to follow it.

Then it happened. Without the slightest outward sign of instability, without any indication of structural failure, the jet-bird simply fell apart before the airman's unbelieving eyes. Where moments before there'd been a half-million dollars worth of plane, now suddenly there was only debris.

An explosion? The major thought there'd been one—a single, all-consuming blast. Parachutes? Yes, two of them. They'd opened almost immediately. Debris? A sky full. The altitude? "She'd reached 24,000, perhaps 23,000 feet, when—pooff!—she simply disintegrated."

Thus began one of the great technological mysteries of modern times. For this was no ordinary accident, no rule-book tragedy. The Super Sabre, destined to become one of the Air Force's front-line fighters and to set a new level-flight record of 822 miles an hour several months ago, had been on its final structural integrity test. Why had it exploded? What had gone wrong there four miles above the Mojave? Before the mystery was solved, it was to consume 3,000 man-hours and to draw on the genius of hundreds of experts.

At the time of the crash, young Bob Kemp sat at his desk in North American's sprawling Los Angeles plant impatiently awaiting a phone call. At 36, Bob was the F-100 project boss—a crew-cut, careful engineer who'd wet-nursed the Super Sabre from blueprint to riveted maturity. Like others on the project, he knew that North American's chief engineering test pilot, George S. Welch, was that very moment putting the F-100 through its most rugged structural test—a "symmetrical pull-up."

On Kemp's desk lay the flight order, that fatal decree: SYMMETRICAL PULL-UP. . . . (1) Dive altitude, 45,000 feet; (2) Pull-up altitude, 23,700 feet; (3) Speed, (classified); (4) Load factor, (classified).

The sonic-shattering plunge would, at the instant of pull-up, exert terrible stress—almost seven Gs (seven times the pull of gravity)—upon the F-100's airframe. But Test Pilot Welch, in his probing, cautious way had taken it a step at a time. For months he'd been slowly building for this, the final—and maximum—structural test prescribed by the Air Force.

The phone jangled. As he reached for it, Kemp had no inkling of disaster. Number 764—Welch's Super Sabre—had proven itself on scores of lesser flights, had even pulled higher Gs, though at lower speeds. The thin-winged fighter had been adjudged structurally sound, was even then in production. Besides, Welch was perhaps the canniest of sonic-age test pilots. He'd been with North American 10 years, had tested the F-100's fiery predecessor, the F-86 Sabre jet. He'd taken the Super Sabre aloft on her first trial in May 1953 and smashed through the sonic barrier on that maiden flight. No one knew better than George Welch No. 764's every weld and rivet. No one was more self-assured in her cockpit. For already he'd nosed No. 764 aloft on 47 test missions, a total of 16 hours and 35 minutes.

Bob lifted the phone, said, "Yes?"

"No. 764 exploded. Welch is dead!" rasped the flight-test controller.

Illustration by Robert Fink

It was an hour later that a DC-3 roared out from the mother plant. Aboard was the first contingent of technological detectives, Bob Kemp among them. For Kemp was heading the technical phase, coordinating the myriad studies, the findings of a hundred scientists and engineers, every one a specialist.

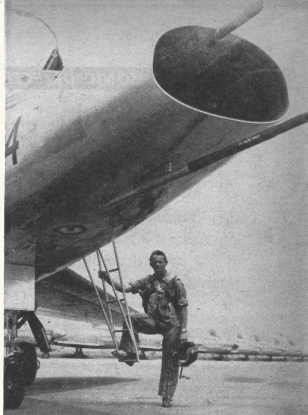
Minutes later they set down at Palmdale Test Center, the F-100's home base, some 50 miles north of Los Angeles. Waiting were trucks, sheriff's deputies, a phalanx of North American security officers.

En route to the crash scene, Kemp spelled things out. They'd begin at the beginning—by locating, analyzing, mapping every part and fragment. That meant scouring miles of sweltering desert, scavenging every hunk of metal and plastic. Logical first step was to plot the "drop pattern"—pinpointing every part's location along 764's flight path.

Slogging the Mojave's hot sands, technicians had precious little to go on. From eyewitnesses it was already known that Welch had begun his pull-up. That placed 764's death at 23,700 feet, the pull-up altitude specified in the flight orders. Seventeen minutes before the explosion Welch had reported to Palmdale's flight-test engineer, saying he was readying to dive. Two minutes later he'd given his position as directly over the desert town of Mojave, with Rosamond Dry Lake his aiming point. Shortly afterwards he'd broken contact.

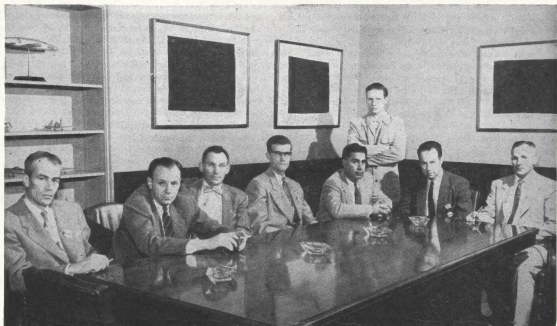
Had a part failed? Or was there something about 764's velocity, load and altitude which somehow, some way, transcended aerodynamic knowledge? Somewhere, scattered over the Mojave, lay the answer—perhaps. There, too, lurked the battery of special cameras and test instruments which had monitored 764's death plunge.

Even as Bob Kemp's advance guard fanned out across the desert, an autopsy got underway at nearby



Test pilot Welch and the plane that killed him.

Crash committee (l. to r.): R. F. Pribil, Components; H. A. Storms, chief technical engineer; Ben Peterson, Aerodynamics; James Hegenwald, Emergency Escape; Antonio LoPresti, Structures; Bob Kemp, F-100 project engineer; Don Rogerson, Power Plant; George Mellinger, Flight Test. Photos on wall were censored out.



Norton Air Force Base, where Welch's body had been air-lifted by 'copter. A couple of Navions out of Palmdale—attached to a flight-test emergency-rescue unit—had reached the disaster area while the two chutes were falling. One chute carried the pilot's body; the other was 764's drag chute, freed from its tail compartment when the jet disintegrated.

Almost from the beginning medics were baffled. Often a pilot's body is pin-cushioned by fragmented glass and metal, the pieces so precisely oriented that they point to the source of failure. For example, glass from a sonic-shattered windshield. But Welch's body was scarcely damaged.

The autopsy findings are still stamped "confidential," but this much can be revealed: X-rays showed only superficial internal injury—the right arm was broken; so was the little finger of the right hand. Neither, of course, could have caused death though they might have been contributory. Had something torn loose in the cockpit, shattered Welch's arm, sent No. 764 out of control? It was possible—but improbable. Major Hoagland in the Stratojet had noticed not a single outward indication of erratic flight. No, the medics were forced to conclude, the fractures must have come during or after breakup.

Days later a light-struck oscillograph film, carefully developed and reconstructed, attributed death to airstream impaction. The oscillograph, a delicate control-monitoring device, had recorded stick and rudder pedal movements during every instant of dive. At the moment of breakup Welch had been exerting heavy—and normal—pressure on the controls. Any sudden fracture of arm or finger would have forced him—momentarily at least—to let go the stick. Obviously, the fractures had come *after* disintegration.

Still later, when the ejector seat was recovered, hulking Antonio LoPresti, assistant chief of structures, determined that the seat had been working perfectly. Welch had bailed clear, unhurt. In the absence of any physical damage serious enough to cause death, there could be but one conclusion: Welch had died in 764's thunderous airstream, its velocity as death-dealing as an artillery shell. For in all probability, George Welch had bailed out at higher speed than any man before him.

At the autopsy's outset came a puzzler—Welch's flight suit was saturated with jet fuel, his flight boots half-filled with the stuff. Here was a problem for aerodynamics, for a man like R. F. Pribil, chief of components. Involved were a dozen ponderables: the location of fuel tanks; their gallonage; the fuel's specific gravity.

From all this came a conjecture: that Welch had fallen through a fuel cloud, a liquid strata of kerosene. The surmise led to a corollary: that the pilot had passed through the fuel strata *before* his chute opened, likely only seconds—perhaps fractions of a second—after breakup. For even such massive gallonage as No. 764 carried (the exact amount is "classified") would have rapidly dispersed in the dry, hot and windy desert atmosphere (noontime ground



Studying oscillograph traces, aerodynamicists Don Beck, Don Parker and Dick Peticolas find first real clue to cause of #764's death.

temperature had been 93 degrees). Vaporous fuel might have misted the pilot as he hung in the chute, but vapor alone could scarcely have half-filled a flight boot.

In itself, the autopsy proved pitifully little, save to eliminate one avenue of conjecture: There'd been no cockpit fire.

A blind alley?

"Not really," Kemp explains. "No. 764 hadn't caught fire. If she had, that dense fuel concentration would certainly have ignited. So it was reasonable to conclude that the explosion's origin had been sonic—that is, sonic disintegration. It was but one segment of a cumbersome puzzle, a key piece. From such fragments we hoped to rebuild the whole."

While the autopsy was going on, a corps of security officers were jeeping from one desert homestead to another, questioning, probing: "Did you see the F-100 explode?" "Did you observe the Super Sabre's last dive?" Altogether, 175 people saw it happen.

Meantime, the probe narrowed to five square miles flanking the crash scene. As teams of specialists spread out across the Mojave, Bob Kemp cautioned them: "No preconceived conclusions . . . no prejudiced thinking." Kemp's was a purposeful warning. For aerosearchers must restrain the impulse to reconstruct one disaster in the image of another. Like detectives, they must begin with the evidence at hand—the only facts admissible, the only ones that count.

On the second day they found the radar compartment door torn from 764's nose.

"That door," Bob recalls, "shielded the nose cameras, filming a bank of instruments separate from

Continued on page 85



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

BY ROBERT TURNER

The means he used to make the girls come through had never failed—until that disastrous night. And now the girl's father haunted him, silent as a prowling leopard.

THE THIRD DAY Buckman worked harder than ever trying to shake Mr. Pritchett, and by midafternoon he was sure that he'd done it, and so he went into this little bar at the north end of Main Street, all by himself, at last, to celebrate.

He finished one drink and was starting on the second and just beginning to unwind when he saw old man Pritchett come in.

Rosemary Pritchett's father wasn't really old. He was only 36, but to Buckman or any kid under 20, that was old. Then, too, Pritchett was the small wiry type and looked older than he was, especially with his cheeks sunken over empty back gums, and with the high, bony forehead and deeply-set, slate-colored eyes that held a fierce, feverish glitter. Sleeping in a car for three nights and eating little if anything for three days hadn't helped Pritchett's looks any, either. His blue workshirt and dungarees were rumpled and filthy.

When Buckman had first found out who Pritchett was he had remembered Rosemary's clean, milk-fed voluptuousness and wondered how in crazy she'd ever been spanned by this character. Then he'd laughed, knowing it wasn't necessarily so from what they used to say about Rosemary's mother before she died.

Now, though, when Pritchett came into the bar, there was nothing humorous about him at all. Buckman felt only sudden awesome shock. He spilled most of a shot of Irish whiskey down the front of his sport shirt. He swore and ordered another but had to wait until the bartender opened a soft drink and filled a glass with ice for Pritchett at the other end of the bar.

When the bartender came up he watched Buckman dabbing his wet shirt front. Then, shrewdly studying Buckman's eyes and mouth, the bartender said, "You sure you need another, kid? Maybe you oughta go home and forget about it, huh?"

Buckman glared and hunched his thick shoulders. He smeared a hairy-backed hand across his mouth.

"In a pig's poke," he said. He'd had a dozen drinks today and maybe he *was* a little high, but Buckman knew he wasn't drunk by a long shot. "I've seen you serve in here until you had to drag 'em out with baling hooks, so don't give me that stuff. Get up the drink."

The bartender muttered something, but he poured another drink. Buckman gulped half and looked along the bar toward Pritchett. Rosemary's old man's sunken, bright eyes were still on him. They didn't swerve. They didn't even blink.

Buckman said loudly, "Why don't you cut it out? Why don't you leave me alone?"

Pritchett didn't answer. He kept slowly moving his glass around on the bar with his long, bony fingers and looking back at Buckman.

Finally Buckman swiveled his head away. He looked everywhere but toward that end of the bar for five minutes. Then his gaze began drifting back. First by way of the back-bar mirror and then direct. For the thousandth time in the past few days he tried to outstare Pritchett, but as always his eyes were the first to break away. This time when they did, he got off his stool, picked up his drink and moved down and took the place next to Pritchett. All that time Pritchett's eyes never left him.

Now, sitting next to him without looking at him, Buckman said, "All right, I give up. You give me the willies and it's got to stop. Let's have it out. What you want from me?"

Buckman waited and waited but Pritchett didn't answer. Buckman brought his eyes up and Pritchett stared back into them. His eyes, with their burning intensity, were even more frightening up close like this.

"Look," Buckman said. "She's dead and nothing will change that. This won't, this crazy stuff. Listen, don't you think I feel bad about it, too? Look, you need money; will money help? Not that we didn't

Continued on page 89

YOU ARE ON A

... if you're like one of every four working Americans. The blacklist is drawn up by U. S. government agencies and is composed of secret "security" files on 18 million ordinary U. S. citizens. Many of these files are made up of back-fence gossip, vicious lies, wild, uninvestigated suspicions, the mouthings of sick minds. You never know, until you're hit, if there's such a file on you. From it can come charges which you may never even be told, but which can get you fired from your job—as it did Joe Barnow—and place you, your wife and your children under a dark cloud forever.

By Henry Paynter

A HARD-WORKING YOUNG PLUMBER we will call Joe Barnow volunteered for armed service in World War II, and after getting his honorable discharge went to work for a West Coast contractor, got a raise, was promoted to foreman, and decided to get married.

The new Mrs. Barnow was an unusual woman, a successful advertising woman and editor, who owned and managed a five-apartment building.

The Barnows were liked by their neighbors. Joe was a Methodist and his wife also was a church-goer. They were active members of their respective unions. They joined a young people's club of one of the two big political parties. Joe as a kid had been a Boy Scout, his wife a Camp-fire Girl. Other than that they had never belonged to any organizations.

For reading matter they took a large West Coast daily newspaper and subscribed to *Popular Mechanics*, *McCall's*, and the *Stock Breeders Gazette*. Like many Western city people they dreamed of some day owning a ranch.

Joe got another raise and commendation. It looked like a happy and successful life. Then, one

day, Joe's boss took a defense contract on a West Coast air base where a special weapons project was being worked on. Joe was assigned to handle plumbing blueprints.

Shortly afterward Joe was fired out of hand, with no official explanation. All he could get from anybody was a murmured: "Joe, they say you are supposed to be disloyal—or something."

Joe went home, bewildered, and told the Mrs. She said: "Fight it—unless there's something you're afraid of."

So Joe went to the U. S. District Attorney, the FBI field office, the main city offices of Air Force security, and U. S. Engineers Corps security. Nobody seemed to have any idea of what it was all about. But they tried to encourage him. They said he had nothing to worry about. It didn't necessarily mean he was disloyal. It could be—something else.

In fact, the subsequent government directive applying to men in Joe Barnow's fix, is explicit: "Denial or revocation of a clearance does not necessarily carry an implication that the individual is disloyal to the United States."

Perish the thought! The same directive goes on

BLACKLIST...



Illustration by Lowell Hess

to reassure the Joe Barnows of the other things they could be denied clearance for. Uncle Sam says to them in effect:

"Don't worry, friend, I'm not saying you are necessarily a traitor. You could also be a crook, a jailbird, crazy, sick with an unnamed disease, irresponsible, a drunkard, a homo, or one of those guys that goes around showing himself to little girls."

Uncle Sam not only says that to the man accused, by registered "confidential" letter; in effect he says it to all the man's friends, neighbors and co-workers. For how can you defend yourself without getting affidavits from the people you know, in your home neighborhood, and in the shop? Everybody you ask for an affidavit knows what's in the directive because it's a public document, up on the bulletin board. They can read, can't they? Then everybody

you know knows that you're supposed to be "disloyal—or something."

"Fight it, Joe," said his wife, bravely. And he did. He wrote his congressman. He even wrote the President of the United States. He was punching shadows. Nobody told him anything. He got another job. It turned out to be temporary. No contractor wants a wrestling match with the combined U.S. security forces. In fact, every job after that was temporary. Joe hired a lawyer. He wasn't licked yet. Half his worry was about what it was he was supposed to have done—the nagging *something*.

If Joe had given up at any stage, then his name and the fact that he was fired, and didn't fight, would have gone on a government blacklist as someone who, in effect, "admitted" he was a security risk! It would have kept him out of a whole range of jobs. His name might have gotten on one of several privately circulated blacklists, which get around the federal law against blacklists by operating as associations publishing bulletins under a "free press" Constitutional protection. By my estimates, Joe would thus have been deprived of from a third to two-thirds of all possible chances of making a living.

But that's only a starter. By this federal blacklisting, an utterly false, whispered, anonymous accusa-

tion would not only have condemned him for life to second-class citizenship, but might have condemned his children and his children's children. It might also have condemned his friends, relatives, neighbors and casual associates. Such "guilt by association" had already ruined one man just for going to a picnic with a fellow factory worker in a new city.

Joe fought. Maybe, if he had known what he was taking on, he would have given up. What was it that hit him?

Let's leave Joe sweating it out while we look behind the scenes.

Everybody is very thoroughly aware of the still-present danger that the cold war with Russia could flare into a hot war, with hydrogen bombs then wiping out our cities and perhaps our national existence.

Senator Joseph McCarthy and others have made great political hay for themselves out of what they called the failure of various government officials to take strong measures to prevent Communists from infiltrating government agencies and defense plants.

As a result there has been a sort of panic in government security quarters. Without any real kind of an over-all plan or control, more than 70 government agencies, collecting for the most part neighborhood gossip and old mailing lists, have now built up secret "security dossiers" on more than 10 million ordinary Americans. And these agencies are working day and night to increase the list.

The 10 million total seemed high to me until I checked into it myself. The figure was given by the man who should know—a member of the U.S. Subversive Activities Control Board, former U.S. Senator Harry M. Cain. Cain says, in effect, that the way the government is running the internal security program, it's helping Russia and damaging the American way of life.

Actually, no agency of government has any accurate figure on how many such "security" dossiers there are. My own investigation indicates that Sen. Cain's figure is too low; that there are about 18 million such dossiers—and the number is growing every day.

A good many Americans seem to think the program applies only to civilian government employees. They are wrong. The overwhelming majority of the 18 million are civilian workers employed by private companies, and their sons and grandsons in uniform.

What no one has perhaps gotten around to telling you yet is that YOUR NAME may be on one of those 18 million dossiers. The chances are roughly one in four that it is.

Maybe you never did a wrong thing in your life, not even a little mistake. It still doesn't matter.

You could have relatives, or friends, or fellow workers—or go on a picnic with somebody. Maybe when you were younger you had a drink too much and took a swing at somebody; maybe your wife miscalculated and had a check bounce at the grocery

Continued on page 91

HENRY PAYNTER is a World War II graduate of O.S.S., and of the U.S. Air Staff espionage, sabotage, intelligence and security schools. He executed a top-secret world-wide planning mission for O.S.S., and all-theater secret intelligence missions for the Air Staff. He was military and naval correspondent in Washington for *Newsweek* magazine, wrote on international politics for the Associated Press, and published several exposés of Nazi and Japanese espionage and sabotage in the U.S. One of these attracted world-wide attention in 1940 when the Hercules Powder plant at Dover, N. J., blew up a week after Paynter predicted it.

So much for his qualifications. Since anyone who criticizes the security program immediately becomes suspect himself, we offer the following additional information on him.

In 1945 he lectured to a distinguished Washington forum, presided over by William Batt, on "The Coming Third World War." He has never joined any subversive or "front" organizations, nor read their literature except in the line of duty. He is a tenth generation American and his ancestors include famous patriots. He is an officer of the Laymen's Club of the New York (Episcopal) Cathedral.

BLUEBOOK commissioned him to make a fresh study of the security problem direct from Washington sources. This article is the result.

—THE EDITORS

FAMOUS FIRSTS IN SPORTS:

Illustrated by
William Heyer



WINTER OLYMPICS

THE FIRST winter sports Olympic games were held in the tiny town of Chamonix, France, way up on the slopes of Mt. Blanc, from January 26th to February 4th, 1924. We sent a big squad and made a lot of noise, but all we could bring home was one gold medal.

Even before the opening gun was fired we were involved in a rhubarb. Sweden protested the eligibility of our three best skiers (Bernt Hensen, Anders Haugen and Ragmar Omtvedt) a few days before the January 15th entry deadline. At this, Mayor George Leach of Minneapolis, manager of the U.S. Ski Team, blew a fuse: "Where do they come off with that stuff?" he asked reporters. "I checked [the skiers'] backgrounds and none of those men ever got paid a cent for skiing. We're going right ahead with our plans, and if they don't stop squawking we'll pull our team out of the competition."

A few hours later, when that one had simmered down, Omtvedt gave the team another hard time. On the morning of January 16th, with the skiers due to sail at noon on the *S.S. President Van Buren*, Ragmar showed up unexpectedly with skis and suitcase, but sans sailing papers. He dashed around madly, clearing his passport, checking luggage, exchanging cash for travelers' checks. At sailing time he was nowhere in sight. Just as the gangplanks were being hauled away Ragmar came sprinting down the dock, waving his precious papers, and off we went to do battle on foreign soil.

At the opening ceremony on January 25th, Clarence (Taffy) Abel, our burly hockey defense man, acting as U.S. flag-bearer, choked over his French while attempting to take the Olympic oath. Taffy changed the snickers of the multi-lingual crowd in the stands to cheers when he cried, "I'd rather fumble over a couple French words now than fumble when I'm shootin' for a goal." This was stirring even though it didn't make much sense.

The United States led in the games for about a half hour, when Charley Jewtraw, Lake Placid speedster, took the first event, the 500-meter speedskating sprint, in 44 seconds. This turned out to be our sole victory. By the end of the day, we were in third place, and wound up fourth, with the unofficial total of 29 points. Norway mopped up the skiing honors to win the Olympics with 134½ points, followed by Finland (76¼) and Great Britain (30).

Clas Thunberg of Finland stole the skating show with his tremendous speed, effortless grace and stamina. He took two firsts (1,500, 5,000 meters) and could just as well have won all four events. In the 500-meter dash, he stumbled on a turn, broke stride, and finished in a tie for third, only 4/5ths of a second behind Jewtraw. In the 10,000-meter race, he gallantly eased up in order to let teammate Julien Skutnabb beat him to the tape.

THE hockey title, won by Canada against the U.S. 6-1, was a bloody finale. Both sextets had shelled the European teams by scores that sounded like football games. We blasted France, for example, 22-0, while the Canucks shelled the Swiss entry, 33-0, with Harry Watson, their ace getting the unbelievable total of 13 goals.

Asked to predict the outcome of the U.S.-Canada contest, Watson replied: "We oughtta win by 10, 12 to nothing." When our boys heard about this they were furious.

In the first 20 seconds of the first face-off, Watson was kayoed by Taffy Abel, and two minutes later went to the bench, with a bloody nose. Later, he slashed Abel over the back of the neck with his stick, and Taffy promptly sent him sprawling with a belt to the ribs. All good clean fun. At the banquet the following evening, the battered Watson toasted "the hard-playing Americans."

—BY BILL GOTTlieb





If he staked his life against those mad-dog killers and lost, his small son would be alone in the world. If he refused the gamble, he would destroy forever the boy's belief in him.

The REGULATOR

THE DRIFTERS came an hour after dawn. Walter James and his boy heard the nervous beat of hoofs down by the corral, and then a man's laugh, an insanely mirthless sound that scratched unpleasantly on the morning air.

Walter put down the skilley of beans and wiped his hands slowly on his hips. He looked at the Henry rifle that hung on a peg by the door. He looked at it cautiously, moving his eyes only, so that his son might not catch the glance. He knew that most men who recognized that laugh would expect him to take down the Henry and use it.

He looked away from the gun. He said flatly, "Somebody come calling, Son. You stay here." But the boy was already bounding into the sunlight outside.

Walter James looked once more at the rifle, and then he went out too. Three men sat their ponies near the sunflower patch, their bodies fallen into that hunched unconcern that comes on a man after a hard ride. When he saw them Walter took his son's shoulder in a hard grip and he said, "You stay quiet, Boy. Mind what your paw says, you stay quiet."

One of the riders was a thin, yellow man who wore a greasy Confederate kepi, although the war had been over for years. There was a fat Mexican in a striped poncho. His face was wet with sweat beneath the brim of his needle-crowned sombrero. The third rider was a half-breed with plaited hair. Behind them a riderless horse leaned over a crooked foreleg, dirty white lather over neck and flanks.

A fourth man was inside the corral, passing his hands over Walter's sorrel. He said something, and the man in the Confederate cap laughed again.

Walter stared at the fourth man and knew that this was worse than he had expected. This man was big, and he wore a hickory shirt and a cowhide vest. His black felt hat had a punched-in crown and a snakeskin band. Every movement of his powerful body was like an evil answer to a threat, and as he moved the sun shone on his hand-gun. He wore it strapped to the right thigh, and the holster had been cut away below the trigger-guard.

The Mexican looked up to the house and called, "Old!"

He pulled his rifle from its scabbard and pumped it, resting it on his saddle-horn.

"Paw . . ." said Billy.

Walter pushed his hand down on the boy's shoulder and said nothing.

The man in the black hat climbed over the fence and said something to the breed who got down and began to unsaddle the fourth horse. Then the others came up to the house, the big man grinning as he walked through the dust, but with his humorless eyes fixed on Walter's face. The Mexican had a handful of sunflower seeds and he pushed them into his mouth, chewing noisily, but his right hand held the rifle straight at Walter James.

The big man stopped about four yards away, still grinning, his right hand hooked in his belt above his

Continued on page 97

You Can Get the Job You Want in 1956

BY JOHN KEATS

Calvin Coolidge once wrote, "When many men are unable to find work, unemployment results." Well, doesn't look as if that would happen this year—probably the best ever for any American who needs work or wants to change the job he has.

IF YOU'RE GETTING out of school or the armed forces this year to look for your first job, it's an almost sure bet you're going to find one. If, for one reason or another, you're thinking of changing jobs or moving to another town, 1956 will be as safe as any year ever for you to toss up your current job. In fact, you'll have at least 65 chances out of 67 to find *some* kind of work this coming year, for the outlook for '56, according to employers, brokers and the U.S. Labor Department, is one of continued prosperity and peak employment.

Of course, there's a big difference between just any job and the right job for you. The sound rule is to look before you leap, and there are many free public and private agencies that will not only help you look, but will also help you to leap, as a young bluejacket found out last fall.

He was a crew-cut kid with a problem, and one day while his ship lay at anchor in a Pacific harbor, he sat in the shade of a ventilator on the aft deck and wrote a letter to his government.

"At the present time," he wrote the Labor Department, "I am finishing my four-year tour with the Navy. It seems all the career men on my ship fear the outside—no jobs, no security. If you could give me any information you might have on job prospects, current salary, etc., as to jobs for non-college grads,

I would appreciate it very much. As yet I do not know what line of work I would like to do. I have three trades already—shipfitting, woodwork and radio operator—and I don't like any of them."

He closed with a request for specific information as to the labor market around Seattle. His was typical of the 1500 letters received each month by the Labor Department. Like nearly all others, it could be reduced to these terms:

What jobs are in demand?

Where are they?

How do I get one?

The sailor had written to the right Department, for Labor has the answers, and the Department's statistical bureau keeps the data right up to the minute.

Labor's answer began by reassuring the youngster on the prospects of life on the "outside." It not only gave him a run-down on job opportunities around Seattle, but suggested he go to the U.S. Employment office there, sent him some pamphlets and referred him to the Department's *Occupational Outlook Handbook*, a monumental work which describes more than 20,000 jobs in complete detail.

The sailor took his government's advice. Almost the first thing he found out was that there's an acute shortage of skilled workers in the United States today. Second, he discovered through vocational apri-



tude tests furnished by the employment service, that he had a natural bent—doubtless sharpened by his Navy radio experience—for electronics work, the fastest-growing field of American employment.

To enter this field he needed no further training than he had, but the ex-sailor read on in the Handbook and realized that the more training you have, the farther you go in our increasingly complex society. He played his cards well. Although he didn't like woodworking, he got a carpentry job to carry him along while he attended night courses in electronics. He found his studies fascinating, and now he's helping to make one of the complicated widgets that are built into the war planes in his native Seattle. From time to time he thinks back to his letter and grins a little—working at one of the Navy trades he didn't like enabled him to find contentment and security in a field that wasn't too far from another of the trades he hadn't cared for.

The sailor's experience brings us to a point BLUEBOOK made last year, which is true again, and which is going to become even more important for as far into the future as anyone can see. The point is, you can't get too much education. The proof is there to see in dollars and cents.

Census Bureau statisticians recently found the average college graduate will earn \$100,000 more during his lifetime than the average high-school grad. This was after deducting the cost of the college education and also the four years' pay the man would have received if he'd been working instead of going to college during the four years after high school. Further, Census figured that each year you stay in elementary and high school is going to be worth \$150 more a year to you when you start earning a living, and each year you stay in college will mean \$500 more a year.

The case is easy enough to argue on this purely selfish basis, but there's a much more compelling reason why you should get all the education it's possible to acquire. President Eisenhower and Labor Secretary James Mitchell have been making speeches about it because they, and everyone else in government, know it's a matter of national survival. Not only is the United States' highly-complex machine-age civilization becoming more complex each day, but so are the civilizations of other nations with whom we compete for world markets, and with whom we seem fated to compete in war. Chemistry, nuclear physics,

Continued on page 103

The Zealots of Cranston Tech

By ARCHIE OLDHAM

He was one of the best basketball players in the country—until he transferred to that little science college. There, what with the Coach's "foolproof" system, he couldn't even make the squad.

IT WASN'T EXACTLY that I wanted to be an immediate hero. I hadn't expected the college band to meet me at the station or anything. After all, I was the one who had decided to trade big-time basketball for the special degree in geology, so that was that. But I had counted on *someone* being around to say hello. The third-leading scorer from the Midwest doesn't hike himself off to a hick school like Cranston Tech every day in the week. And no one around even to shake hands.

The thing was, it got worse. When I reached the campus and checked in with the registrar, still nothing. Pick out any joker on the bus in Chicago or leaving a drug store in South Bend and say, "John Yeabsley," and right away they'll tell you about the 34 points I scored against Illinois and the hook shot I beat DePaul with in that double overtime. But this Cranston Tech. No one had even heard of me. In New England, they probably think the Big Ten were the signers of the Versailles Treaty.

After a week, I went to see the coach. I'd looked up his record in one of those basketball magazines on the train. According to the magazine, he'd won only eight games in the last three years, but he was supposed to be optimistic because he had nine lettermen returning. I laughed over that for about an hour and a half. From Philadelphia to New York. Most coaches out home would have already taken the gas pipe if they had won only eight games in one year. But this fellow Sorenson was feeling his oats because he had nine of his world-beaters coming back for an encore. Why, if the morons had taken just eight games over all that time, they should have been stood against a wall and put out of their misery. And he was optimistic.

Anyway, I went over to see him at his office. He was stocky, with silky white hair. He put down his pen and reached across the desk, grabbing my hand in

a vice. There was a loud crunch as the bones cracked. You could see from his chest and shoulders and the erect way he held himself that he had spent three-quarters of his life working out with gym apparatus, and now that he was getting old he wanted to make sure everyone knew he was still hale and hearty.

"What can I do for you, Son?" he asked, all business.

Here I walk into his office 6-foot-6 with a 17-point average, and he wants to know what *he* can do for *me*.

"I'm John Yeabsley," I said. I waited for a minute. "Jumping John Yeabsley," I added.

"Oh," he said, "a track man."

"Well, not exactly," I replied. "I've played some basketball. I'm a senior transfer."

"I see," he nodded, looking serious. He pursed his lips and eyed me thoughtfully. "I suppose you know we have a veteran line-up back this year, all used to my brand of play."

"You must be loaded," I said.

"But don't let it discourage you," he put in generously. "You're welcome to try out for the team as long as you understand I can't carry any deadwood. There's always the intramural league."

I WALKED out into the hall in sort of a daze. No one had ever talked to me like that before. Deadwood yet. I was just getting my bearings when someone came flying around the corner of the corridor at me, her books and papers sailing all over in the collision, some blonde hair right in the middle of everything.

I went for my knee, the one that slips out sometimes, but I could feel that it was *all* right.

"I guess I'm still John Yeabsley, single and available evenings," I said, looking up. I gave her the smile my sister calls my wholesome, I'll-mow-the-wheat-today-Father smile.

Illustrated by Gurney Miller



She giggled. She was a real tow-head, tall and flushed from the outdoors, and her giggle wasn't a silly one, but the kind of intelligent giggle that girls with nice straight noses have.

"I'm awfully sorry I ran you down, and I'm still Isabelle Sorenson," she replied brightly. She was standing there smiling back and not at all worried about her books lying around. "Are you going to be on Daddy's basketball team?" she asked.

"That's the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question," I answered. "Daddy doesn't seem to be staking his life on it." I began picking up the debris. "Say, how's for a little knife-and-fork scrimmage tonight, Isabelle? While we have dinner, you can teach me about basketball."

"You're tall enough to get rebounds for Daddy," the girl mused, ignoring my question. She was still smiling, though. "Penobscot can hurt us underneath."

"This can't be my day to win over the Sorensens," I sighed. "I suppose if I make All-American, you'll wave to me from the stands."

"You're not doing so badly," she grinned, taking her things and starting down the hall. "I'll be watching the try-outs!"

There were a few things that were different about the try-outs at Cranston Tech. First, we didn't do any actual playing. Not even half-court scrimmage. To tell the truth, we didn't even do any shooting. You see, there weren't any balls.

THE first day I walked out on the court I saw most of the fellows jogging around taking laps and doing push-ups in the middle of the floor. I walked over to the manager, who was sitting in the stands. He was a young kid wearing a freshman cap.

"Has someone gone for the balls?" I said.

"What?" he asked.

"The balls," I repeated. "Where are the practice balls?"

"Oh, we don't use any until the cuts are made," the kid answered.

"Look, Son," I snapped, "if you're going to be lazy, you'll never make the grade here. Now go pump up some balls."

The boy looked scared. "Honest, I can't do it," he insisted. "Coach Sorenson would have my scalp if I threw out any balls today."

I marched over to Wally Lang, the captain. He was busy doing push-ups.

"Wally," I said, "I'm itching to get started. Where do they keep the ammunition?"

"Now just hold your horses, John," he replied. He got up. "There'll be plenty of balls out here as soon as you make the team."

"But how can I show you what I can do without a ball?" I exploded.

"You'll see," Wally said, doing a deep knee-bend. "You'll see."

I saw. Coach Sorenson finally came out on the court carrying a big box. The manager helped him put it down and then they began handing out ropes

to everyone there. They all started skipping rope.

"I'm not very good at this," I said to Wally. Wally was skipping away like a whiz.

"Well, you'd better be," Wally advised, skipping along smoothly. "This is the coach's rebound test."

"His rebound test!" I said, getting the rope all tangled up around my feet and ankles. "Suppose you can rebound, but you can't skip rope?"

"Oh, it doesn't work that way," Wally explained, never missing his timing. "The coach's tests are fool-proof. You can depend on them."

"I wish you could say as much for the coach's teams," I replied, losing my balance and stumbling backwards.

When we put the ropes back in the box, I peeked at a big, typewritten sheet the manager was keeping for old man Sorenson. Next to my name was the entry: *Rebounding—extremely poor.*

THE next one was a real corker. It was the coach's reflex test. They put three teacups behind you on the floor and gave you a penny. One teacup was white, one was red, and one was blue. The manager would call out one of the three colors and you were expected to wheel and drop the penny in the right cup like a flash. They had a stop-watch to clock your speed. To tell the truth, I couldn't wheel and drop the penny in any of the cups at any speed. There's just something about standing out in the middle of a basketball court and trying to drop a penny in the right-colored teacup that doesn't appeal to me. Even if I could do it, I wouldn't like it.

Out of 47 teacup candidates, I trailed the field by a wide margin.

By 5:30, after four more fool-proof tests, I trailed the field by the widest of all wide margins.

I was just trudging off the court for the locker room when I spied Isabelle over in the stands.

"If they use teacups for baskets at Penobscot, I'm licked," I said, sitting down on the railing.

"After the cuts, that may be an academic question," she laughed. But she said it in a nice way, and now she was looking at me very closely. That is, she was looking me over, sizing me up. I felt embarrassed.

"I had a cousin who could grow warts when he wanted," I said.

"You've got nice definition," she replied.

"What?" I asked.

"Your muscles," she said. "Your legs have especially good tone to them. It's just your deltoids. They're very weak."

I looked around to see if anyone was still in the gym.

"Your deltoids are up here," she explained, smiling and putting her hands on my shoulders. "Right along here." She ran her hands along the top of my shoulders. Her fingers were strong.

"Say, that's all right," I said, closing my eyes and getting into the swing of things. "How come you learnt all this?"

Continued on page 106

CARS:



How Parking Lot Gyps Take You

BY BRUCE LEE

If the worst that's happened to you in a parking lot is getting overcharged, you're lucky. In many lots cars are looted, deliberately damaged, drained of gasoline or even rented out while the owner's away.

HOW MANY TIMES, driving out of a parking lot, have you said to yourself:

"I would have sworn I had more gas than that."

Or, "That charge was higher than I expected. I didn't think I parked *that* long."

Or, "Now where did I leave that package? Thought I put it in the car."

Or, "Dammit, I know that fender wasn't scratched when I came in."

You probably were right every time. I had been nettled by similar doubts and they finally led me to investigate the parking-lot situation. I talked to police officials, interviewed parking-lot owners, buddied up to parking-lot attendants and finally took a job in a parking lot myself. What I found out was this:

In a shockingly large number of lots, the attendants have more rackets going for them than an octopus playing tennis. They overcharge you, they loot your car, they rent the car out while you're gone, they siphon out gas, they switch poor tires for your good

ones—sometimes they even crumple one of your fenders *on purpose*.

And the sad part of all this is that the car owner can't do much of anything about it—unless he keeps his eyes open and takes advance precautions which we'll talk about later.

There are no official figures on exactly how much of this piracy is going on. Swindlers, unfortunately, don't leave records. Moreover, many car owners don't know they've been rooked and others don't feel they have enough proof to report it. But one police estimate of the yearly loss to car owners from parking-lot rackets is a staggering \$100,000 per good-sized city. And, although admittedly an exaggeration, one Los Angeles lot owner made this sweeping statement: "I don't believe there's a parking-lot operator in the nation who hasn't either tried trickery himself or had a dishonest attendant working for him."

The pettiest and commonest fraud that parking-

Continued on page 110

Illustrations by Lowell Hess



Bennie Brought a Gun

BY YEWELL LYBRAND

*The girl's father and his muscle-man
had said Bennie wasn't good enough for her—and
before a proud man dies he has to settle his debts.*

THERE WAS A COUGH and then a knock on my door. I got up out of bed and opened it, and Bennie said, "Hi, Bud," and walked in for the first time in 15 years.

I stood by the open door, watching as he put his satchel on the floor and walked past me and went over to warm his hands by the fire, just like he used to do when him and me batched together in the same room.

Bennie turned away from the fire and looked back at me, and I saw his face in the glow of the coal grate. Even in the half-light it was easy to see: Bennie wasn't a long ways from dying. His face wasn't good to look at any more. I started figgering out why, looking at his sunk-in eyes and hollow cheeks, but me staring at him so hard didn't seem proper.

"How you been, Bud?" he asked. He smiled a sort of half-smile, lifting his chin just a little, like always. His hair was the same too, dark, out of kilter. It was mainly his eyes that had changed.

"I been fine, Bennie."

I tarried a second in closing the door and looked out on the porch.

"There ain't no other satchels, Bud," he said. "I won't be staying long."

I closed the door. "Not long?"

"Not long, Bud. Just long enough to see you and Lonnie Camp."

And there it was—out before us to be talked about. Before I'd even had time to think about it he'd told me. This was why he'd come back to Blue Springs. But I didn't say anything. I thought I'd best wait to see what he had in mind.

I pushed a chair toward him and Bennie sat down, pulling the chair up close to the fire. I put

his satchel on the bed and walked back to pick up the scuttle and shake a little coal on the grate. The dust set Bennie off to coughing.

When the spasm had passed he looked up at me. "I got the bug, Bud. Got it pretty bad." He said it like he was apologizing.

"How long?" I asked.

"I had it when I left here, I guess. Just didn't know it, and then when I knew—it was too late to shake it."

"Of course you been to doctors?"

"Yeah," he answered. "I just left a whole bunch of 'em. But they didn't tell me nothin' you can't see just by lookin'."

Bennie stood up suddenly and stretched his legs, so thin you'd a-thought the light behind him would come right through. He looked at me and grinned a little.

"You don't change much, Bud."

"I ain't had no reason to," I told him. "I been lucky."

With the palms of his hands Bennie rubbed the fire's warmth into the backsides of his legs. We were quiet for a spell. Suddenly he turned and looked at me, and for no reason I could figger said, "The bad part is—there ain't nobody to argue with about it."

"About what?" I asked.

"About comin' or goin', Bud. You just like it or lump it. That's how it is."

"I don't know, Bennie. You can argue with yourself. I been doin' it for sixty-odd years."

"But it don't keep you from dyin'," he said, "just like it don't git you un-born."

He looked back into the fire and I thought about reaching behind the kitchen door for the jug. I de-

Continued on page 113



How to Buy a Suit

By JOHN L. SPRINGER

You may as well face it:

Bosses, blondes and other bipeds still judge you by the clothes you wear. Fortunately, a suit that makes a good impression on people needn't make a bad impression on your bank account.

MOST MEN BUY SUITS the way they get haircuts—they get it over as quickly as possible. It's no secret to clothing experts that few men know the first thing about buying clothes.

What difference does it make? Only this: You can save more than a few bucks if you know how to buy intelligently. Also—and don't underrate this—to a large extent clothes still make the man. At least, they make other people's impression of the man. And that can be pretty important—especially in getting a job, winning a promotion, clinching a sale.

The average guy merely makes a pass at examin-

ing a suit's appearance and fabric. Both can be deceptive. Some poorly-made suits actually take a first press better and look sharper than well-made garments.

In talking with clothing experts—manufacturers and retailers—I learned that fabric quality doesn't mean much: The material in a \$100 suit usually costs only \$5 more than that in a \$40 garment. It's the workmanship that counts. A good suit's materials are carefully fitted, which helps the suit keep its shape better. A good suit has many more careful hand operations at critical stages—where two pieces of fabric are

HOW NOT TO BUY A SUIT: TV's Art Carney, at NYC's Witty Bros., shows some of the wrong things a gent may want. This coat's flattering in front, far too baggy behind.



Here our customer goes to the other extreme and demands a jacket that fits like a glove across the shoulders. But such a coat will prove much too tight for comfort—everywhere.



joined together, in sewing the collar and shoulder. In making a typical higher-grade suit, there are 134 distinct operations, with pressing after each major sewing job to make certain that the pieces join properly. The finish press alone takes 42 minutes.

Manufacturers of cheap suits eliminate important hand operations and by-pass pressings. I learned that without taking a coat apart it's impossible even for experts to detect exactly how much labor has been left out of a suit. Fortunately for buyers, however, almost sure clues to workmanship turn up in five key places in the finished suit. Remember these, and you'll never get stuck with a rag that hangs like a bag.

Materials inside the suit: The body of the garment—which you can't see—determines how long it will resist wrinkling and keep its shape.

Crush a lapel in your hand. If the inside fabric is made of high-grade hair canvas, the lapel feels lightweight and soft. It springs back into shape without a wrinkle when you let go. Cheap suits have a burlap inner fabric. When you grab the lapel it feels thick, bulky and crisp. Let go and the wrinkles remain. Several in-between fabrics are used in medium-quality suits; in every case, the better-grade lining springs back into shape faster.

"I want the pants plenty long, I wear 'em high up, you know?" But if over-long trousers are hiked up enough to avoid folds over the insteps, then you get pleats in the seat.



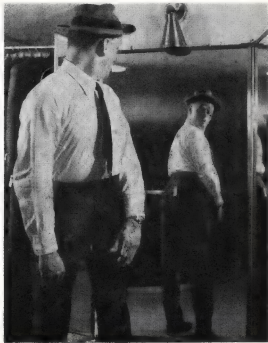
The same test works on coat collars and shoulder padding. Bend a corner of the collar. In a high-grade suit, it immediately flips back into place. Shoulder padding on a good suit is soft, lightweight, free from lumps. Poor shoulder padding feels stiff, thick, heavy and uneven.

Coat Linings: How these are stitched often indicates the quality of workmanship throughout the suit. A high-grade suit lining is smoothly fitted, finely stitched by hand with matching silk thread. At the bottom edge of the coat, the lining is folded under into a pleat to provide room between it and the coat fabric.

In medium-grade suits, the lining is sewed in with invisible machine stitching. Linings on cheap suits usually lack fullness and are sewed poorly around the armholes. They often hang by a few threads.

Pockets: Good trouser pockets are deep, roomier at the bottom than at the opening. Makers of cheap suits almost invariably cut costs on the pockets. Instead of the soft, lightweight, closely-woven fabric used in better garments, the pocket of a low-quality suit is a sleazy plain-woven cotton. It feels starch

Narrower trousers are stylish now, but a man who tries to outdo the Ivy League in tight pants better sit down with care. . . . For Carney the Well-Dressed Man, turn page.





¶ This is more like it! Art Carney portrays a man who has at last stopped being stubborn and has listened to the salesman's advice.

when you crush it in your hand. After a few cleanings the pocket turns limp and flimsy.

Buttonholes: On the best suits, they are neat and strong, sewed on both sides with close, even stitches. They are reinforced at the end where the stitching begins and ends. On poor suits, the stitching is often irregular. You can tell by looking that the buttonholes won't stand steady wear.

Seams: If you're buying a pattern suit, how the pattern matches at the seams is a tip-off on workmanship. The pattern should match precisely at the pockets and armholes, on the coat front after you've buttoned up, and at the back seam.

Perfectly matched patterns add nothing to the life of a suit but increase its cost. You'll get a better suit at the same price, therefore, if you choose one that doesn't have patterns that require matching.

Authorities insist that even the best-made suit may be all wrong for you. For example, it's important to keep in mind what you'll be doing when you're wearing the suit. Almost everybody looks well in blue serge, but a bookkeeper wearing it on his job will shine up the sleeves and pants in a few months.

Every cloth has distinctive qualities. Sharkskin is a worsted twill softer than serge, but it wears better. Gabardine holds a crease, but gets shiny. Woolen cheviot wears well without shining, but the fabric is harsher and coarser. Tweed also resists shine, but wears through at knees and elbows. Shetland, twists and homespun stand up under rugged wear, but rate poorly on crease-holding.

Many smart dressers now wear tropical worsteds—originally designed for summer—the whole year round. They are lightweight and wear well.

Here are some other pointers from the experts:

- Never buy a suit requiring major alterations. A little shortening of cuffs or taking in of seams here and there is O.K., but if the suit requires a great deal of work—like widening or narrowing the shoulders, lengthening or shortening the jacket—you won't get a proper fit.

- Pencil stripes will make a tall, thin man look even more so; by the same token, a Mister Five-by-Five in a checked, rough fabric will look six-by-six.

Continued on page 117

Ephraim Witty, head of Witty Brothers, in the clothing company's cutting room shows us all the parts that go into making just one half of a high-quality man's suit. ¶



Photos by Homer Page



Disposal Service

A Short Short Story by Robert Sheckley

Illustrated by Stan Biernacki



THE VISITOR shouldn't have gotten past the reception desk, for Mr. Ferguson saw people by appointment only, unless they were very important. His time was worth money, and he had to protect it.

But his secretary, Miss Dale, was young and easily impressed; and the visitor was old, and he wore conservative English tweeds, carried a cane, and held an engraved business card. Miss Dale thought he was important, and ushered him directly into Mr. Ferguson's office.

"Good morning, sir," the visitor said, as soon as Miss Dale had closed the door. "I am Mr. Esmond from the Disposal Service." He handed Ferguson his card.

"I see," Ferguson said, annoyed at Miss Dale's lack of judgment. "Disposal Service? Sorry, I have nothing I-wish disposed of." He rose, to cut the interview short.

"Nothing whatsoever?" Mr. Esmond asked.

"Not a thing. Thank you for calling—"

"I take it, then, that you are content with the people around you?"

"What?" How's that any of your business?"

"Why, Mr. Ferguson, that is the function of the Disposal Service."

"You're kidding me," Ferguson said.

"Not at all," Mr. Esmond said, with some surprise.

"You mean," Ferguson said, laughing, "you dispose of people?"

"Of course. I cannot produce any personal endorsements, for we are at some pains to avoid all advertising. But I can assure you we are an old and reliable firm."

Ferguson stared at the neat, stiffly erect Esmond. He didn't know how to take this. It was a joke, of course. Anyone could see that.

It *had* to be a joke.

"And what do you do with the people you dispose of?" Ferguson asked jovially.

"That," Mr. Esmond said, "is our concern. To all intents and purposes, they disappear."

Ferguson stood up. "All right, Mr. Esmond. What really is your business?"

"I've told you," Esmond said.

"Come now. You weren't serious. . . . If I thought you *were* serious, I'd call the police."

Mr. Esmond sighed and stood up. "I take it, then, you have no need of our services. You are entirely satisfied with your friends, relatives, wife."

"My wife? What do you know about my wife?"

"Nothing, Mr. Ferguson."

"Have you been talking to our neighbors? Those quarrels mean nothing, absolutely nothing."

"I have no information about your marital state, Mr. Ferguson," Esmond said, sitting down again.

"Then why did you ask about my wife?"

"We have found that marriages are our chief source of revenue."

"Well, there's nothing wrong with my marriage. My wife and I get along very well."

"Then you don't need the Disposal Service," Mr. Esmond said, tucking his cane under his arm.

JUST A moment," Ferguson began to pace the floor, hands clasped behind his back. "I don't believe a word of this; you understand. Not a word. But assuming, for a moment, that you were serious. Merely assuming, mind you—what would the procedure be if I—if I wanted—"

"Just your verbal consent," Mr. Esmond.

"Payment?"

"After disposal, not before."

"Not that I care," Ferguson said hastily. "I'm just curious." He hesitated. "Is it painful?"

"Not in the slightest."

Ferguson continued to pace. "My wife and I get along very well," he said. "We have been married for seventeen years. Of course, people always have difficulty living together. It's to be expected."

Mr. Esmond's face was expressionless.

"One learns to compromise," Ferguson said.

Continued on next page

"And I have passed the age when a passing fancy would cause me to—to—"

"I quite understand," Mr. Esmond said.

"I mean to say," Ferguson said, "my wife can, of course, be difficult. Vituperative. Nagging. I suppose you have information on that?"

"None," Mr. Esmond said.

"You must have! You must have had a particular reason for looking me up!"

Mr. Esmond shrugged his shoulders.

"Anyhow," Ferguson said heavily, "I'm past the age when a new arrangement is desirable. Suppose I had no wife? Suppose I could establish a liaison with, say, Miss Dale. It would be pleasant, I suppose."

"Merely pleasant," Mr. Esmond said.

"Yes. It would have no lasting value. It would lack the firm moral underpinning upon which any successful enterprise must be based."

"It would be merely pleasant," Mr. Esmond said.

"That's right. Enjoyable, of course. Miss Dale is an attractive woman. No one would deny that. She has an even temper, an agreeable nature, a desire to please. I'll grant all that."

Mr. Esmond smiled politely, stood up and started to the door.

"Could I let you know?" Ferguson asked suddenly.

"You have my card. I can be reached at that number until five o'clock. But you must decide by then. Time is money, and our schedule must be kept up."

"Of course," Ferguson said. He laughed hol-

lowly. "I still don't believe a word of this. I don't even know your terms."

"Moderate, I assure you, for a man in your circumstances."

"And I would disclaim all knowledge of ever having met you, talked with you, anything."

"Naturally."

¹⁴And you *will* be at this number?"

"Until five o'clock. Good day, Mr. Ferguson."



Little Boy Blue Come Call the Play

By Bob Loeffelbein

A baseball skullbake for hot-stove experts only.

DO YOU OFTEN get to thinking that umpires are all blind? Well, read this. It's a baseball "skullbake," a challenge for experts (or umpires) only. Let's see how you would call the following questions if you were the "little boy in blue" calling the shots on the diamond.

If you score 11 bullseyes—you should be a soothsayer.

If you score 7 to 10—you should be an umpire.

If you score 4 to 6—you qualify for our board of experts.

If you score 2 to 3—you would be an average sports fan.

If you score zero to one—you should be shot.

Answers start on next page—don't look!

O.K. Answer yes or no to these:

(1) Can a base-runner score a run after the side has officially been retired on three outs?

(2) Can a base-runner be listed as stealing home base even though the pitcher throws a passed ball through the catcher?

(3) In a college game the center-fielder came in fast on a fly, missed the catch, and the ball hit him on the head and bounced high into the air and the second baseman caught it. It was scored as a put-out. Was this a correct decision?

(4) A batted ball hits the pitcher's rubber and goes into foul territory. Is it a foul ball?

(5) Is it possible for a batter to hit the ball over the fence and only be credited with a single?

Up to here things have been easy. You experts

have had a 50-50 chance of *guessing* right. But from here on we separate the chaff from our board of experts. You are going to have to study the situations and then tell what is wrong with them.

(6) The bases are loaded, one out. Next batter hits to the pitcher, who throws to the catcher for the force-out. The catcher then whirls and throws to first, but hits the runner, who is running astride the foul line very close to first base. Two runs come across home plate before the ball is retrieved, and the batter pulls up at second. How would you call it?

(7) In this one the base-coach's signals have gotten crossed and the result is two runners ending up on third base at the same time. The third baseman tags one of the runners, but at the time he does, the other runner has pulled his foot off the base. Being on his toes, the third baseman whirls and puts the ball on the second runner. By this time, however, the second runner has put his foot back on the base and the first runner has pulled his foot off the bag. Which man is out? How would you call it?

(8) Runner on first base, when the next batter hits a high fly to short right field. Runner on first goes halfway to second and pulls up to see if the fly ball is going to be caught. The batter, running hard, rounds first base and comes up even with the runner from first, before the ball has been touched. The ball falls safe and the outfielder picks it up and fires it to first. But the throw is wild, into the bleachers. When this happened the 1950 rules stated that each runner should be awarded two bases on an over-throw, "the award to be governed by the position of

the runners when the throw was made". This means the runners, now side by side, would both be entitled to third base. How would you call it?

That brings us to the third section of the quiz.



Is a head assist legal?

The following questions are multiple-choice answers. You just pick out the correct answers.

(9) The greatest number of legal pitches, excluding foul balls, that can be pitched to a batter in one official time at bat is:

- (a) 3 (b) 6 (c) 11 (d) 99

(10) Major-league baseballs are sewn:

- (a) by special machine (b) by hand (c) by both methods (d) by neither method

(11) A baseball game may be called for how many reasons?

- (a) 1 (b) 3 (c) 32 (d) an unlisted number

ANSWERS

(1) Yes. Here is the example. The bases are loaded, two down, and the pitcher walks the batter. On the fourth ball, however, the catcher fumbles. The man who was on second takes his automatic walk to third on the dead run and heads home as well. The catcher retrieves the ball and fires it to third, catching the runner sliding back into the bag. But the man who was on third, still carelessly ambling toward home plate, which he has been awarded, crosses the base with a run—after the side has officially been retired.

(2) Yes again. This question came up in the Pacific Coast Western International League recently and the answer gave Wenatchee (Wash.) center-fielder Nick Palica a tie for the all-time any-league record for home-stealing in one season, seven.

The Howe News Bureau, official agency for

compiling records of baseball domain, reported no records available in any league for the most times stealing home. Mental records of old sports scribes reveal that Tyrus Cobb robbed it five times, then about four years ago a flash named Pete Reiser thieved it seven times in the same season.

Here is how Palica did it. He had started to steal home before the occurrence of the passed ball. Since an old ruling that forbids the crediting of a stolen home base on a passed ball has been stricken from the rule book, Palica got credit for his feat. On the same play, however, the catcher is also credited, or debited if you prefer, with a passed ball.

(3) At the risk of starting an argument with any umpires present we will have to say Yes once more. Since a ball may be caught in the bare hand legally, the view we take is that the head or similar part of the anatomy may also be used in the carom catch. Batters have even been called out in rhubarb games when a fielder caught a fly ball in his pocket, but that is another question.

(4) Still yes. It is classed a foul ball.

(5) You are batting a thousand if you are still answering Yes, because that is the answer. Seattle's Jack Warren a couple years back hit a home run. But he ran past another base runner between first and second. It still stands as the longest single in the history of baseball.



Two on third—which one is out?

(6) Very simple if you concentrate on the part of the question "running astride the foul line very close to first base". This makes the batter out automatically for interfering while running on a foul line. The runs do not count.

(7) Neither man is out—yet. You cannot tag a man out while he is on base, and it is almost im-

possible to tag two persons at once. So, theoretically, this could go on all night with the third baseman tagging first one man and then the other. But one of them must be tagged while off base to get a put-out.

(8) A rough one, but the only logical way to look at it is from the batter's position. He gets first base on the error, then two bases on the overthrow. Therefore, any other runner ahead of him on the base-paths will be pushed home for a score. If, however, the error had happened *before* the batter reached first base, the runners would be held to third and second.

(9) Not three strikes and three balls for a six total, but 11 pitches. Here is the how of it. A batter is up, with two out and a man on base. With two strikes and three balls on the batter, the man on base is caught napping to retire the side. However,



Are baseballs seen by hand?

the same batter comes up first the following inning and it would be possible for him to run the pitched balls count to two strikes and three balls once more before striking out, walking or hitting the ball. The total therefore is 11 legal pitches, excluding foul balls, in one official time at bat.

(10) By hand, for both major leagues.

(11) Although all the *known* reasons can be grouped under three headings, the correct answer must be (d) an unlisted number. The reason: We can never know when someone will come up with one heretofore unlisted, and never even thought of. This is the reason rule changes are constantly needed, for sharp coaches and managers are always finding loopholes in existing regulations which give their teams unfair advantages over rivals.

The three major headings are:

(1) Conditions beyond control of the authorities. Weather is the primary factor under this classi-

fication. A tornado at Odessa in the Longhorn league holds the title as oddest reason. Fog, rain and snow have been other fairly common reasons. Also under this heading may be included things like light failure, lack of enough baseballs, and lack of enough players. Odd as it seems there are two games in the records that were called because of a lack of baseballs. At Waco in the Big State league a small park and an overabundance of home-run hitters caused the shortage. In 1939 the Cincinnati Reds and Boston Red Sox got into the same situation when they lost 48 balls in one game.

(2) By agreement of both teams. If no umpires showed up for a game this might happen. Such an agreement by both teams might also cause the postponement of a game. McAllan and Brownsville of the Rio Grande league changed a night game to a Sunday double-header solely because they could get more paying customers on the Sabbath.

(3) Because of an evening curfew or other laws limiting playing time. During war years this is a common occurrence especially. Actually, this grouping might also be classed under #1.

The classic example of this happened recently at Wenatchee, Washington, in a game with Salem, Oregon. At 11:20 P.M., with two Salem men out



When should a game be called?

and a man on first in the top half of the sixth inning, a steady rain forced umpires to call a 30-minute delay. At 11:50 they again called "Play ball." The batter fled out to left field and the side was retired. Since the Wenatchee team was leading they did not take their turn at bat and the umpires called the game. Reason given was that no inning can begin after 11:50.

—By ROBERT L. LOEFFELBEIN



VALHALLA COR

601

HM

The Night the Station Got Lost

By HUGH A. MULLIGAN



Goldie, the new super, called himself a practical joker; we called him different. So did the General Manager after that weird night.

NO SIR, MISTER. This line ain't never lost a train yet, so don't you worry none. She'll be along sooner or later. Mostly later, I suspect, with that storm blowing up ahead. May be late, but she ain't lost. You can bet your blue-chip railroad stock on that. The old Boston & Kennebunkport is mighty particular about lost anything. Lost a station once, and they ain't never got over it.

Yep, lost a station—whole town in fact. It was the darndest thing you ever heard of. Raised a heck of a ruckus. F.B.I. was called in to help look, and for a time there the old B & K was in a peck of trouble with the state Public Service Commission and the Interstate Commerce Commission, but it died down after a time. Government folks don't like railroads to go misplacing towns and stations; messes up their rate schedules and what not. You'd think it was their station, the way they acted. Come to think of it, it wasn't anybody's station, except maybe Goldie's. You see, Goldie's the fellow that started it all.

This town that got lost wasn't like ordinary towns. No sir. Had no churches, no schools, no stores, no post office. Nothing like that, not even streets. Matter of fact, it had no people. Just a railroad station with a great big red-and-yellow sign that said "Valhalla Corners."

Of course, Valhalla Corners wasn't like other stations in every respect. What I mean is nobody ever got on or off there, or consigned any freight there. And nobody ever saw it on a timetable, or even a map for that matter, but it was there just as sure as you're sitting here waiting for the 10:17. Probably surer, since it's past midnight already and the 10:17 don't make too good a witness.

Anyway, Goldie came here as division super after old Flatwheel Farrington got crippled in the big pile-up outside Augusta. His whole name was Marrowbie K. Goldrick, but he just told us to call him Goldie, because he said he wasn't one of those bosses that stood on formality. Well sir, Goldie was a practical

joker. That's what he called himself. He said he was one in a million. To my way of thinking, that's too high a percentage for humanity to bear.

I mean it wasn't no pastime or hobby the way some fellows does it. With Goldie, it was steady business. Why, he wasn't off the train five minutes before we got a sample of what was in store for us for the next five years. After he'd been handshook all around, he began telling us how nice it was to be up in Hemlock Gap with some real soot-and-cinder veterans for a change. We just nodded in a friendly way, because that's what all the new brass hats say when they first get here, and the conversation was chugging along a familiar roadbed, until all of a sudden Shorty—he's the schedule maker and rate fixer for the Mountain Division—shoots up out of his chair like a Roman candle. Looked and sounded like a Roman candle too, what with all that smoke and flame leaping up around the traffic files and him screaming like the spinster that saw the snake at the lawn party. And there was Goldie, the new boss, laughing as if he was seeing his first "Our Gang" comedy.

Know what he'd done? While the introductions was being made, he slipped his cigarette lighter out and set fire to the big time-chart Shorty had been working on for more than a week, getting ready for daylight-saving time to go off. Then he just stood back and laughed and laughed.

That's the way it went all winter. The morning paper'd have the pages glued together or last week's sport page slipped in the middle. You found your shoes nailed to the locker floor or flypaper in the pockets of your overcoat. Legs got loose from desks and tables. There was sand in the inkwells, tickets rearranged in the racks, desk drawers nailed tight, letters to you from lonely hearts clubs. Everything you could imagine.

Well sir, it took us about six months to get wise

Continued on page 122

STROKE!

BY HERBERT THAYER BRUCE

I was reaching for the salt one morning at breakfast when suddenly everything went out of focus. Later, when I learned how bad it was, I explored the depths of despair. Finally I fought back and a whole new world opened up.

THE DAY BEGAN like any other day. I got up, let out the cat, fetched the paper from beneath the shrubs, plugged in the coffee and glanced at the news. By the time my good *Frau* had settled on which mess of jewelry best suited the day's ensemble—she went to work while I did commercial writing at home—breakfast was ready.

Bouncing blithely downstairs this cheerful morning, she fed her pet goldfish, pecked me ceremoniously on the cheek, and sat. I sat with her. I reached for the salt . . . and continued to reach . . . all the sharp outlines in the room suddenly dissolving into soft fuzziness . . . my head expanded, pulsing . . . my hand frozen to the saltcellar, refusing to let go.

My wife regarded me perplexedly. That I can remember—her half-bemused, half-concerned expression.

"Not enough sleep?" she asked teasingly.

"Unh!" I managed to grunt.

"Just not talking!" she stated as if to a contrary child.

I stared—vacantly, I guess. I have no clear recollection of my sensations at that moment. But I heard her exclaim:

"Thayer! Thayer, what's the matter? THAYER!"

But by then I'd had it. . . .

There'd been no real forewarning that I was to suffer a stroke. I'd been feeling fit enough, considering the graying hair and extra notch or two added to the belt. Oh, I'd been cautioned! Friends—those who'd dared presume—had mentioned the tension I'd seemed to be under. "Relax, boy," they'd said, "or the lads in the white coats'll get you!"

"Nuts!" I'd replied. "Change of life is all," which hadn't provided the laughs I'd solicited because they'd been serious whereas I had not.

Sure, I'd felt keyed up—restless by night, taut by day. My temper had been short. Irritation would pile up to the point I'd want to scream. There'd

been giddy spells, lightheadedness. I'd stammer occasionally. Frequently, I'd have difficulty drawing a full, deep breath, and, if it occurred at night, I would awaken panicky, thinking I was having a heart attack. Yet my blood pressure had been normal enough for one just over the hump of 50. And the foregoing were not, to me, danger signals. I'd known I was tired, jumpy, nervous and had laid it to lack of adequate rest; someday, always tomorrow, I would catch up on sleep.

Worry? Anxiety? Well, yes! Things hadn't been the same since V-J Day. I hadn't been able to get back to my work full stride. I'd lacked an ability to "follow through" since the military had retired me out. So my work had suffered.

Then my wife became seriously ill. A change of climate was indicated. So we came to northern New England where one, it seemed then, remained an outlander unto the second and third generations. Being a recluse had never been my nature. I liked to be among people, though not necessarily of them. My writing called for seclusion, but when the day's work was done I needed social contacts. Deprived of these during this critical psychological period, we withdrew into ourselves, became inhibited. Thus, for me, what had been a sad state of affairs emotionally was now subjected to further deteriorating influences. So, despite my unawareness, my emotional imbalance that morning of May, 1953, had developed quite logically. . . .

I was on the living room divan when I recovered consciousness. My wife was at the telephone, dialing. I tried to concentrate on what she was about, but the room tilted and swayed. My stomach was queasy; my head contracted, tingling. I tried to rise but could only topple over to my right side, which, I now realized, was without sensation. I lay back literally scared stiff. Then my wife's voice, on the telephone, became shrill, as it does when she's excited.

". . . Seems like a stroke, doctor. . . . The left





Photos by Homer Page

Herbert Thayer Bruce works away happily at his wood-carving, now a money-making occupation for him. He never suspected he had the talent for it until he took it up following his stroke.

side of his face is twisted. . . . He dragged his right leg when I helped him to the divan. His right arm just dangled. . . . What am I to do, doctor? I'm frantic! . . . What? Oh yes, he's still on the divan. . . . Keep him there? . . . No, he can't move himself, and I couldn't drag him again, either. . . . Keep his head raised? . . . You'll be right over? All right. . . . Thank God you were in, doctor. Oh, thank God!"

I closed my eyes. But only for a moment, because I sensed her coming to me from across the room and I couldn't let her see how I felt.

"Don't worry, dear," she told me, stroking my forehead. "You're going to be all right. The doctor said so. Just be quiet, dear. Relax."

Sure, I'd be all right! Syrup, that! Medical malarky! Don't let the patient know how serious his condition is lest he give up hope and cease to fight. But why fight? I had seen cases of paralysis in GI hospitals, seen what others had experienced

mentally as well as physically, seen struggle become futile and the patient slip into helplessness to die. Vividly before me now was my father's mother during the several phases of her thrombosis; I remembered my uncle, after his stroke, angrily thrusting aside his paralyzed arm.

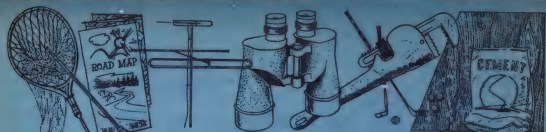
I tried to smile reassuringly, but the attempt must have failed, because she wept.

And so we waited for the doctor.

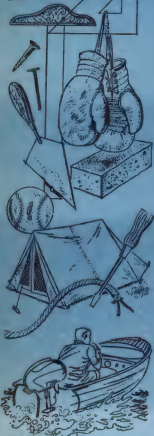
The doctor and a neighbor carried me upstairs while my wife readied my bed. When I was undressed and bedded, the doctor chortled over me like a brood hen. "There, now! Isn't that better? Cool sheets and stretched out like on a beach with the blonde beauties strutting by."

The thought came to me from past family illnesses that doctors are often the more cheerful the more serious the patient's condition. The rubber tubing of the sphygmomanometer was about my left

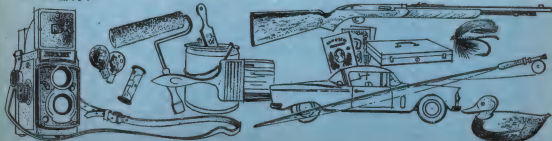
Continued on page 126



Bluebook's *Lend-a-Hand* Dept.



| | |
|-----------------------------|----|
| It's Your Money | 42 |
| What's New and Good | 45 |
| Man Around the House | 49 |
| Money Down Your Drain | 51 |
| Tips on Skiing | 55 |





- **Why your budget doesn't work**
- **Veterans' disability pensions**
- **More on Social Security**

JANUARY is the traditional time a guy and his wife sit down to try once again to figure out a budget. A budget is your single most important tool for making financial headway or staying even. But if you're trying to parcel out your money in the customary ways—of one-fourth for food, one-fourth for rent, a tenth for clothing, etc.—you will have a tough time making it work. Actually you won't even be able to operate a 1956 budget on the basis of your 1955 expenses, let alone the standards of 10 years ago.

That's because the cost of the different items in your budget have been changing. Food costs have soared higher than other expenses in recent years and now command a bigger chunk of your income. In the typical budgets shown on the next page, note that food now usurps as much as 34 percent of the typical \$75 a week pay the average wage-earner currently takes home. In 1956, you must anticipate higher medical costs, since doctor, hospital, medicine and other costs have sneaked up more than any other item in your cost of living in the past five years. Fewer families will be able to buy adequate medical care on the four to five percent of income they've been accustomed to spending for it. Utility bills and other household expenses have been rising too, so these will take

a larger slice of your dough. Car and other transportation expenses also have gone up. On the other hand, because of the stable and even diminishing prices of clothing, you'll be able to allot less here.

Trying to follow obsolete percentages is one reason why many people can't make a budget work. But another is that they try to follow arbitrary percentages at all. Each family's budget has to be hand-tailored to its own tastes and ambitions.

Men often blame their wives' inefficiency for failure to stick to a budget, when actually the fault more likely lies in trying to follow somebody else's obsolete standards. Nor is any woman going to budget successfully if her husband lays down a budget as a way of keeping her in financial line. The only successful budgets are cooperative ones, with all members having a say in how much will be spent on each item.

Some people shy away from budgeting altogether because they think the idea of a budget is to restrain spending—a kind of forced saving plan. On the contrary, a knowing, effective budget is really a blueprint for getting the things you want most, and for avoiding dribbling away your money on stuff you care less about.

The budgets on the next page

have been worked out to reflect recent changes in the components of the cost of living. But don't try to follow these budgets, either! They are presented simply to show how living costs have changed, and can serve only as a reference point to help you make your own plan. If you want to own a boat, say, you may be able to cut down the car costs we've listed, or even the typical seven bucks a week per person for food. But the real fact of life you discern when working out your own budget is that you probably can't have the boat and \$400 a year of private land transportation too. So the budget aims at your prime target.

Significantly, government researchers have found that families with above-average incomes tend to work out budgets more often than those with less money. Not only do they have more money, but they seem more determined to get what they want most with it, increase it, and free themselves from the widespread but costly habit of having finance companies and installment dealers budget for them—for a fee. Finance companies will advance you money for furniture or a car, and then tell you how much to set aside each month. In fact you'll often find auto dealers and credit stores urging you to use their "budget plan" rather than your

If you need information on money problems—insurance, investment, budgeting, government pensions, unemployment insurance, borrowing, etc.—write this department. Unfortunately, we can't give individual replies in all cases, but will try to do so in many; others we'll answer here. Write Sidney Margolius, Bluebook, 230 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Typical Up-To-Date Budgets

| | \$75 A Week* | | | | \$100 A Week* | | | |
|---|-----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|----------------|-----------------|
| | Family Of Three | | Family Of Four | | Family Of Three | | Family Of Four | |
| Food | 28% | \$21.00 | 34% | \$25.00 | 22% | \$ 22.00 | 28% | \$ 28.00 |
| Housing (including fuel) | 20 | 15.00 | 20 | 15.00 | 20 | 20.00 | 20 | 20.00 |
| Utilities, Phone | 3 | 2.25 | 3 | 2.25 | 2.5 | 2.50 | 3 | 3.00 |
| Clothing, Repair, Cleaning | 8 | 6.00 | 8 | 6.00 | 7 | 7.00 | 8 | 8.00 |
| Household Operation | 9 | 6.75 | 8 | 6.00 | 9 | 9.00 | 8 | 8.00 |
| Medical Expense, Reserve | 5 | 3.75 | 6 | 4.50 | 4.5 | 4.50 | 6 | 6.00 |
| Personal Care | 2 | 1.50 | 2 | 1.50 | 2.5 | 2.50 | 2 | 2.00 |
| Car, Other Transportation | 7 | 5.25 | 5 | 3.75 | 9 | 9.00 | 8 | 8.00 |
| Advancement, Recreation, Gifts | 7 | 5.25 | 6 | 4.50 | 7 | 7.00 | 7 | 7.00 |
| Personal Allowances (including tobacco) | 3 | 2.25 | 3 | 2.25 | 3.5 | 3.50 | 3 | 3.00 |
| Life Insurance | 2 | 1.50 | 2 | 1.50 | 2 | 2.00 | 2 | 2.00 |
| Savings | 6 | 4.50 | 3 | 2.25 | 11 | 11.00 | 5 | 5.00 |
| TOTALS | 100% | \$75.00 | 100% | \$75.00 | 100% | \$100.00 | 100% | \$100.00 |

*Take-home pay after income-tax and Social Security deductions.

own cash. But they'll charge you 12 to 24 percent interest and sometimes even more.

There are really two parts to budgeting: a *budget* itself, which is actually a tentative plan or estimate of how you prefer to spend your money, and a *spending record*, which shows how you actually did spend it, and proves whether your estimated budget is realistic, and where you are unintentionally letting money get away from your major goals. It's amazing how a spending record helps you find leaks in your spending and how willing and efficient you become about plugging them up.

Note the breakdown of items in the budget chart. "Food" includes only the family's meals, at home or outside but not including food for entertainment nor the non-food items, like cleaning products, you also may buy at a grocery store. For realistic budgeting, food for entertaining belongs under "Recreation," and household products under "Household Operation." Both "Household Operation" and "Car, Other Transportation," include the big expense many families overlook: depreciation. If you budget for the depreciation on your household equipment and car now, on the inevitable day when they require expensive repair or replacement, you have the money ready for that purpose. For most families, a breakdown of the washing machine re-

quiring a new motor, or the need for a new set of tires for the car, is a major crisis. In this crisis they often turn to the expensive ministrations of an installment store or of a loan company.

To budget for depreciation, set aside each month 2.4 percent of the present market value of your car, because that's how much of its value the average car loses. For example, suppose you have a '53 or '54 model currently worth about a thousand bucks. You would thus want to put aside \$24 a month (about \$5.50 a week) for depreciation, reducing the amount as the market value of the car decreases. On household appliances, you can figure depreciation at about eight percent a year of the original cost, and on household furniture, five percent a year.

Our budgets also separate "life insurance" and "savings," although many people buy insurance policies that combine insurance with a savings feature. That's why the figure set aside for life insurance itself, uncombined with savings, may seem small. Actually the \$75 to \$100 a year budgeted for insurance here is enough to permit a man of 35 to carry close to \$10,000 of term insurance, which is plain life insurance without any savings feature.

In general, budget experts find that high spending for food, car and insurance are the chief leaks in most

family's budgets. For many families, life-long installment fees widen those leaks.

"Housing" in our budgets includes rent and heat, or, if you own the place, mortgage payment, taxes, insurance, repairs, heat and water bills. Housing costs vary widely since some families have comparatively cheap shelter secured before the recent (and continuing) inflation in housing costs, while others are forced to pay a lot for more recently-acquired quarters. You simply have to adjust your other budget plans accordingly.

How much does it really cost to live these days? Our typical budgets are based on what most people actually have to live on, rather than on what they would like to have. But one budget survey, conducted by the University of California's Heller Committee, found it now takes \$153 a week before taxes (\$133 after) to buy the kind of living most families of salaried men consider "reasonably comfortable." For families of blue-collar workers, who own their own homes, it takes \$97 a week before taxes (\$83 after). A renting family can get along with about five bucks a week less, as the Heller Committee figures it.

Most people don't have this kind of money. That's why so many pencils have to be sharpened when families figure their budgets.

(Continued on next page)

It's Your Money (Continued)

Vet's Disability Pension

"My husband is a veteran of World War I and draws a service-connected disability pension of \$41. He is still employed but his health is failing and he will have to give up heavy work or quit altogether. Can he also draw a pension for non-service connected disability if he becomes completely disabled?"

—Mrs. C.R.G., Austin, Tex.

He could not collect both his present disability compensation and a non-service connected pension. But if he qualifies for the non-service connected pension, he can have that instead. It will pay him \$66.15 a month now, instead of his present \$41, and in 10 years or when he reaches 65, will be increased to \$78.75. To qualify for the non-service connected pension, he must be totally and permanently disabled to the point where he cannot do substantial gainful work, and also, he must not have more than \$2,700 a year other income of any kind (the limit is \$1,400 if the vet has no wife nor dependent children).

Appealing Compensation Cut

"What measures can I take to block a 50 percent cut in my veterans' compensation rating? I've been totally disabled for a year and unable to do even part-time work due to a service-connected heart condition. I had a heart attack and was hospitalized for three months at a veteran's hospital. Later, I was put through the usual examination and two weeks later received notice that my compensation had been cut to 50 percent due to 'generally improved condition.' Every time Congress increases the compensation for disability, it seems to me that the V.A. makes it ineffective by reducing the disability rating for hundreds of veterans." —L.F., Cheyenne, Wyo.

You can try to block the cut in your rating in several ways: You can ask for a rehearing from the regional V.A. board and submit any new medical evidence you may have. If you are turned down again, you can appeal to the Veterans Board of Appeals in Washington, D.C. If the board considers the medical evidence inconclusive, it frequently decides in the vet's favor. Get form from local V.A. office.

Unemployment Insurance

"I have never collected unem-

ployment insurance because I have never been out of work for any length of time, except for a week or two. But last year I received a letter from my sister stating that my mother was very ill in British Guiana where I was born, and I must hurry home, so that time I was out of work for three months. The unemployment board told me I could not collect because I wouldn't be in the States to sign and report every week. Is that correct?"

—A.B.G., Mobile, Ala.

Unemployment insurance is under state administration, and each state has its own rules. But the general principle is that you must be available for work, be registered at the state employment service office, and ready to accept a suitable job if one is offered you. Since you were leaving the country for three months, you were obviously neither available for work nor ready to take a job offered you. Another point to watch: A man can also be disqualified for quitting a job voluntarily without "good cause." State officials interpret this rule in different ways. In this incident, the "cause" apparently was considered satisfactory enough, but you weren't available for employment.

Service Family's Credits

"I paid into Social Security from the time it started until August, 1942, then entered the Armed Forces. I also paid Social Security on a part-time job in 1949 from April until December, then from August, 1951 to February, 1953. My wife has paid into Social Security since it started until last August. What is our standing on future benefits?"

—S/Sgt. F.E.W., Havre, Mont.

From the dates you give, apparently you have 33 calendar quarters of civilian Social Security coverage. This would be enough to qualify you if you were born before 1903, but if you are younger, you need additional coverage. Anyone born in 1906 or later needs 40 quarters, which is the maximum. Your military Social Security credits alone would give you more than 40 quarters of credit, but the same period of service can't be counted for both military retirement pay and Social Security benefits. Thus, if you do need more than 33 quarters it would be wise to get some more part-time civilian work while still in service, or get the additional credits when you leave service.

ice. Your wife has more than 40 quarters, and so will be entitled to Social Security retirement benefits even if she no longer works.

You can find out how many quarters of credit you do have by writing to the Social Security Administration, Candler Bldg., Baltimore 2, Md.

Husband-Wife Payments

"Here is a question that baffles me even though I have read other literature on Social Security. Both my husband and I have been working for the past 20 years and are fully insured. At 65 I should receive \$108.50 a month the same as my husband. Will I get that or will we receive the maximum family benefits of \$200 a month?"

—Mrs. G.P., Astoria, N.Y.

If both you and your husband are entitled to the maximum Social Security payment of \$108.50, you will each get it. The limit of \$200 to a family does not apply here; only to a family drawing benefits from a single Social Security account, as a widow and dependent children.

Canadians Can Be Covered

"My wife and I are over 65. We have relatives in California and would like to live there ourselves, chiefly for health reasons. We are engaged in bulb-and-flower growing here and would like to do the same in California. Could we become eligible for Social Security by establishing residence in the U.S. and conducting business there?"

—F.T., White Rock, B. C., Can.

Sure. Non-citizens are eligible as long as they have sufficient coverage and pay into the fund. At your age, you need only six calendar quarters of coverage to be eligible for retirement benefits. We're returning the money you sent. There is no fee for BLUEBOOK's information.

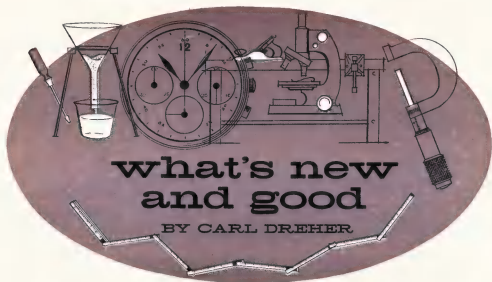
Dependent Parent

"If a man died and his wife and one child each receives Social Security benefits, would his aged mother be eligible for benefits?"

—J.C.F., Whyteville, Va.

No. Elderly dependent parents are eligible for Social Security payments only if there is no widow or child of the covered worker.

—By SIDNEY MARGOLIS



New heating system that gives room-by-room control ■ A wrecking bar that wrecks better • What's what in vacuum cleaners

Self-guiding glass cutter: Arrow Products Co., Box 52, Dayton, Ohio, has come up with a glass cutter that can be adjusted to any desired distance—up to 2 inches—from the edge of a sheet of glass. The cutting edge moves parallel to the edge of the glass, and works like the rip fence guide of an electric hand saw, which keeps the saw blade parallel to the edge of the work. Christened "Zip," the cutter could be useful in cutting window panes, picture glass, etc., especially for those of us who haven't learned to use an ordinary glass cutter, or who are afraid to. \$1 postpaid, and the usual money-back guarantee.

Heat that's hard to beat: Anyone in the market for a heating plant might well look into "SelecTemp," a heating system of bold and ingenious research and engineering. It has two strong advantages over conventional heating systems: (1) It's much easier to install; (2) it keeps the whole house at a much more even temperature. SelecTemp is essentially a low-pressure (15-pound maximum) two-pipe steam system, but unlike any other steam system you ever saw. The pipes are much smaller than in other systems—1/4" to supply the room-heating units and 1/8" to return condensed steam to the boiler. Installation is easier than wiring a house, since the pipes are smaller than the armored cable housing electric wires, and are snaked through the walls in the same fashion.

Steam supplied to each room-heating unit runs

a small turbine before passing through the heat exchanger or radiator. The turbine drives a blower fan to distribute the warm air, which is filtered in its passage through the radiator. Temperature is controlled by a non-electrical thermostat mounted on the unit. Thus each room has its own temperature, in contrast to conventional heating systems with a single thermostat for the whole house or zonal systems in which groups of rooms are separately controlled. The units are unobtrusively recessed into the wall.

The system, sold by The Iron Fireman Manufacturing Co., 3170 W. 106 St., Cleveland 11, Ohio, can be installed in houses with or without basements. Boilers are oil or gas fired.

Muscle-saving sander: Porter-Cable Machine Co., 60 Exchange St., Syracuse 8, N.Y., with an enviable reputation in the power tool line, is putting out one of those orbital finishing sanders which have proved popular both with amateurs and professionals. (For comments on another finishing sander, see our October column.) This one, the Model 145, is powered by a universal (DC-AC) motor; a spur gear transmission produces the orbital motion at the sanding pad, which means that any given point on the pad moves in a small circle. The tool has a good deal of power and can be used for coarse, medium and fine sanding.

A tool of this type can save hours of laborious hand sanding in smoothing plaster and wallboard joints, finishing furniture, removing paint, fitting doors

and doing other jobs. It is designed to get into corners and the weight—less than 5½ pounds—is low enough so it isn't apt to tire your arm. It's priced at \$39.50 with 7' power cord, package of abrasive sheets, and operating instructions. Porter-Cable has a 48-page catalog describing this and other power tools.

Bits of news: Just ran across an ad for the "88" wood bits put out by Irwin of Wilmington, Ohio. These are the bits used to drill holes up to 1" with ¼" drills.

These We've Tested

Padlock as you go: "Travelok," Cat. No. L107, Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co., Lock & Hardware Division, Stamford, Conn.; \$2.89 list. "Travelok" is, as the name suggests, useful for travelers who wish to lock themselves into a hotel room or what have you. It's also useful for stay-at-homes who want to lock something not equipped to accommodate an ordinary padlock. Now, "Travelok" is essentially a padlock but instead of the usual shackle or U-shaped member which engages a staple, this one has a hooked bar with saw-toothed edges. The hook engages whatever there is to engage, such as the channel iron between the drawers of a filing cabinet, leaving the serrated part of the bar sticking out. The lock mechanism, slipped over the bar, will move forward but the teeth prevent it from moving backwards; thus it locks the drawer, door, cabinet or whatever it is you want to lock. It can be released with the key, of which two are furnished. Contoured and finished in gleaming chrome, it's about as handsome a piece of industrial designing as you could wish to see. It can be forced, of course, but that involves tools and the legal consequences of breaking and entering; thus Yale & Towne are justified in their advertising: "Extra protection wherever you go."

Nail puller with oomph: "All Purpose Wonder Bar," new-design wrecking, nail pulling, and ripping bar; length 16", weight 1 pound; H & H Wrecking Bar Co., 416 First National Bank Bldg., Fremont, Neb. (U.S. distributor); Duo Lux Distributors, Cartage Bldg., Winnipeg, Manitoba (Canadian distributor); Osmundson Forge Co., Webster City, Iowa, manufacturer; \$2.35 in Middle West, plus shipping charge elsewhere.

The familiar two-word definition of rape—"wrong man"—has its counterpart in the less romantic realm of home carpentry, where the right nail gets

What struck us about this ad was the method of rating the bits. Irwin isn't the only company which does this, but instead of talking about 1/4", 5/16", 3/8", 7/16", etc., they stick to sixteenths: 4/16", 5/16", 6/16" . . . up to 16/16". We still have to think a moment before we're sure 13/16 is 1/16 bigger than 3/4 and 1/16 less than 7/8. There may be some arguments against thinking in sixteenths (or sixty-fourths in the case of drill sets up to 1/2" diameter) but arguments in favor of so doing seem to carry more weight.

in wrong just because it's in the wrong place. Getting it out may be no cinch; a large spike driven deep in dense wood may require a withdrawal force of a ton. It's a question, then, whether you can pull it at all. Certainly you can't do it with a claw hammer; you'll just break the handle if it's breakable, or tug until doomsday if it isn't. You resort, then, to a wrecking bar, so called from its use by house wreckers. The conventional wrecking bar is a straight iron rod curved back on itself at one end and fashioned into a claw. The other end is flattened for prying. Usual lengths are 18", 24", 30", and 36".

The patented "Wonder Bar" differs in that it has a double-claw rocker head which makes for greater leverage and versatility. It was tested against an 18" wrecking bar weighing twice as much and more than held its own. Because of its shorter length—measured in a straight line from one end to the other it's only 14¾"—it has an advantage in getting into tight places which, as every mechanic knows, is often the big problem. It readily pulled 10-penny (3") nails driven almost all the way home and under some conditions could pull larger nails. It also has obvious uses in ripping floors and siding. It's a tool well worth trying by all who have occasion to extract nails or take things apart by force—and who hasn't? Also comes in 24" size, \$2.65, and 36", \$5.95. The latter weighs 9 pounds and carries considerable authority.

How much should you spend for a vacuum cleaner? Hoover Model 82 "Constellation," canister type cleaner with "Ultra-flex" stretchable hose; weight 16 pounds, 750 watts, 115 volts AC/DC; The Hoover Co., North Canton, Ohio; \$97.50.

Eureka Model 805 "Roto-Matic" canister type cleaner with "Zip-Clip" swivel top and "Attachomatic" clip-on tools; weight 14 pounds 12 ounces, with roller dolly, 16 pounds 8 ounces; 650 watts, 115 volts AC/DC; Eureka Division, Eureka Williams Co.,

division of Henney Motor Co., Inc., Bloomington, Ill.; \$69.95.

What interested us in these two cleaners was the stretchable hose featured by Hoover and the general similarity of the two machines despite the almost 40 percent difference in price. After giving the two the engineering eye and interviewing a number of users of each, our conclusions are that the stretchable hose is indeed a desirable feature, that the Hoover has some other advantages over the Eureka but not quite \$27.50 worth, and that both are good buys, especially at the discount prices at which they are sold by some outlets.

Vacuum cleaners are mainly of the upright and canister or cylinder types. The venerable upright is still reputed to be the best rug cleaner but is losing popularity because the entire unit, power plant and all, has to be run over the area to be cleaned. The cylinder and canister (the cylinder came first) are alike in that the power plant can be stationed at a central point and only the comparatively light tools, or attachments, need be moved. The connection between the tools and the power plant is by a flexible hose terminating in a pipe or "wand" of adjustable length. In the cylinder type the air is sucked in at one end through the hose and blown out at the other, the dirt being detained within the cylinder. The canister is more or less spherical and the hose is attached at the top through a coupling rotatable through a full circle, which tends to reduce kinking of the hose. The air is blown out at the bottom. The canister is the vogue at the present time. Recently General Electric has come out with a cylindrical cleaner at \$79.95 which rolls on integral 12" wheels and probably has the advantage in mobility over existing types.

An improvement on earlier cleaners is the disposable paper dirt bag. Instead of removing a permanent cloth bag, emptying, and reinserting it, the user throws away the filled bag and replaces it with a new one. Both Hoover and Eureka, in common with other modern cleaners, incorporate this feature.

The following tests were made on the two cleaners:

Power. Suction was compared, using a pyramid-shaped wooden block $2\frac{1}{2}$ " x $1\frac{3}{4}$ " at the base and standing 7" high. Each cleaner tipped over the block when the open mouth of the wand was $\frac{3}{4}$ " away, indicating equal suction. With the cleaners used as blowers—this merely entails shifting the hose to what is normally the air outlet—the block was tipped at .30" distance by the Eureka and 28" by the Hoover, again indicating substantially equal power. Crude as this technique is, it should give a better indication of performance than applying the hand or a pressure gauge to the mouth of the wand, since the suction that counts is with air flowing more or less freely through the cleaner, as in actual use, rather than with the flow obstructed. Both machines have ample power; in fact, the suction must be reduced

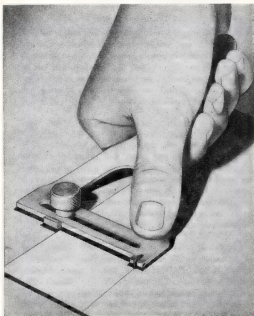
in cleaning light materials by means of an adjustable opening in the wand.

Reach. With its new hose which has a spiral spring reinforcement, the Hoover canister was placed at the foot of a flight of 13 steps, height 8' 7", and the hose stretched for cleaning beyond the upper landing. The Eureka reached only up to the 10th step and had to be carried all the way to the top to clean the rest, since it (and the Hoover likewise) is too large to be set on the stairs without danger of tumbling down.

Placed in the center of a 15' x 15' room, the Eureka, with a reach of 9', cleaned the entire room conveniently and without canister movement. With a span of 16', the Hoover did that and stretched well into the adjacent rooms besides. The mobility of the Eureka was somewhat improved by its dolly, but it could be rolled without tipping over only by lifting the hose to shoulder height. One user objected to this. The canister can be shoved across the floor with the foot, the hose being used to keep it from tipping. Eureka has recently come out with a broader base, apparently designed to improve stability.

All in all, as far as reach and resulting convenience are concerned, the Hoover scores.

Noise. With the two canisters placed side by side and equidistant from a high fidelity loud-speaker and the observer between the canisters, ability of music to override the cleaner noise was compared. The Eureka was appreciably noisier, but neither



Easy-to-use glass cutter has adjustable guide that keeps blade parallel to edge of glass.

cleaner created serious disturbance. The noise was mostly wind rustle which was rapidly lessened by distance. When moved into the next room the cleaners scarcely interfered with listening. A good sign, also, was that as the machines broke in each became quieter.

Miscellaneous. The Hoover has its switch mounted on the underside of the canister and while its position is indicated by the trademark it is less convenient than the Eureka position on the upper side of the canister. Neither switch is substantial enough for foot operation unless care is exercised. We'd like to see a switch on a vacuum cleaner which could be kicked on and off.

There is little to choose between the power cords, Eureka's being slightly longer and Hoover's slightly

thicker. But Hoover has a plug (Cormish 130-1) which all appliance manufacturers would do well to adopt. Of tough pliable rubber, it is shaped to afford the thumb and forefinger a firm, natural grip, thus encouraging the user to disconnect the appliance by the plug instead of by pulling the cord. The Eureka plug is adequate but ordinary.

Neither hose suffered noticeable damage or deformation when a 160-pound man stood on it.

The Hoover requires no lubrication. The Eureka has to be repacked with grease at the service station every two to three years.

The problem of carrying the attachments is unsolved. Eureka provides four clips on the lower half of the canister but you have to bend over to get the tools on and off and they tend to bang against furniture when the canister is moved. You're just as well off carrying the attachments in a shopping bag, or in the caddy provided with some makes.

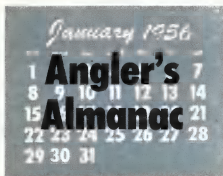
Cleaning performance. By the evidence of users, there appears to be little choice between the two. Both clean well. However, those who had tried both cleaners felt the Hoover tools were of somewhat better quality and design, and more readily attached and detached.

Price. Now comes the agonizing question: how much? Many shops still adhere firmly to prices set or suggested by the manufacturer and in some states they can be sued if they don't. But an increasing number sell at whatever price will move the merchandise. The "discount houses" have been doing this for years, but in the past year department stores and hitherto one-price appliance stores have increasingly adopted the same sales policy. The Westinghouse Company has announced that it is abandoning "fair trade" as unworkable, although they say they still believe in it in principle.

There are two classes of buyers who can be relied on to pay list to the end. The rich or very well-to-do is one. The other group is composed of those for whom long-term credit is a primary consideration. Unfortunately, these people who often have the least money pay the highest prices—not only the list price, but interest on top of it.

Applying the price yardstick to Eureka and Hoover: Hoover makes a fine cleaner but they want almost \$100 for it. Eureka, with a very good cleaner, wants \$70. Both are getting the asking price in many stores. But in the big, bad cities both are being cut: Eureka to \$44.50 including the dolly, Hoover to \$64.95. And not only by discount houses—and not Hoover and Eureka alone. New York's Macy's, said to be the biggest department store in the world, was boldly advertising General Electric's canister cleaner, very similar in looks to Eureka and Hoover, at \$59.95, or \$30 off list—a 33 percent discount.

A fellow's not being robbed if he pays list for any of these cleaners. But if he earns his dough the hard way and is offered 30-40 percent off for the same article—well, what do you expect?



Steelhead Sailfish

GOOD—Despite cold, blustery weather, fish still have to eat; try 'em now through ice in Northern lakes, in open fresh and salt water everywhere. Since Southern fresh waters are colder now, too, bass should be in weed covers. In North, you'll need Long Johns, plus two-three layers of light woolen clothing to keep out cold, but ice fishing is worth it.

BETTER—Though inshore angling for all salt-water species is good throughout Florida and along entire Gulf Coast to Texas, now is the time to try for silver sailfish off Florida's east coast. Annual Silver Sailfish Derby of the Palm Beaches adds competition to sport. White marlin are off Bimini, Walker, and Cat Cays in Bahamas, while up North best ice-fishing is in New Hampshire (lake trout), New Jersey (pickering), New York (walleyes and pickering), plus Minnesota-Wisconsin waters and Great Lakes shoreline (yellow perch).

BEST—Winter-run steelhead trout continue at peak of season in all major rivers of West. Good bets: Oregon's Aleas, Elk, Umpqua; Washington's Skagit, Skykomish, Kalama; California's Trinity, Sacramento, Eel, Klamath. Though winter bass fishing may turn up spotty, don't miss Colorado River Reservoirs along Arizona-California border; they're best from Davis Dam down to Mexican border. Panfishing on dry flies good here, too.

—By Robert McCormick

man around the house...

BY
JOHN SHARNIK

**New—and painless—way to modernize a house's wiring • Coming up:
a dome for a home • Which tile to use for the floor?**

YOU MAY BE IN LINE for economic aid, under a kind of Marshall Plan for homeowners. It's no federal giveaway, but a program of technical know-how and help in financing, sponsored by private industry. Its purpose: to modernize the outdated electrical wiring systems that are causing inconvenience, loss and danger to more than 80 percent of America's homes.

What's brought about this situation is the galloping increase in labor-saving household devices—and the resulting demand for more juice to run them. Circuits installed to handle the toaster, refrigerator and heating pad that represented modern comfort in the 1930 home just can't handle the load of today's household, with its battery of washer, dryer, freezer and so on, up to and including room air-conditioner and motor-driven barbecue.

The danger, as BLUEBOOK pointed out in an advance alarm on this situation back in August 1954, is double: Not only are you losing out in performance from costly appliances, but you're also running the risk of burned-out appliance motors and of destructive fires resulting from overloaded and overheated wiring.

To correct this widespread problem, electric light companies in many parts of the country now are offering the advice of their experts to help you plan rewiring that will take care of your own home's needs. Many of them also are offering payment plans and premiums to ease the \$100-\$150 bite of the average rewiring project. Some companies, for instance, will split the cost into relatively easy-to-swallow monthly payments, and add them to your regular electric bill. Others offer special discounts or allowances to customers who install "third-wire" service to supply the power needs of heavy-wattage appliances like electric ranges or water heaters.

How can you tell whether your household is among the inadequately wired "four-fifths of a nation"? Well, you qualify if: your lights dim, radio fades, or television acts up when your wife's using the clothes washer . . . your new air conditioner won't cool while the TV is going . . . your fuses keep blowing or circuit breakers trip with annoying fre-

quency . . . or your lamp cords form tangled strands of spaghetti around the wall outlets.

And the first thing to do about it is to call your local electric company and see if they're among the many that are offering special inducements to citizens who want to do right by the wiring problem.

HOUSE OF 1977. Your house of the future, which has been variously foreseen as a concrete igloo, a sprayed cocoon, and a steel-braced shell, takes on still another form—this one the most fabulous of all.

Take a look at your new address, come the year Nineteen Something-or-other: A huge transparent dome, somewhat similar to the one in the photo below, will enclose not only cooking, dining, sleeping and living areas but also grass, garden, trees and maybe even a pool.

That's the vision contained in a report on the future of plastics in housing, prepared by Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Department of Architecture for Monsanto Chemical Company.

As MIT's trained forecasters see it, the dome will

Newspaper, Long Island



This is a house? Don't snicker—your kids may raise their kids in plastic domes like this.

Man Around the House (Continued)

enclose an area of "controlled climate"—heated in winter, cooled in summer (see drawing). Instead of walled-in rooms, you'll sleep, eat and cook in separate pavilion-like structures, consisting of plastic screens mounted on lightweight, dismountable and changeable frames—all set up inside the big plastic bubble. Flooring of the pavilions and walks connecting them will also be made of plastic—foam-cored for comfort and insulation, tough-surfaced for durability.

As an accompaniment to this suburban yard-and-mortgage of tomorrow, the report offers the future summer cabin—the ultimate in do-it-yourself housing, since it can be erected not only by you but even, it seems, by your kids.

If the prophecy is correct, the walls will consist of earth or sand, "stabilized" by an injection of plas-

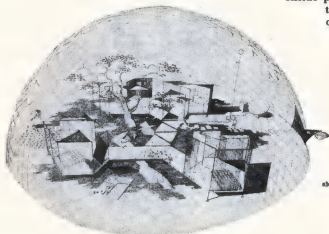
tyl-asbestos and just plain vinyl—is like trying to pick out a summer suit in this age of synthetic fabrics.

Fact is, not all forms of tile can be used in all parts of the house—and each has its own peculiarities. Here are some points to keep in mind.

- Rubber and asphalt are okay on a basement floor—but cork and linoleum can't be counted on to hold up against the moisture. As for plastics, most will qualify, but when the plastic is combined with some other substance—say, cork—you'd better check with the dealer before buying.

- Same rules apply to first-floor installations if your house is built on a concrete-slab foundation. Except that if the floor is a foot or more above grade, cork may be okay.

Inside plastic bubble, made up of transparent, translucent and opaque panels, are living quarters, lawn, garden, trees and stream. You can control climate of entire yard.



tic and piled up to "set" in whatever form you want. Need a picture window in the joint? Just stick a sheet of translucent plastic into the earth wall. As for the roof, a big sheet of waterproof plastic will keep the summer rains off tomorrow's tender heads.

If you think these schemes are far-fetched, consider that one of them, at least, seems to have the endorsement of no less respectable an authority than the World's Champion Brooklyn Dodgers. (Or doesn't that convince you?) MIT's "controlled-climate" plastic bubble, it so happens, is a miniature of the Dodgers' much-discussed scheme for a new all-weather ball park.

UNDERFOOT. Installing a tile floor is one project that just about any amateur feels capable of tackling. But choosing among the growing variety of tile materials—linoleum, asphalt, cork, cork-vinyl,

- For easy upkeep, vinyl and vinyl-asbestos generally rate highest because they won't absorb stains; colors stay bright, and there's no surface to wear off. But they require frequent buffing, and they're the most expensive.

- Cork won't stand up with the others under grit and dirt tracked in by the kids. But it's easiest on the feet and makes the quietest surface.

- Asphalt is tough, cheapest of all, but is also hardest to install because you have to heat the tiles to cut them. Also, colors often tend to bleed under cleaning and waxing.

- Linoleum tile, though not so durable nor stain-resistant as vinyl nor so tough-surfaced as asphalt, remains a good all-around bet.



By SAMUEL R. BURNS*

Money Down Your Drain

Bet we've changed as many washers as you. Bet there's something here that you didn't know either — unless you're a professional plumber, like the author.

ONE WAY TO WASTE MONEY is to let it run down the drain. And that is what most families are doing today. The subverter of their economy is a villain called a leaky spigot, tap or, in plain everyday English, faucet.

It's hard to convince people of this and even harder to get them to do anything about it. Their reasons vary from the expense of repair to the ridiculous argument of "What's a little water?"

Too many people "a little water" can mean a lot of aspirin. A dripping faucet in the stillness of the night can assume the noise proportion of rain on a tin roof. Many a night's sleep has been interrupted, and many a headache caused by the lack of sleep.

Aside from that, a leaky faucet can ruin bathtubs, sinks and the faucet itself. The constant dripping of water will remove the gloss finish from any plumbing fixture and leave in its place a stain—brown if the pipe is iron and green if it's brass. During 22 years in the plumbing and heating field I have been asked by innumerable housewives "What's good for stains in plumbing fixtures?" My standard answer is, "A washer." When asked to clarify this simple answer I just grin. When the housewife asks how the washer is used I get helpless and can't answer. Hence this article.

Water under pressure is a source of energy. When this energy is directed at the tiny opening in the faucet caused by a worn washer, something has to give. The process of erosion works on the seat of the faucet and causes a groove. The faucet leaks more water and the seat gets a larger groove, perhaps eventually cracks. End result is a new faucet needed, plenty of stains, lots of headaches, and money down the drain.

Realizing that most homeowners are less than one paycheck away from bankruptcy, I can understand their reluctance to pay something like \$7 an hour for a plumber. That is, if they can get a plumber when they need one. But I can't understand their reluctance to fix it themselves.

All it takes is common sense and the few tools pictured on the next page. These items can be purchased in plumbing supply or hardware stores and have many household uses in addition to the repair of faucets.

So let's get on to our repair job. First, turn off the water. In a one-family house this is easily done by finding the main water line where it comes in from the street and turning off the valve that is usually there. If the house is pump supplied, shut off pump and water valve to same. Turn valve clockwise to close. Close only to snug position; take no grudges out on this item. If you have one of those old fashioned stopcocks and can't close it, look for a valve near the fixture you intend to work on. (If there's no valve, then call the plumber and get a valve installed at the front wall. This will pay for itself if and when a pipe bursts, since you'll be able to turn the water off without calling the fire department to pump you out.)

After the water is turned off, open the faucet to be repaired and let the water trapped in the house piping drain out. When water stops or merely trickles, you are ready for work.

If you heat water with coal, bank the hot water fire and leave fire door open. This will keep your hot water from getting too hot and spoiling your storage tank. If you heat with oil, forget about it.

(Continued on next page)

*Mr. Burns, who holds a master plumber's license in New York City, has 22 years' experience behind him.

*Illustrated by
Paul Granger*

There are automatic safety devices on the oil burner. (Incidentally, never heat hot water for ordinary purposes beyond 140 degrees. Water hotter than this ruins the faucet washers and piping to same.)

Faucets are fundamentally the same all over. Styles and assembly may vary, but that is all. When the faucet is open (see Fig. 1), the spindle (F) with its attached washer (G) have been raised off the seat (J), and water passes through the resulting opening. When the faucet is closed, the spindle (F) is screwed down, and its washer (G) presses firmly against the seat (J), shutting off the flow.

Your problem is this: to present a smooth seat (J) to a smooth washer (G) for a tight union with no leaks when the spindle is in the closed position.

This is done as follows: Open faucet halfway. Take monkey wrench (not Stillson wrench) and loosen cap nut (B), turning counterclockwise. Hold handle (A) from turning until cap nut is completely loosened. Then unscrew spindle from faucet completely. The reason for a monkey wrench is that it has no teeth to chew up shining chromium plate or polished brass. Take screw driver and loosen bibb screw (H) which holds washer.

Sometimes at this stage the bibb screw breaks off. Stop worrying—it happens to the best of us. Drill out old bibb screw and re-tap for new screw, using

8-32 drill and tap shown in picture of necessary tools. If the screw loosens easily, throw it away and replace with new one. The new one won't break off at any future replacement of washers. Remove old washer by digging out with pocket knife. Select a new washer of same size as original, and install, replacing bibb screw.

Now the most important part. Take flashlight and look at seat (J). Select a wheel for the faucet seat grinder, wheel to be the same size as seat, or a little larger, never smaller. Insert grinder in faucet and use for two turns under slight pressure. Remove grinder and look at seat. If entire surface is shiny, put the grinder away. If seat has a groove as shown in Fig. 2, use grinder sparingly until entire seat is shiny.

We now have a smooth washer and a smooth seat. But what happens to the particles of metal that were ground off the seat? If allowed to remain in the water system, they will get into the new washer

Tools you need to make your own faucet repairs are: (1) small pocket knife, (2) pliers, (3) spool of graphite packing, (4) assorted beveled fiber washers, (5) assorted brass bibb screws, (6) faucet seat grinder and flat washers, (7) twist drill, (8) tap and drill for 8-32 bibb screws, (9) flashlight, (10) small monkey wrench, (11) medium screwdriver.



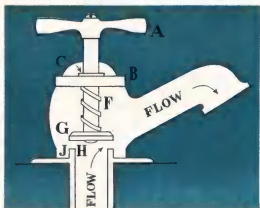


Fig. 1. Cross section of ordinary faucet.

and when the faucet is opened and closed, they will scour the shining seat and we are back in the same place as before repairs. Get a cork and put it in the top of the faucet just as you would stopper a bottle. Go downstairs and open water valve slowly, slightly and gently. Enough water should flow to wash faucet clean. Remove cork after closing water valve. Replace spindle to halfway position and tighten cap nut.

(Sometimes the bibb screw unloosens and falls into the piping. That, or a loose washer, makes the peculiar, piercing rattle that one hears when a faucet is turned on. Remove these items with tweezers or use same washout procedure.)

Leave faucet open and open water valve slightly. Allow water to run from repaired faucet until all air is excluded. Go through the building and open each faucet and allow air to escape. Close all faucets and open main valve fully. This will keep floating particles of rust from collecting in one sharp bend. These particles can cause a stoppage of water and it's quite an intricate process to remove them.

Sometimes a faucet leaks between the cap nut and the spindle. To fix it is a simple matter.

Repeat closing of water process and open faucet halfway. Remove cap nut. Under the cap nut there is a flat fiber washer and a metal washer fitted closely to the spindle. Unravel a single strand of graphite packing about four inches long and wind tightly about spindle above washer C and under cap nut. Wind clockwise only. Replace cap nut and tighten until spindle turns with a slight drag. Repeat opening of water process. For a long time this graphite packing will hold securely. When and if faucet leaks again between spindle and cap nut, it will only be necessary to tighten cap nut slightly and the leak will stop.

An uncommon occurrence is the wearing out of the threads on the spindle—called a stripped spindle. This causes the faucet when closed to open again. A stripped spindle is due to long neglect of leaking washers and the superhuman efforts on the part of the user to tighten the spindle and stop the water drip. A good idea is to rewasher the faucet using a

small metal washer under the faucet washer. Metal washer should be of brass and same size as faucet washer. A thin flat fiber washer will do in a pinch. The extra washer adds years to a worn-out faucet by utilizing new sections of the thread on the spindle.

If your faucet doesn't respond to the treatments outlined, it's a rare case and you need a new one. Don't ask the plumber to fix it—he can't do anything for you. His mechanical skill is greater than yours, but he can do no more than what we've talked about.

Faucets come in different models and different shapes. A good example is the usual shower faucet imbedded in the wall. It dismantles differently from a regular faucet, but is still the same gadget. The trick to dismantling the shower faucet is to look for knurled knobs, set screws or square surfaces made for a wrench to fit around. In the one shown in Fig. 3,



Fig. 2. Top view of imperfect seat.

a knurled knob (A) holds the escutcheon (B). Cap nut is equivalent to C, but to repair leak between spindle and cap nut loosen nut D, and wind spindle with graphite packing, following the procedure outlined earlier.

To remove handles from faucets look for set screw on side, nut on underside of handle, screw on top of handle, or knurled index button marked hot or cold, which when loosened and removed reveals screw which holds handle. After loosening screw, or nut, tap up handle of faucet with screw driver.

Some faucets are made with removable seats. These seats can be ground in place just as non-removable ones are. As a last resort, however, these

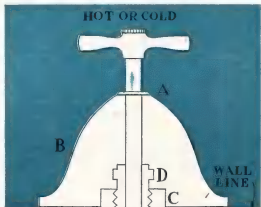


Fig. 3. Cross section of shower faucet.

seats can be removed and parts bought from the manufacturer whose name appears somewhere on the faucet. **Warning!** Buy nothing but genuine parts. When these parts are installed faucet will be as good as new.

A leaking of water at the base of the swinging nozzle of a combination hot-and-cold faucet can be repaired just as a leak between cap nut and spindle. Loosen large nut at base of nozzle with monkey wrench and wind graphite packing between nut and metal washer exposed by removal of nozzle. Tighten nut till slight drag occurs on swing of spout, and if leak starts again in the future, then tighten nut slightly.

Remember one very old and very pertinent maxim: A stitch in time saves nine. And a wrench in time saves \$9 for a new faucet. If faucets are re-washed at the first sign of leakage or before you have to tighten them down solidly to close, then there won't be trouble. A promptly repaired spigot never needs grinding and an unground seat is always more

durable than a ground one. And speaking of tightening down, for Heaven's sake replace all china handles with easily installed metal "fits-all" handles of any make. Many an artery has been cut by a china handle breaking off in one's hand. Make sure that all handles on bathtub and shower faucets are tightly secured to spindle. It's a nasty fall in the bathtub when one grasps the shower handles to lift oneself from the tub and the handle comes loose in your hand.

I hope that the life of the American faucet will be lengthened considerably by my literary effort and that the homeowner will then have a few surplus dollars left over from his repair budget to spend on more essential things. If you, the male population, can't find time to repair faucets, well, let the lady of the house read this article and act accordingly. Women are becoming more and more adept at mechanical things and I see no reason why they shouldn't fix faucets.

So good luck.

—By SAMUEL R. BURNS

make it easy . . .

Rolls of gummed paper are sometimes moistened by humidity so that the layers adhere in a solid mass that cannot be used. To prevent this, coat the sides of the roll with a thin layer of melted paraffin which seals the edges, yet allows the roll to unwind as used.

—Ted Otsu, Vancouver, B.C., Can.

Next time when waxing your floors avoid the trouble of dipping into the wax can every few moments. Simply fill an old sock with the wax and apply it by rubbing lightly over the floor.

—Ted Otsu, Vancouver, B.C., Can.

When you want to drill a hole in wood and haven't the right size drill: take a finishing nail of the right length; but slightly smaller around than the hole to be drilled.

Lay the nail down sideways and hammer the end of it where it tapers to a point until it becomes flatter and of the desired width. This home-fashioned drill can be used with good results in a hand drill or a small power drill on most all types of wood. The usual wood nail can be used in place of the finishing nail, if you cut off the head.

—Alfred Hansen, Bronx, N. Y.



When one man alone is faced with the problem of constructing and hanging a heavy door such as in a shed or garage, it is easiest actually to build the door in place. First, fasten your framework to the doorjamb. One end of the crosspieces can be attached by the hinges and the other end temporarily tacked. Then nail on the sheeting. With a double door, run crosspieces all the way across, hinging both ends. Leave sufficient space between the two center boards to insert a saw and cut the crosspieces upon completion of the job.

—Geo. S. Hollis, Omo Ranch, Calif.

When wood screws become loose and will not hold: Remove the screw and fill the hole with plastic wood. Then drive the screw in tight before the plastic wood hardens. When it does harden the screw will not work loose again.

—Dick Hutchinson, San Gabriel, Calif.

Do not discard your safety-razor blades when they become dull, but simply draw them through a "cork" and you will lengthen your blades usefulness by several more shaves. This secret was given to me by a metallurgist in 1942 and I have used it satisfactorily ever since with single-edge blades.

—James S. Daley, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BLUEBOOK will pay \$5 for each "Make It Easy" published, but none can be acknowledged or returned.

FROM THE EXPERTS:

TIPS ON SKIING

By IRVING T. MARSH

AT LAST COUNT, 37 sports were being called in print "the fastest-growing sport in America today." Well, today we're calling skiing the fastest-growing sport in America today—for obviously this article will cause hundreds of thousands of our readers to rush out and start doing schusses and christies.

We have provided such constructive stimulus by adapting pointers from the works of the following authoritative fellows: Robert S. Bourdon, author of "Modern Skiing" (*Lippincott*), who has won many championships and has taught at Woodstock, Vt., and at Sun Valley; Conrad Brown, author of "Skiing for Beginners" (*Scribner's*), who is ski instructor at Mad River Glen, Vt.; Frank Harper, author of "Skiing Naturally" (*Wyn*), who has skied the world over; Eddie Huber and Norman Rogers, who collaborated on "The Complete Ski Manual" (*Prentice-Hall*) and have contributed extensively to U. S. and Canadian publications; Fred Iselin and A. C. Spector, who wrote "Invitation to Skiing" (*Simon & Schuster*) and who are, respectively, instructor at Sun Valley and a well-known amateur.



Illustrated by Wesley McKeown

Skiing tips . . .

EQUIPMENT AND ITS CARE

DOWNHILL

**ROBERT
BOURDON**

There are several ways of detecting a warped ski. The most accurate way is to place the ski on a plate-glass showcase. If it lies flat then it is not warped.

**CONRAD
BROWN**

There are hundreds of kinds of waxes and you can get all mixed up trying to find the right one. The simple rule is: (1) Hard wax for cold snow, (2) soft wax for wet sticky snow near freezing, (3) graphite paraffin for sticky new snow. The paraffin that is used for sealing jelly jars makes an ideal running surface for most skis. Carry a piece in your pocket and just scrub it on your skis if they seem to stick.

**FRANK
HARPER**

When not in use, keep skis in a press, so that they keep their shape. Before you start using them, cover their tops with a plastic fluid (like floor wax or furniture polish) to protect them against stains and scratches, and they will stay "new" for years.

**HUBER
AND
ROGERS**

Boots deserve the best attention. Use a wax-type grease a few times during the season to waterproof to make the leather more flexible. Never use oil; it makes the leather spongy. At season's end wash with soap and lukewarm water to remove dirt. Then give them a light coat of grease, put in shoe trees and place in a bag for the summer.

**ISELIN
AND
SPECTORSKY**

When not in use the hinged parts of ski bindings should be lightly oiled with a thin gun oil which will not turn gummy or stiff.

When the snow is hard-packed, the beginner will have trouble keeping a straight course because the skis will tend to slip sideways. This may be overcome by "edging" the skis slightly. To do this, separate the skis about a foot and then bring the knees in toward each other. This will cause the skis to run slightly on their inside edges and will prevent them from wandering. Don't make a habit of skiing in this manner—do it only when necessary.

Practice the straight downhill running position at first on any easy hill with a long flat runout. Stand up straight, completely relaxed, skis the width of one ski apart, knees flexed a little forward to act as shock absorbers. Let arms hang loosely. With hands held apart in front, keep poles pointed behind you. Tip forward enough to feel a pressure on your whole foot. Don't sit back. Stand right over your skis so that you have the feeling that you, not they, are taking them down the hill.

Ski in a position as natural as possible wherever the slope is gentle enough to allow it. When the slope steepens, lower your center of gravity; go into a semi-crouch. On a very steep slope, go into a deep crouch, with your body always leaning forward and at right angles with the slope.

From "The
Complete
Ski Manual"



Full Crouch

Semi-Crouch

The tendency when learning to traverse downhill (zigzagging to keep speed down) is to try to hug the slope. This leads you to place most of your weight on the uphill ski, a sure way to fall. To overcome this fault, always weight the downhill ski. But don't make the mistake of many beginners who think they must ski only on the downhill ski, the uphill ski going along just for the ride.

LEVEL

The most important thing in level skiing is not to lift the skis from the snow as one would normally walk, but to slide them forward, keeping the whole ski flat on the snow. No doubt the ski poles will at first be just an added burden, but use them. Push yourself along, moving the poles with the natural swing of the arms. Be sure to place them in the snow even with, or behind, your feet.

In walking on skis, use your poles as if they were two canes, slide one ski forward and then the other. Jab your poles in and PUSH. Soon you will be able to walk along, keeping both skis sliding at once. To turn on the level, just step around.

Glide forward with a rhythmic movement rather than with separate steps. The more you shift your weight to the forward ski, the less of an effort your sliding will be, because it is the shifting of weight from one ski to the other that makes you glide. With each forward step, you drop your weight upon your knee, and your knee transmits the pressure to your ski. If your skis slip aside, it's a sign you haven't brought your weight to bear upon them.

The skating step is used for level propulsion, too. Push one edged ski against the snow, sending the body gliding forward on the other ski. Carry your weight well forward with the knee bent and the heel flat on the ski on which you are gliding. Then lift the back ski to clear the snow well, and bring it up close to the front one. Now the body is slowly straightening up. So transfer the weight to the ski that has just been brought up and edge the other ski sharply backward.

When you stride along the street you use your arms in what is known as "opposition." That is, when your left foot goes forward, your right arm swings forward, and vice versa. So it is in skiing. The poles are planted in the snow, and are given the propelling thrust with shoulder, elbow and wrist, the shoulder doing most of the work. Keep your arms close to your body so that you get maximum leverage on the poles.

UPHILL

For a steep incline, the simplest method of climbing is the sidestep. With the skis always placed across the hill and both poles in the snow, move the upper ski up the hill and place it in the snow parallel to the lower. Now using the poles for balance and support, put the lower ski beside the upper one. Move the poles and repeat.

In the herringbone, the most tiring but fastest way of climbing up, keep from crossing your skis in back by having your knees bent well forward into the hill. Make a wider "V" with your skis as the slope gets steeper. All you have to do is step from one ski over to the other, pushing with your poles at the same time.

Traversing is the most effortless way of climbing a hill. Instead of choosing a straight line to its top, you climb in zigzagging lines, with the skis moving crosswise of the hill. In this way, you'll always have the hill to your one side and the slope on your other. You'll need to edge both skis into the snow to keep from sidestepping down the slope as you glide alternately with upper and lower ski.

For long climbs it is wise to vary the method of climbing in order to give some sets of muscles a rest while exercising others.



HERRINGBONE

Right ski going forward; note track.

From "Initiation to Skiing"

Skiing tips . . .

URNS

RAKING AND STOPPING

ROBERT
BOURDON



Turning is most easily done by stepping the skis around by moving the tips.

From
"Modern Skiing"

CONRAD
BROWN

If you find a nice little bump at the time you want to turn, don't ski around it. Try making a simple turn over the bump. Only the middle of your skis touch the snow when you're right on top. That's the exact moment to rotate the skis and sink down over the other side of the bump, facing in your new direction. Make your skis skid, side by side and close together, if you can.

When the snowplow is done correctly the skis will want to come parallel again of their own accord and it takes a conscious effort to push the tails apart and keep them there. This effort is actually what makes the skis run slower and is the result of the V-shape and the skis being on edge and performing like scrapers.

As you are moving ahead, practice "putting on the brakes" by sinking the body down abruptly and kicking heels out wide at the same time. Then let the skis run together, pick up speed and put on the brakes again.

FRANK
HARPER

Speed is the soul of christiania (christy); your momentum creates the impetus for the swing. The faster you are going, the more your skis will react to the slightest motion of your body. When going fast, therefore, you won't find it necessary to stem and shift your weight. It takes little more than thought of the direction into which you want to turn to make you turn. With both skis kept parallel you turn with one powerful movement—a synchronized skidding of the ski edges.



SNOWFLOW

From
"Skiing Naturally"

HUBER
AND
ROGERS

A few principles to be remembered about turns in general are these: When turning in soft snow, the skis can be close together; but in hard snow they must be farther apart. In steered turns the leading ski is the one that receives most of the weight and the greater the weight put on it the sharper the turn.

To brake by sideslipping, bring skis horizontal to the slope and take the edge off the skis by allowing them to glide almost flat on the snow. How flat, will depend on the degree of the slope. A very steep slope needs only a slight flattening to permit the skis to begin slipping sideways. The weight should be on the outer ski.

ISELIN
AND
SPECTORSKY

When rotating—pivoting the shoulders in the direction you wish to turn—flex the knees into a deeper crouch. But don't thrust the seat out behind, nor shift the hips to the outside of the turn. The rotation and knee action together make one "around-and-down" motion.

In the snowplow, watch these salient points:
1. Keep skis equally weighted and equally edged.
2. Hold forearms parallel to thighs. 3. Keep poles in "V" position. 4. Neither lock knees together in knock-kneed position, nor bow them out. 5. Keep ski tips close together, or plow will not slow or stop you. 6. Edge enough to feel the braking action of skis, but not so much that skis will ride on their edges and cross. 7. Keep eyes off skis—look ahead. 8. Keep backside flat—try not to "stick out."

COMPETITION

The first thing to look for in a downhill race is the "line." Usually the straightest line will be the fastest. This may mean traveling a little wide on one turn in order to cut the next one close. It may mean checking slightly at one point so as not to approach another place at an impossible speed.

For a high speed turn, try making fast smooth christies, barely opening your skis. Just wind up, rise a little and bank over into the turn. Then wind up and bank over the other way as you slowly rotate through a series of wide flowing turns. As soon as you are able, try to "cut" long sweeping arcs in your turns, holding your skidding to a minimum.

If the slope steepens sharply, go into a deep crouch to attain high speed. Whenever you change your position, though, do it slowly, never abruptly. Your knees bend deeper, and your hands are just above the skis. Your forward lean is sharply accentuated, aggressive, fighting the wind, standing your ground in the midst of speed. Remember, one ski is always leading whether you ski upright, in the semi-crouch, or in the deep crouch.

The most useful turn in slalom racing is the stem christiania with pole support. The point of the pole is placed ahead of the ski and just slightly above the upper flag to the set; simultaneously the outer shoulder is kept far back; then the outer shoulder, arm, and pole are swung in the direction of the turn. Most of the weight is transferred to the outer ski (hip break).

A good tip for slalom turns as well as for other turns: Don't push the outside ski of your turn ahead too far. If you do, the inside knee will straighten and the skis won't run together easily at the end of the turn.

SAFETY

No real beginner should attempt skiing in deep snow until it is packed. It is more dangerous than most other conditions, even though it is very soft to fall in. The intermediate skier should not try to ski in powder in the same way an expert does, because he lacks the strength and experience necessary to ski it safely.

Speed is truly the ultimate thrill in skiing, but the beginning skier should resist the temptation to "just let 'em ride" until he has real mastery of his skis. Because accidents are usually the direct result of skiing out of control, technique and form should be the first concern of the beginner.

Snow blindness is best prevented by the use of dark glasses. Always wear goggles, since the reflection of light from snow is dangerous even on cloudy days. Mostly, however, the trouble results from new powder snow that reflects more light than old settled snow.

By placing four skis side by side and tying them together, a toboggan suitable to carry a casualty may be built. Place a crosspiece at right angles across the top of the four skis and tie at the binding. A branch from a tree will do. Tie another crosspiece across the top near the ski tips. Weave the cord around the crosspiece and each of the skis so that it is tightly lashed together. If no cord or thin rope is available, use shoestrings, pieces of cloth, etc.

Cross-country racing tests to the utmost the all-around skill and stamina of the skier, who must go through wood and glen, across streams, up and down trails, over or around obstacles. Therefore don't attempt it unless you are really expert.



Find Just the Home You Want—Quick!

IF YOU'RE HAVING trouble finding the place you want to buy or rent, here's an idea that might save you a lot of headaches. It worked mighty well for my wife and me.

We wasted every weekend from September to January chasing down ads of places for sale or rent. All we got out of it was frustration. The places never met our requirements.

Then we tried this:

We listed exactly what we wanted, exactly what we would pay, the location and kind of neighborhood required. These facts we put into a letter to 38 real-estate offices. Immediately 9,000 men went to work for us.

Let me explain that. Each real-estate office had about five men. But all were members of multiple-listing associations, with a total membership of about 9,000 salesmen. In the aggregate, these men knew what was available on every street in the city.

Within 48 hours after mailing the letters, our phone started ringing. We got quick action. A total of 119 places were offered for our inspection. Of these, 31 came close to our requirements, 11 hit them on the nose. This plan got us what we wanted at the price we wanted to pay.

It might work for you, too!

Here's how my letter went:

Gentlemen:

Professional writer and wife (no children) want to buy or rent a suitable residence, as follows:

1. In a good neighborhood (upper middle-class), mixed as to religion, in West Dearborn or Northwest Detroit (or similar area), or suburban.

- a. Post-war built, brick, completely modern, gas a.c. heat.
- b. At least two bedrooms.
- c. Living room at least 12 x 18.
- d. Large modern kitchen with breakfast nook or table space.
- e. Dining ell or small dining room.
- f. Garage, storms and screens.

2. Will RENT on long-term lease, starting May 1 or later:

- a. A suitable home, bedrooms on first floor maximum \$120 a month.
- b. A first-floor cross-ventilated apartment or terrace (including Palmer Park area), if there are no children in the building, maximum \$120 a month plus utilities, or \$140 a month including utilities.
- c. A duplex, if there are no children next door, maximum \$110 a month.

NOTE: A \$100 fee to the realtor finding us a suitable rental.

3. Will BUY, for delivery March 15 to June 15:

- a. Both units of a duplex, maximum \$22,000.
- b. One unit of a duplex, maximum \$12,000—if there are no children in the other unit and the owner will sign an agreement to give me first chance to buy if he ever wants to sell—mutual protection against undesirable neighbors.

We have the best of references, are financially responsible. . . . So why not make a careful search to find what we want, and collect some extra commissions in the process.

Sincerely yours,

Jack Bannick

A BLUEBOOK BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

WATCH THE JOOLS

BY HENRY KANE



WATCH THE JOOLS

BY HENRY KANE

What with so many of the ladies present at the masked ball wearing almost nothing but masks, private eye Peter Chambers found guarding the legendary Opal of Ramses more spirited than he'd expected—especially when the evening was further enlivened by a fantastically executed murder.

THE JOB KNOWN TECHNICALLY as Watch the Jools is bread-and-butter for the private richard. There is Watch the Jools and there is Louse the Spouse, and both are usually duller than delinquency in hell.

Louse the Spouse is a private detective's assignment to uncover incriminating evidence against a husband or wife which, eventually, will lead to divorce, separation, or a settlement with proper pecuniary angles.

Watch the Jools is standing about in the midst of crowded (and usually drunken) festivities to see that none of the silverware goes, that nothing of value vanishes magically into the perfumed air, and that milady's baubles remain festooned upon her abundant bosom.

There are many ramifications to these staple assignments, ranging from dull to duller. But when the call is from Robby Tamville there is hope, at least, for a taste of brandy so old you can hardly pull the cork loose from the bottle.

This particular call turned out to be both Watch the Jools and Louse the Spouse, a combination which makes gilding the lily seem in the category of whitewashing the barn door.

The call came through at one o'clock of an afternoon which was running its own special preview of Indian summer. It was muggy and humid and hotter than a cooch-dancer's audition. My legs were up on the desk and I was dreamily considering an afternoon visit to a lady graphologist for whom I had the most dishonorable of intentions. The afternoon visit would be social, because the lady worked nights. The lady worked at reading handwriting in the plushiest of the new New York bistros, Monte's Cave at 57th and Park Avenue, and was wonderful at reading handwritings. But she had been more wonderful at doing handwritings, as a short check (which comes for free when private detecting is your business) disclosed. She had been indicted and tried for a series of forgeries in Los Angeles, but a good lawyer, a shapely leg, and a sympathetic jury had got her off. She had since moved to the reading of handwritings, shifted to New York, and was doing right well. I had not divulged the results of my short check but I felt they wouldn't come amiss if our relationship should hit a couple of rocky detours. The lady's name was Sunny Saunders (Sunny being a corruption of Sondra), and

I had my feet off the desk, and my finger poked in the dial to ring our sunny Sunny, when Tamville's call came through.

My buzzer buzzed and my secretary said, "Pick up the phone. It's a Mr. Robby Tamville."

"Robby Tamville!" Excitement nagged at me like a young wife at an old husband. "Okay, put the prig on."

The next voice was Tamville's: "Hello, Pete, long time no see and all the rest of it. Grab a hat and come down the office. Right away. 'By, now.'"

He hung up and I cursed and praised him in one breath. I cursed because he was a mean little guy, a vicious, pompous, and demanding little guy. I praised because a call from Tamville represented business, and my business of late had been of the peanuts variety. Tamville, whatever else he was, was not peanuts, and my yen for Sunny Saunders was a twist away from boredom; I didn't really have a yen at all.

So right away I took a cab to Pine Street where his office was. And I told the cabbie to take the Highway because I was in a hurry. But I left my hat smack-dab on a corner of my desk. A hat on a corner of a desk doesn't generally mean a thing. To me, at the moment, it did. It was a symbol of my trying to cling to my fleeting self-respect. It wasn't much. And neither was Robby Tamville.

2

THE OFFICES of Tamville & Hart, 60 Pine Street, were high in the needle of the tower. You went through thick ground-glass doors, white as snow, and then you were in a reception room with a purple carpet and a gold plaque on one wall stating as simply as gold can state: TAMVILLE & HART, INVESTMENT BROKERS. A girl behind the reception desk batted eyes at you that matched the carpet. Then she said, sweetly enough, but not encouragingly, "Yes, please?"

"Mr. Tamville."

"Whom shall I say, please?"

"Peter Chambers."

"One moment, please."

The moment dragged to 10 minutes. The girl had talked into the phone on her desk, batted the eyes again, said, "Soon, very soon," and that was that. I wore out some of the purple carpet, kicking up little tufts, and that helped a bit, like leaving the hat at the office. Finally her phone tinkled, she talked into it, listened, hung up, and said, "Mr. Tamville will see you now."

"Thanks," I said, "a lump."

"Through those swinging doors," she said.

"Yeah. I know."

Through the swinging doors was a large room that was set up to impress the customers. There were four desks on either side of the room, to the left and to the right. At each desk there was a small ticker. At each desk there was also a bright and busy young man, either talking on a telephone, or working on a pad with a sharp-pointed pencil. The room ended in a hip-high barrier somewhat like a picket fence, only the spokes on this one were solid tubes of mahogany. There was a swinging gate in the middle. Beyond that—and all on wall-to-wall soft-gray carpeting—was the spacious ante-room to the offices of Mr. Tamville and Mr. Hart, respectively. To the right, with Tamville's door in the background, was a catty-corner desk presided over by a beautiful red-headed secretary. To the left, with Hart's door in the background, was another catty-corner desk facing the first catty-corner desk. Hart's secretary sat behind that, and Hart's secretary set me back on my heels and made the trip worthwhile, come what may.

Beautiful is a pallid expression for this bright-blond, blue-eyed, pert-nosed, red-lipped launcher of the quickened heart-beat. Perfectly gorgeous is just as bad, but it will have to do. She reminded me of Sunny Saunders—the coloring was the same and the general characteristics were the same—but it was like trying to compare a breathtaking masterpiece at the Louvre with the lithograph of the same that you bought for 20 bucks to cover the crack on the wall of your attic.

I steered my course to the left.

I said, "I'm to see Mr. Tamville."

The blue eyes narrowed a little and the hint of a smile played around the full red lips. She pointed a crimson-tipped finger. "That would be the young lady over there."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Miss . . . Miss . . ."

"Rollins. I'm Mr. Hart's secretary."

"Bully," I said, "for Mr. Hart. Bully. Bully!" and I tore myself away and presented myself to the redhead. "Seems," I said, "I made an error. Seems I'm irresistibly drawn to hard-eyed blondes. Please forgive me. I'm to see Mr. Tamville."

She smiled a real smile and her nose wrinkled. She said, "It is an error which is quite frequently made here. Are you Mr. Chambers?"

"I am."

"Please go right in. Mr. Tamville is expecting you."

"Thank you. And thank Miss Rollins for her able directions."

The redhead winked, and I went away from her, turned the knob on the door, and closed it behind me.

Robby Tamville said, "It's about time you got here."

"Been here, Mr. Tamville, for the past ten-fifteen minutes. Something special?"

"Everything's special with me."

"I mean something special in a hurry."

"No. There's no particular hurry."

"But you said right away."

"And I meant right away. When I'm paying people for anything, I expect them to jump."

"I've jumped," I hinted.

He drew out a wallet, extracted five bills, each for a hundred, and handed them to me. "And now you're paid. Fair enough?"

"Depends," I said, "on what I'm being paid for."

"Look, my friend, I don't underpay. Matter of fact, I'm notorious for overpaying."

"Might be one of the reasons I jumped."

"Okay," he said. "Sit down. Spread yourself. Rest. We have plenty of time."

I sighed. I thought of my hat. I thought of my self respect. I thought of the \$500 I had just accepted for I-knew-not-what. I sat down and spread myself.

"I've always had a lot of respect for you," he said.

"That's more than I can say for myself," I mumbled.

"What's that?"

"Nothing."

"I mean," he said, "you've worked for me on and off. You've always delivered. I respect a man who delivers."

"What am I supposed to deliver this trip?"

"We'll come to it. Don't rush me." He looked at his watch. "We have lots of time."

"You're the boss."

He clipped the point of a large cigar, put it in his mouth, lit it, turned in his swivel chair and gazed out of a window. Robby Tamville was a small man with sparse hair on a pale pate. He had squint eyes, a cruel mouth, and soft nervous hands. He was a millionaire many times over, had been married and divorced six times, and was at present in the unblissful state of bachelorhood. In every enterprise, Robby Tamville had his way. He was boss-man, if not by nature, then by the kind of habit that comes from being born in a family of gigantic wealth and inheriting 50 million dollars at the age of 30. He was now 60, living up in the Tamville mansion on the outskirts of Riverdale.

He turned back to me from his contemplation of the sky. "I didn't keep you out there on purpose, if that's why you're wearing the scowl."

"I didn't know I was wearing a scowl."

"I had an argument with my partner. I'm breaking up the partnership. He's gotten himself into income-tax trouble again, and this time he's gotten himself deep into trouble. There's been an investigation, and there's going to be a trial. They've impounded our records here, and today they even tied up his bank vault. Who needs that kind of fiddle-dee-daddle? Can't do this company any good, can it?"

"I don't suppose it can."

He blew blue smoke at the ceiling. "In a way, I'm sorry for him. He wants to see you."

I jumped. "Me?"

"Yes, you. I mentioned you were coming here, and he asked if he could see you. Not averse to a little extra business, are you?"

"Never averse."

He sniffed. "I was sure you wouldn't be. My thing'll keep. Why don't you go and see him now?"

"It'll be a pleasure." I stood up.

"What's the pleasure? You ever meet him before?"

"No. The pleasure's right outside his office, seated at the catty-corner desk."

Now he smiled. "She's been here six months. And she's got him where the hair is short."

"Like that, huh?"

"I don't know like what. But she's got the old son where the hair is short. You're going to see more of her."

"I am?" I said, with favor.

"Yes. She's coming to my masquerade party tomorrow night. You're coming too."

"Thank you."

"Don't mention it. She's coming as The Lady Eve."

"Well, well," I said. It was a pleasant thought. "Where'd Mr. Hart discover her?" I asked.

"She was recommended by a client. A small client with big ideas, Mr. Timothy Blattner. You're going to get to meet him, too. Quite soon . . . But now you'd better go and talk to Hart."

Outside, Miss Rollins was reading a book. I said, "Mr. Chambers for Mr. Hart, and he's expecting me."

"Is he?" The blue eyes appraised me as if I were for

Illustrated by Larry Harris

hock and she was a pawnbroker. She stood up. She said, "Please wait here."

Sitting she was something, but standing she was much more. Tall and erect, full on top, narrow in the middle, and full on the bottom; and going away, toward Hart's door, she was even more: faint delicious hint of ungirdled wiggle, tapering calves, and the trimmest of ankles. I watched until she disappeared and waited for her reappearance. When it happened, she said, "Go right in, please."

I said, "You're beautiful."

She said, "Mr. Hart is waiting for you."

I said, "Let him wait."

She sat down abruptly and assiduously applied herself to her book. I stood there like a guy with his foot in a hole. The redhead smiled and lifted her hands in a gesture of compassion. I nodded, sadly, and went into Hart's office. He came forward with hand outstretched. He said, "I'm Jonathan Hart."

"Peter Chambers."

"Like a drink?"

"Don't mind if I do."

He opened a cabinet which had all the fixings including refrigeration. He dumped some cubes in an ice-bucket, brought out some bottles of carbonated water, said, "Help yourself." I made a highball and watched while he made his. He was a tall slender guy, with white hair, a ruddy tight-skinned face, small hands, small feet and a habit of grinding his teeth so that his jaw muscles throbbed. The ruddiness of his face was sunburn, but you cannot put sunburn on your eyes. His eyes were tired and lifeless, with wrinkled pouches beneath them. His shoulders drooped as though with a heavy burden and he sighed frequently, as though gasping for air, when he talked.

"Mr. Tamville," he said, "thinks very highly of you."

"I'm glad," I said.

He looked at me sharply, as though wondering whether I was being sarcastic. He said, "I've never employed a private detective before."

"It's easy."

"Is it?" Now he seemed certain I was being sarcastic.

I said, "You state your problem, and if it is acceptable, the private detective states his fee, and if that is acceptable, you have employed your private detective."

He sipped his drink and set it down. "I want to divorce my wife. I want you to turn up the evidence. If any."

"Louse the Spouse," I groaned.

"Pardon?"

"Nothing. About the evidence—any leads?"

"No."

"Any reason to believe that any evidence exists? I mean—a boy friend, something like that?"

"No. Nothing like that." He went back for his drink and gulped most of it. He hesitated then, seeming to be trying to find words. "For . . . for the past couple of months, she . . . she's been going out, and coming home late, very late. She . . . she's stayed out a couple of nights . . . and whatever explanation she gave me—just wasn't an explanation. I didn't press it. I let it ride. But now . . . now I want to know just what is what . . . and if it is what I expect . . . then I'm going to begin divorce proceedings. That's my problem, Mr. Chambers. Now, what's your fee?"

"A thousand dollars."

I don't know why I said a thousand dollars. I could have said much less, I could even have said more. I could have offered the usual per diem rate, with expenses. I didn't. I made it a flat rate. I think I know why I did that. I think it was because I felt the guy was lying.

I don't know why I felt he was lying but, in a business like mine, after a while you seem to grow an antenna, like the feeler of a cockroach, and it pokes around and you sort of get the message. Sometimes it's right, sometimes it's wrong, but more often it's right than wrong. Anyway, that's why I made it a flat fee, and it was a thousand dollars, and I didn't much care if he took it or left it.

He took it.

He went to his desk, wrote out a check, and gave it to

me. "Thank you," I said. "And now, if you please, where do you live, sir?"

"At 1120 Park Avenue."

"Is it all right if I call on your wife?"

"You won't find her there."

"Where will I find her, Mr. Hart?"

"I don't know."

"Now just a minute." I helped myself to another drink, neat this time. "You mean that you don't know where your wife is?"

"That's what I mean, Mr. Chambers."

"How long has this been going on?"

"Two weeks. She . . . she just disappeared."

"Did you report it to the police?"

"It wasn't that kind of a disappearance. I mean—she didn't just vanish."

"You mean she told you she was going?"

"No."

"Then what the hell do you mean?"

"I mean it's not a disappearance . . . when you pack four bags . . . when you take most of your clothes from the closets."

"Oh. Forgive me, Mr. Hart. What you're trying to tell me is that she left you. Is that it?"

"Yes. I suppose so. Though God knows why."

"So, in a way, I'm supposed to round her up, and then kinda poke for evidence."

"I don't know. I told you—these things are . . . things I know nothing of. You'll do your job to the best of your ability, and you'll report back to me."

"Where?"

"At my home, or here."

"Suppose you're not at either place."

"Then my secretary will know where I am."

"Suppose it's after business hours."

"She'll still know where I am."

"Yeah, but how'll I get to her—after business hours?"

"She lives at 16 East 70th, apartment 5. Her name is Jessica Rollins. Her phone number is in the book."

"Fair enough," I said. "Now what about family?"

"We have no children."

"No. I mean your wife. Any family? Relatives?"

"Just a brother. Anthony Quigley. Lived in England most of his life. Taught school there. He's retired now."

"Living here?"

"Yes. At the Parke-Hedges Hotel. On Thirty-fourth."

"No other relative?"

"Nobody else."

"Well," I said, "that about ties it. Now what about a picture of your wife, a photo, something like that?"

"When do you want it?"

"The sooner the better."

"I don't have a picture here."

"What about at home?"

"Yes, there are lots of them there. Look. Why don't you come back here, say, at about four o'clock. I should be ready to go by then, and I'll take you to the apartment. You could look over any number of them there."

"Fine," I said, "swell. We have a date." And just then I noticed the door in the far wall, and I had right good need of a door at the far wall at the moment. I headed for it.

"Gotta powder my nose," I said.

"You're going in the wrong direction."

I pointed. "Not that door?"

He smiled with yellow-stained teeth. "That's an exit door. Leads to a corridor, which leads to the elevators. I use it when I want to duck someone who may be waiting for me, or when I just haven't the heart to pass some disgruntled investor."

"Oh," I said, moving from foot to foot. "I'm sorry I brought the whole thing up."

"Little boys' room is outside to the right of the reception desk."

"I thank you," I said.

The phone rang. Hart lifted it, listened, put it down.

"Mr. Tamville wants you. And if you please, our talk was confidential."

"Always is," I said and I scooted. And after use of the boys' room I re-entered the domain of the esteemed Robby Tamville.

"Make any money?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Good. Got a couple of fresh arguments coming up with friend business-partner, but that'll keep until after our business is finished."

"You mean it's going to begin?"

"At any moment. There are two gentlemen waiting outside. One's name is George Benson. He is a dealer in objects of art. The other is Timothy Blattner. He is what is known as a business broker, which is a man of affairs who is always willing to turn an honest buck. They are both interested in a rare piece of jewelry of which I've decided to rid myself."

"Rare, piece of jewelry?"

"An object of art, a priceless object of art."

"Such as?"

"An opal ring that was worn in times so ancient . . . that ancient history is modern in comparison."

"Got a name in the trade?"

"Oh, you're the smart one, all right. Yes, it has. Known as the Opal of Ramses."

Up-tone, I said, "Opal of Ramses." Then down-tone, I said, "Brother, I haven't gotten mixed up in one of those fancy-jewel deals in years and years. I thought that sort of thing had gone out of style."

"Stop with the smart-aleck talk, will you please? That damn ring is supposed to be one of those hard-luck pieces—and I'm not a superstitious man. Until lately. And lately, like my business things with Hart, everything's been going badly—so I've decided to get rid of it. Cost me a hundred thousand dollars. I think I can get more than that out of one of those two. I'm going to pit one against the other. That's business."

"You got it here?"

"No. It's at home in a massive cellar safe that's rigged with more wires than a radar station. But tomorrow I bring it up to display to these gentlemen, and that's where you come in."

"Watch the Jools," I mumbled.

"What did you say?"

"Didn't say a thing."

Testily he said, "Either you're becoming a mumbler, or I'm getting hard of hearing."

"What's my job going to be, Mr. Tamville?"

"First, you're going to listen to my talk with Mr. Benson and Mr. Blattner. Then, tomorrow evening, you come to my home, as guest at my masquerade. Everyone wears a different costume—and I make the selection. Now let's see. You. You'll come as a pirate. Fine. No other pirate at the party, and pirate fits you fine."

"Me? Or you?"

"Are you accepting the assignment?"

"What is the assignment?"

"That you be present. That you keep your eyes and ears open. I want a man of your talent, your resourcefulness, and your experience—to be present, period. Basically, it's a small object, and small objects can disappear. So . . . I shall want you around. I am taking other precautions, but you're one of them. Are you working for me—or are you going to kick back the five hundred dollars that's nestling in your clothes as an enticement?"

"I'm working for you."

"Good." He hit the button of the inter-com. "Send in Mr. Benson and Mr. Blattner."

They were both big, powerful, broad-shouldered men. Benson was the older, about 50, flat-nosed, wide-smiling, and frightened-eyed. Blattner was about 30, good-looking, aristocratic, black-haired, black-eyed, thoughtful, and soft-spoken. "Gentlemen," Tamville said. "Meet Peter Chambers. Mr. Blattner, Mr. Benson—Mr. Chambers."

We shook hands. Benson's was soft and wet, Blattner's was hard, strong, dry and firm.

"Mr. Chambers," Tamville said, watching them closely, "is a private detective, and a man whom I trust implicitly. He got no reaction from either of them."

"In matters like these," he went on, "I like to have a third party present, even in the initial discussions. Now, how about a drink, everybody?"

Each of us helped himself. Each of us made his own highball, and we sat around drinking, and listening to Robby Tamville. "You'll both come to my masquerade party. You, Mr. Benson, as a circus clown, and you, Mr. Blattner, as a Persian prince. That's tomorrow night."

Benson said, "When do we see the ring?"

"Tomorrow night," Tamville said. "I'll be frank with you."

I think I can get more from one of the other of you than I can by throwing the thing into the open market. Both of you have, at one time or another, expressed an interest. Tomorrow night, I'll show the thing to you. And then, frankly, I'll pit one against the other. The one who comes up with the best offer, gets the deal. That's business. But remember, you have to be prepared to go higher than a hundred thousand—much higher if I have my way. Clear enough?"

"Yes, sir," they said.

The rest was small talk and light chatter. Finally, Tamville said that he had to have a business talk with his partner, and that right after that he was anxious to get up to his swimming pool, get into trunks, and loll. That was the cue that our interview was over. Blattner left first, then Benson, then I. When I left, I was preoccupied. I was so preoccupied that I forgot to look at Jessica Rollins and more preoccupied than that you cannot get.

What I was preoccupied about was George Benson. He was either the most absent-minded man I had ever met or he was crazy. Because George Benson had walked out of that office still holding a highball glass.

3

THERE IS AN OLD ADAGE that business begets business and it is an adage of which I heartily approve. Tamville had begotten Hart and, I was to learn, Tamville had begotten another. It took me some time to learn who was the other he had begotten, because I stopped at a tavern to slake some thirst and to watch the Giants and Dodgers on television.

It was close enough to four o'clock to go directly back to Pine Street, but I was near my office, and I decided to pick up my hat. If the hat had been a symbol, the hell with the symbol. Fifteen hundred dollars and a slew of philosophical Scotchies in a cool tavern had revitalized my self respect, despite the combination of Watch the Jools and Louise the Spouse. You've got to live, and as long as they don't push you around too hard and stamp all over your toes, and as long as you retain a smidgeon of integrity, you learn to live with yourself no matter what your business. Especially after a slew of afternoon Scotchies.

Anyway, I went back for my hat, and when I arrived, there was a message for me. A George Benson had called and would I kindly call back. I kindly called back, and Mr. Benson informed me that he was at home, which was at 38th and Madison and would I drop over right away because it was important. I told him it couldn't be right away, because there was other business, and it was also important. He asked me when I could make it and I said as soon as I was through with my business which was going to start at four o'clock. He said fine, he would wait, and I said fine, thank you. Then I took my hat and went back to Pine Street.

The girl with the purple eyes said she doubted whether Mr. Hart would see me. I said I had an appointment and she said she would let me talk to his secretary. Since that meant Jessica Rollins I was happier than a bird dog with birds and just as keen. Miss Rollins came out and sat me down and was almost human with me. She told me that Hart and Tamville had had a severe argument, that Tamville

had left, and that thereafter Mr. Hart had had a mild heart attack. Mr. Hart had cardiac trouble. A doctor in the building, a Dr. Waterman, had been called, had treated Hart, and had advised that he go right home. Hart had not gone. He had given her some dictation, and had then remained in his office, informing her that he was not to be disturbed.

I explained that he had meant that he was not to be disturbed by anyone but me. I explained that he had specifically instructed me to return at four o'clock, that he was waiting for me, and that it had to do with a personal matter of his own. With that she sighed, shrugged and asked me to please follow her. I followed her to Hart's office, she opened the door for me, and there he was, sprawled across his desk, and showing no sign of life.

I sent her hurry-up-like-hell for Dr. Waterman, and I didn't touch him. With these cardiac cases, anything you do is always the wrong thing. I pulled the windows open, but that didn't give enough of a draft, so I opened his rear-wall door. It was the kind of door with the inside turn-lock. I turned the lock and opened the door and there big as life was one of the gentlemen who give my profession its disreputable reputation. His name was Johnson and he was a skin-of-the-teeth private peeper whose license had thrice been revoked by honorable means and thrice restored by dishonorable means which otherwise is spelled dirty politician. He worked with a partner by the name of Finch and one was never without the other.

"What the hell," I said, "are you doing here?"

"What the hell," he said, "are you?"

"Never mind. Come on in here."

"No me," he said, "I ain't going nowhere."

He was the small one of the concern, Finch was the bruiser. He scampared back and I scampared after him. I finally grabbed at his tie and hauled him close. "What goes?" I said.

"Nothing."

"Where's Finch?"

"You'll find out."

I found out—right then. I got clobbered on back of the head and blackness hit me like a sudden eclipse. I heard myself thud to the floor, but I didn't feel it. Then the blackness reached out over my ears, and I heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing.

4

WHEN I CAME TO, I was on the floor of Jonathan Hart's office and Dr. Waterman was saying something like, "Hematoma and slight concussion." I knew he was Dr. Waterman because an old friend was saying, "Treat him gentle, Dr. Waterman. He's a fine man and a valuable person."

The old friend was Detective-Lieutenant Louis Parker, Homicide, and he never said things like that to my face. I began to sit up and I saw I had company on the floor. Company was Jonathan Hart and though I was still as groggy as a mambo-drunk teen-ager it came to me that Jonathan Hart was very dead.

"Dead?" I said, asking it.

"All gone," Parker said.

I sat up all the way and began to shake my head and every shake hurt, which promised ill for a bruiser named Finch. I said, "What's with Homicide? I thought this guy had a heart attack."

"That's what he had," Parker said.

"Then what's with Homicide?"

"Somebody ran for Dr. Waterman here, but somebody else got panicky and called police. I was in the car, and I was nearby, and I got it on the two-way, and I told them I'd come up for the look-see. How you feeling?"

"Feel just wonderful."

He came near, and helped me up. He was a thick, short, stocky, pleasant, placid, tenacious and intelligent cop. He was

the best of his breed and it was my privilege to be his friend. He put a huge and comforting hand on back of my neck and I began to feel better. He said, "And what are you doing here, pray tell?"

"Having a headache."

"Want a drink?"

"Guess."

He brought me a large hooker and I disposed of it.

"Thanks," I said.

"What are you doing here?"

"Had a date with Mr. Hart."

"About what?"

"About—personal."

"Who gave you the headache?"

"Meaning?"

Now the friend was gone. Now the cop was there. Now the voice held more grit than a tight wet bathing suit on a sandy beach. "Who slugged you, Pete? And why?"

"I'd rather not say who. And I don't know why."

"Reason?"

"Because I want to slug back. And I don't want cops in my way, when I do. And after I do—I'll be happy to make a detailed report. Check, my friend?"

He smiled. The cop was gone. The friend was back.

"Check and double check. What am I gonna do with a guy like you?"

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Send him to the undertaker. What else?"

"Why don't you do an autopsy?"

Dr. Waterman said, "What for?"

Parker said: "Oh. Dr. Waterman—Peter Chambers. Mr. Chambers is a private detective. But a right one."

Dr. Waterman was small, fat, bald, bright-eyed and intense. He had bushy gray eyebrows and a gray walrus mustache. Dr. Waterman said, "Mr. Hart was a patient of mine. He was a cardiac. He had had an attack this very day. He was upset. I had told him to go home. He hadn't gone home. Then he had a second attack, and it was fatal. Perfect cardiac pattern."

"Any objection," I said, "to an autopsy?"

"I don't have any objection. Of course not."

Parker said, "Now just a minute, Pete."

"Yes, Lieutenant?"

"Would an autopsy? I mean, it didn't even enter my mind, what with the facts. But if there's something you know, some basis for an autopsy—we'll do it. Now what's on your mind?"

"Nothing."

"Then why an autopsy?"

"Hunch."

"That all?"

"Hunch, pure and simple."

Dr. Waterman said, "Is there anything else I can do?"

"No, thanks, Doctor," Parker said. "Your office is here in the building, isn't it?"

"That's right, Lieutenant."

"Would you please type out a statement of the events concerning Mr. Hart and sign it? I'll be up for it later."

"I'm downstairs. Twelfth floor."

"Oh. I'll be down for it later. Thank you very much, Doctor."

Dr. Waterman departed and when he opened the door I saw part of the office staff grouped around the door, looking scared. I also saw a couple of bluecoats. Then the door slammed and Parker said, "Now what's with an autopsy?"

"The guy was having income-tax trouble."

"So?"

"So, sometimes, when trouble gets too troublesome, you kind of want to go to sleep, and lots of sleeping pills give you a long and comfortable sleep."

"You mean you think he committed suicide?"

"I'm not thinking anything. I'm making suggestions."

"There are no sleeping pills around here. There was one vial on his person and that was stuff for his heart. Doc Waterman told us. We're going to check that anyway. No other bottle, pill-bottle that is, in the joint."

"You don't die the minute you take the stuff. You can chuck the bottle out of the window if you have a mind to."

Musingly he said, "You've got a point there." Then he went to the door and opened it. He called, "Miss Rollins. Would you come in here, please?"

She came in and my headache began to dissipate. This Rollins was certainly a palliative. Parker said, "Miss Rollins, you were the last one to see Mr. Hart alive. That right?"

"Yes, sir."

"When was that?"

The blue eyes creased in thought and the red mouth pursed. "Oh, I'd say about three o'clock, perhaps a little later."

"That was after the first heart attack?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Mr. Tamville had left, and the thing happened. Doctor Waterman fixed him up and told him to go home. Then he called me in for some dictation, and as I went out to do the typing, he told me that he wanted to rest, didn't want to be disturbed. I told him to go home, as the doctor had told him. He told me to mind my own business, and that was that. I've since learned that the reason he stayed here—that is, the reason he presumably stayed here—was because he had a four-o'clock appointment with Mr. Chambers."

Parker walked about, pulling at his nose. "Do you think, Miss Rollins, that he may have committed suicide?"

"What?"

"Suicide."

"Absolutely not."

Parker stopped in front of her. "What makes you so positive, Miss Rollins?"

"Well, Dr. Waterman said—"

"Aside from what Dr. Waterman said—"

"I'm still positive."

"That's my question, Miss Rollins. Why?"

She drew a deep breath. One deep breath from Miss Rollins was more provocative than a Turkish belly-roll. "I'll tell you why, Lieutenant. First, Mr. Hart, although he was having some business troubles, was not in the least depressed. Second, I heard him telling Mr. Tamville, before the big argument, that he had retained Mr. Chambers for some certain work and had paid him a fee in advance. Third, the last letter he dictated to me was to a steamship line inquiring about reservations for a cruise next month."

Parker turned to me. "What do you think, Pete?"

"I think Miss Rollins is right and I'm wrong. That is, the second point she made carries weight with me. I'm sorry I didn't think of it. It must be the blow on the head."

He went back to her. "Three points, two of them good. Your first point is what is known in the law as your conclusion, which in lay language means an opinion, and opinions can be dismissed. But the second is strong. Guy don't hire a guy, pay him in advance, and knock himself off a couple of hours later—unless something real stark happened in between, of course. But your third point squares it all off. He wouldn't write about a cruise for next month, then take a rest, then do it to himself. You got that letter on your book?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I have it typed too. It was ready for his signature, but I wasn't going to go in there until he called me."

"Okay. Thank you, Miss Rollins. You've been quite helpful."

She left and I watched every lovely wriggle of her departure and I was still lost in a mixture of admiration and lechery when the boom of his voice brought me back. "And what now, Mr. Peeper?"

"A question of integrity."

He pleaded his brows. "How's that?"

"You heard the gal. He'd paid me a fee in advance."

"So?"

"So do I keep the fee? The guy's dead. What service can I render him?"

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah, yeah."

"So I'm going to let you in on it. The guy's dead—I'm not really breaching a confidence. He hired me to find evi-

dence on his wife, for a divorce. But I don't think that's what he really hired me for."

"You're talking pretty good in circles. How's your head?"

"Never mind my head. I think he hired me to find his wife. Maybe he figured the fee would be cheaper if he threw me the divorce bit. Or maybe he didn't want me to know that his real desire was to find her."

"She leave him?"

"That's what he said."

"Why?"

"He didn't tell me."

"So?"

"So . . . I want to keep that fee."

"Who's stopping you?"

"My conscience. And I want to square it with my conscience. So the service I can render is to try to find the wife anyway, and also to make sure that the guy died the way the Doc thinks he died."

Now Parker went for a drink, and I went right after him. He said, "You really want that autopsy thing, don't you?"

"It'll help with my conscience."

"Got a better reason? Got a reason that I can give to a superior if the superior cracks down on me for wasting the taxpayers' money?"

"Well, I can tell you about a very nasty character who was loitering in the corridor outside that rear-wall door. Two very nasty characters. One of whom created hematoma and concussion in yours truly."

"Okay, tell me."

"Not yet, Lieutenant."

"When?"

"After the occurrence of one of two events."

"Namely?"

"The return of hematoma and concussion upon the guy who inflicted same upon me."

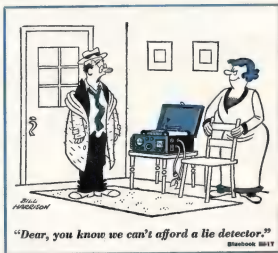
"That's one event. What's the other?"

"The cracking down of a superior upon a most superior inferior."

"Meaning?"

"You, my sweet and lovely Lieutenant. Anybody cracks down on you and I shoot my face off like it's a target for a beebees gun. So kindly do this damn autopsy if only to present to the world, and your superiors included, the startling fact that there lurks, at least within the bosom of one private peeper, the piquant pangs of a smattering of conscience. 'By now.'"

And I left him with his face hanging out.



"Dear, you know we can't afford a lie detector."

Blackbook 1017

5

DOWNSTAIRS, I CALLED the office of Johnson & Finch. Answering Service informed me they were out. I asked if they were expected. She asked if I wished to leave a message. I stated I would like to leave a message for Mr. Finch. She said yessir who is calling? I said the name is Robby Tamville, that my business was urgent, and that I would drop in to see Mr. Finch within the next two hours. She said thank you, she would transmit the message. I hung up and gloated like a juvenile delinquent who had just smote a cop who was studying to be a school teacher. Johnson was the ladies' man. He was usually on the town, evenings. But big Finch worked late, if only to erase the office evidence of their misadventures.

I grabbed a couple of quick hamburgers at a beanyery and took a cab to George Benson's place which turned out to be as svelte a hideaway as a bachelor could imagine. Mr. Benson was not a bachelor but a widower which is the same thing only older, and the set-up was as it should be. There were soft lights, soft divans, soft-toned oil paintings, and there were more objects of art strewn around the place than marijuana butts at the end of a rock-and-roll cellar party. We did the amenities, I accepted a drink which I didn't drink, and then he got down to business.

"If you're good enough for Mr. Tamville," he said, "you're good enough for me."

"Thank you," I said, "on behalf of Mr. Tamville. That compliment was for him."

He stuck a cigarette in a long holder, and I lit it for him. He said, "Please don't misunderstand. It's just that I've never employed a private detective."

"Last fella said that to me, he's dead."

"Did you say—dead?"

"I said dead, but I only said it because I'm in a lousy mood. I'm in a bloody business, and I mean that bloody in the British sense. Skip it."

He sat back in his soft divan and ate his cigarette through the long holder. I had figured him for 50, and he was at least that. He had wavy brown hair that looked like he fixed it, but the gray came through anyway. The frightened eyes were large and brown and liquid and almost feminine and they contrasted strangely with the flattened nose. The nose was flat because it had been broken; the bump in the middle gave a soft face a hard look.

"Mr. Chambers," he said, "I'm interested in retaining you. For a couple of things."

"If they're somewhat within the law, Mr. Benson, I'm interested in your interest."

He chuckled, and the chuckle was also ladylike. I was beginning to wonder about the guy. He had mentioned, during the amenities, that he was a widower. I wondered now if that wasn't a cover-up. It was none of my business, and I didn't care, unless that was why he wanted to retain me. It wasn't. It was two other things.

"First," he said, "despite Mr. Tamville's confidence in you, I checked. Checked very carefully. As you will shortly learn, I check most things very carefully."

"How'd I come out?"

"First rate. Exactly the man I want."

"Exactly," I said, "how do you mean that?"

He chuckled his ladylike chuckle, said, cryptically: "You are exactly the man I want for the jobs I want done."

"What do you want done?"

"Question first."

"Shoot."

"Are you invited to Mr. Tamville's party tomorrow night? It is my feeling you are."

"I am."

"Good. It will fit in with the jobs I want done."

"What the hell do you want done, Mr. Benson?"

He dined his cigarette. He leaned toward me. He had on a ladylike perfume. He said, "I assume that you will be

present at Mr. Tamville's party as a matter of protection for the opal."

"Yes," I said.

"And I'm going to want you as my protection when I take the opal away."

I got up and I went away from his ladylike smell. I went away because I wanted to refrain from belting him. I chewed on my temper like an old-time ballplayer chewing on his gob of tobacco. Then I said, mildly enough: "I don't know what your check showed. But there are private detectives that don't enter into the employ of thieves. You want to steal, I've got a couple of stealers for you by name of Johnson and Finch."

"Who said anything about stealing?"

"You talked about taking the thing away."

"I'm going to buy it!"

"Suppose the other guy tops you?"

"He cannot. Wait." He went into another room and he came back flapping a check. "Please look at this, Mr. Chambers."

I looked. It was a check drawn to the order of Robby Tamville for \$250,000. And it was certified.

I whistled.

Mr. Benson appreciated the whistle.

"I want you," he said, "as a bodyguard."

"You mean for the check?"

"No. You will note the check is made payable to Mr. Tamville. Even though it's certified, unless Mr. Tamville endorses it the check is worthless. My bank has been warned to very carefully check the endorsement of Mr. Tamville, to go as far as to get a personal verification of the endorsement. This is often done in matters of large sum, and a quarter of a million is a large sum."

"I wouldn't know," I said. "It is a sum out of my particular ken."

"All the certification means is that the money is on deposit. It's for the purpose of informing the payee—in this case, Mr. Tamville—that one is not presenting him with a check that, possibly, eventually will bounce."

"I understand."

"So no bodyguard is necessary when I carry the check to him. But, if the deal is made, and delivery is made, then I'll need protection. You, if you please, will go with me back to town, and stay with me until the proper insurance papers are drawn. Are you prepared to take on that responsibility?"

"Yeah, I'm prepared. Now may I ask a few questions?"

"Certainly."

"You always have a bank deposit of a quarter of a million?"

"No. You see, Mr. Chambers, I am a dealer in objects of art. I am, in a sense, the middle man. There is, right now, a Brazilian millionaire who has actually commissioned me to make this purchase."

"How much is he paying?"

"My client is a collector with limitless funds. This object of Ramses will, in a sense, complete a priceless collection of his."

"All I asked is—how much is he paying?"

"I'll be frank with you, sir. Three hundred thousand dollars. All of which he has already turned over to me. We've done business, of course, before."

"Leaving you the cool net profit—of fifty gees. What the hell am I doing in this penny-ante game of private detecting?"

"I've had thirty years of experience, Mr. Chambers. I am an expert in my field."

"And what's Timothy Blattner?"

"Timothy Blattner is nothing. I have looked into Timothy Blattner."

"How thoroughly?"

"Not too thoroughly. I have just learned that he would be the one source of competition. I had made offers for this rare item before to Mr. Tamville. I only recently found out that he had also spoken of it to Mr. Blattner."

I helped myself to one of Benson's cigarettes. They were filter-tipped and perfumed. I choked on it and doused it. I

helped myself to one of my own. I threw smoke at Benson and he cleared the air in front of his face with a delicate wave of his pudgy hand. I said, "And what about this Timothy Blattner?"

"An adventurer. A small-time promoter. An opportunist. And quite a devil with the ladies." He said that last as though it were a crime.

"The hell," I said, "with the ladies. At least for the time being. Now how's this bird fixed for loot?"

"Poorly, I believe. Poorly, from my short investigation. I'm quite sure he cannot possibly match my offer. I'm quite sure he is representing a dealer. In the open market, at this time, the item may bring a hundred and fifty thousand, a hundred and seventy-five at the most. I know my business, Mr. Chambers. I have a special client with a special offer. I know that nobody in the trade can even come close to my offer. Which is why I know that I shall come away with the item."

"Then why the check on Blattner?"

"Because I must always know about my competition. That is part of being a good business man. And I want to know more—in case. Which brings me to the second part of your job."

I had not earned a quarter from this guy and already my job had a second part. "What's that?" I said.

He went to a mantel and gingerly he brought back a highball glass, holding it at its base. He said, "I met Mr. Blattner for the first time today. At Tamville's office, in your presence. If you remember, we all made our own drinks."

"I remember," I said.

"This was Blattner's glass. He drank from it, and I carried it away. It should have our two sets of fingerprints on it. Can you arrange to have these fingerprints checked?"

"Both sets?"

"Mine should be of no interest—to either of us." This time his chuckle was actually a giggle.

I said, "What's the tariff, Mr. Benson?"

"You name it, sir."

"How you fixed for cash?"

"Very well. As a matter of fact, I drew some cash in prospect of this interview."

"How much did you draw, Mr. Benson?"

The soft brown eyes squinted humorously. "Again I'll be frank. I drew a thousand dollars."

"If you hand it over, Mr. Benson, you've bought yourself a private richard."

He went out of the room, mincingly, and he came back, just as mincingly, but I was not interested in his mannerisms. I was interested in the 10 bills of C-note denomination which he donated to the cause. Quite a day the peeper was having, and none the worse except for a lump on back of his head. I said, "Two hundred more will complete the transaction."

He said, "Pardon?"

"A man as shrewd as you, declaring a thousand, has drawn more. I'm not holding you up, Mr. Benson. The extra is for expenses."

"Expenses?" He fluttered eyebrows over the soft-brown frightened eyes (and a guy with his walk and his perfume and his giggle, I understood now why the eyes were frightened).

"Your assistant," I said, "is going to hire an assistant, and you'll be present when the expenses are paid. Shake your can, Mr. Benson. I'm on your side."

He brought the addition \$200 and I used his phone and called Dan Axelrod. Danny was a fingerprint man with the Department but Danny, like all of us, had no horror of acquiring a couple of extra bananas by dint of performing the same duties he performed for a salary, frequently inadequate. I got through to Danny and I gave him the address and I said, "Come on over and bring your dusting powder and equipment and camera and earn yourself two hundred clams."

Danny was laconic. He said one word. "Legitimate?"

"I'd have offered you more if it weren't, Danny boy."

"I'll be there. Don't go 'way."

While we waited, I told my client that I would be at Tamville's place early, and that I would come as a pirate. I

would be the only pirate there since Tamville was the autocrat who directed the attire of his guests and he wanted just one of a kind. I also confirmed that Benson was to come as a circus clown. Then Danny arrived, burdened with equipment. I paid him his fee, told him our problem, and he went to work. Half an hour later, I had fine photographs of a fine set of fingerprints belonging to a tall, lean, powerful guy named Timothy Blattner.

"Fine," I said to Danny, and Danny took off.

Benson said, "How soon do we get results on that?"

"Takes time," I said.

"How long?"

"Depends. I've got to process these, and I'm without authority for process."

"I realize that. But I'm depending upon you, Mr. Chambers."

"And I'm going to have to depend upon friends. I'd say I should have some information in time for Tamville's party. Let's say I deliver there. Good enough?"

"Yes."

"Got to run now, Mr. Benson."

"Good-by, Mr. Chambers."

We shook hands.

6

THE PARKE-HEDGES WAS NEAR enough to 38th and Madison to be the natural next stop for the prancing private eye although naturalness, in all truth, should not be expected from a chappie staggering under the load of a single pay-day in the round and opulent figure of 2,500 bountiful bucks, but proximity has an allure even for a guy bent on the more urgent business of evoking mayhem upon an animal with the feather-like name of Finch.

Professor Quigley's suite was 401 and the good professor was at home and receiving. Professor Quigley was polite and impervious behind a seamed and ancient face. He tottered a good bit, a long and lanky figure, in unmatched British tweeds. He had sharp blue eyes that meekly peered from beneath a heavy ledge of forehead, a gruff, good-natured, whiskey-rasped voice, a slight lisp, a diffident manner, and large square teeth that hung out like the bosom of a bent-over debutante.

I told him that I was in the hire of Mr. Jonathan Hart, making no mention that Jonathan had repaired to his ancestors, and I informed him that Mr. Hart was flutteringly concerned about the sudden jet-propelled take-off of the good lady who was his wife—the professor's esteemed sister.

"Delores, you mean?"

"Never bothered to inquire about her first name, Professor.

Mrs. Jonathan Hart."

"Delores Quigley Hart, young man. Delores—with an e as the second letter."

"Whatever you say, Professor."

"Left her husband, has she? Calls for a drink, right?"

"You mean you're glad?"

"Not at all, young man. Neither glad nor regretful. Simply calls for a drink—the disassociation of two who have been associated. Will you join me, young man?"

"No, thank you, Professor. Never touch the stuff."

"Excellent, young man. A vile addiction."

He poured lengthily of the vile addiction—bourbon yet for a British professor—and he drank noisily, but right down to the bottom of the glass in one gurgling slug. "Vile," he said, wiping slack lips with the back of a veined hand.

"About Delores," I prompted.

"Have a tiff with the old man, did she?"

"No tiff, Professor. Just packed up, lit out, lumped it."

"Very unlike Delores, truth to tell. Not quite that precipitous, dear Delores."

"When'd you see her last, Professor?"

"Oh, about a month ago. Sure you don't want a drink, young man?"

"No, thank you, sir."

"Mind if I do?"

"Not at all."

He poured the bourbon as if the glass had no bottom and he knocked it down as if he had no bottom. He wiped his mouth. "Vile habit," he said.

I said, "A month ago? Did she give you any idea that she intended to sort of pull up stakes?"

"No idea at all, young man. Grown stuffy in her years, Delores. Disapproved of her elder brother. Visited as sort of masochistic penance. Used to be quite gay in her youth. Vaudeville team of Rose and Quigley. That's when Jonathan met her, when she was part of Rose and Quigley."

"How long have they been married?"

"Oh, some such thing as twenty years, give or take a few. Quite gay in those days, old Delores. Didn't disapprove of the drinking of her brother—vile habit."

"Rose and Quigley," I said. "I think that was before my time. Never heard of them."

He straightened up and a long lip came down over the hung-out teeth. "Never heard of Rose and Quigley, young man? For shame. A great team of artists. Gay in those days, old Delores. Rose was the real artist, though. Delores was arranger and accompanist, but she was good too, damn her old hide. Did a bit of drinking herself, vile habit. You sure you won't have a tiny drop of warmth?"

"Never touch it, sir."

"Good for you, young man. Good, good, good. Vile habit." He poured again, and drank again.

The young man's throat was getting a parch. The young man cleared his parched throat. "What happened to Rose? Delores married Jonathan. But what happened to Rose?"

"Never married, Rose. Married to the bottle, Rose. Vile habit. She's still around, croaking her songs. Real artist, that one, bottle or no bottle, vile habit. Never heard of Gladys Rose?"

Gladys Rose. I'd heard of Gladys Rose. I'd seen and listened to her all the way back since I was a kid. I even had records of her before the alcohol had burned ulcers in the voice box. Gladys Rose. Sure, she was still around. She was belting it out right now, in a juke joint at 74th and Third, MacKenzie's; throwing a still-smooth chest out at the boys, knocking off her songs in a soprano voice grown tenor. Couldn't sing a lick any more, but Gladys still had the rhythm.

"Sure," I said. "Gladys Rose."

"Fine old gal, that Gladys. Knew all about life, that Gladys. Heart as big as that old fat body of hers. Sure you don't want a dram of warmth, young man? It'll kill you if you take it too hard, vile habit. And I ought to know. I'm seventy-three . . ."

7

JOHNSON AND FINCH were located on Houston Street near Second Avenue. The office was a street-side store with lots of lettering on an unwashed window. The window needed no washing because it was not transparent: it was painted black on the inside. There was more lettering on the window than appears on the stationery of a spurious charity appeal. There was lettering in English, Spanish, Russian, Chinese and Jewish—all surrounded by the imposing red seals of the notary public. The lettering recited the virtues of Johnson and Finch, telling of their enterprises, from private investigations, to confidential follow-ups, to solutions of unhappy matrimony, to skip-tracings, to any and all bills collected. And the large wooden-door entrance was painted a bright shining scarlet. Yet Johnson and Finch had done some big jobs for some important people—they were considered quaint but sturdy off-beat characters—and they had had many recommendations from very straight people who didn't know when they were trimmed, poor souls.

The prospect of a face-to-face meeting with Finch directly



after the observance of the repeated practice of a vile habit by a retired British schoolteacher drove me to a combination gin-mill-and-delicatessen across the street from the scarlet door. Soothed by Scotch and inspired by a pastrami sandwich, I sallied forth, pushed at the red door, and went in.

Finch was broad-beamed over a large safe, his back to the door. He started to unbend, but he never made it. My right knee went up, my right foot went up, and then my right knee straightened and my foot shot out and met the broad-beam with enthusiasm. Finch catapulted into the large safe, and I was tempted to swing the door shut and twist the dial, but I resisted. Instead I went after him, yanked him out, and belted him.

By then, he was ready for action, but action came slowly, because there is always an advantage in a surprise attack. Although he flailed his powerful arms, and his fists did make contact, there was no steam behind his punches. The first kick and the first belt had taken effect. I kept jabbing like a lightweight, blood popping from his nose and sopping down his lip, and then he swung and missed, and was half-turned, his chin stuck out like the rear end of a movie starlet. I wound up and threw a big one and it caught him square. He went down, twitched once, and then spread out, comfy and relaxed, as if he was alone at the seashore and he liked the sun.

I locked the door and stood over him. He was big, was Finch, a powerhouse. He had a square face, bubbling blood right now, a wide cruel mouth, a stubborn jaw, and tiny eyes surrounded by crinkled fat. His chest was broad, his shoulders like kegs, his hands like bunched bananas. I thought about waking him up and taunting him to tussle again, but I'd evened up my hematoma, and I had bussed him over.

I pulled the belt off his pants, turned him over, and fastened his wrists behind him. I used my own handkerchief, rolled to a rope, for his ankles. Then I turned him face up and slapped him, ungentle, back to consciousness. He squirmed, but I'm an old hand at tying knots. Then he said, "All right. Now what the hell?"

"This the hell," I said. "What were you doing outside of Hart's office?"

"None of your business."

"We'll come to that. Why'd you slug me?"

"You put your hands on my partner."

I shrugged. "Okay. A good enough reason." Then I

stooped to one knee over him. "Finchie," I said, "your pants are down. I want information, and you're going to give it to me. I may have to beat it out of you. There are guys who enjoy that. I don't. I've evened up a headache with you. But if you insist, I'll oblige."

"What do you want?"

"Like I said, information. What were you doing in that corridor?"

"I was around the front, as a matter of fact. Johnson was in the corridor."

"What were you both doing there?"

"Wipe my mouth."

"My handkerchief is around your ankles."

"Use mine. It's in my pants' pocket."

I looked and found it. I also found a switch-knife that yielded a four-inch blade. I wiped blood from his mouth with the handkerchief and presented the point of the knife to the point of his chin. I said, "Finchie, please don't make me try to prove I'm in earnest. Please talk it up, and remember, if you don't talk it up, it's your knife and your decision. You've known me long enough to know that I've done things before and will do things again that, in my heart, I don't approve of. I don't approve of what I'm going to do, if you force me. It's your decision."

"What the hell do you want?"

"Why were you two there?"

"We were keeping an eye on Hart."

"Who employed you?"

"I won't tell you."

There I was on thin ice, thinner than the plot-line of a talky Broadway hit. There are ethics among private richards and the Number One rule is that you do not divulge the name of the client. Finch was all bad, but like a lousy singer that can hit one good note, the saving feature of Finch's existence was his bulldog grip on that one cardinal rule. Twice, in court hearings, he had served time for contempt for refusing to name a client despite the urgings of the learned justice.

Knowing this one frailty of the mighty Finch, I played on it. I said, "Finchie boy, I'm going to make a deal. I'm not going to press for the name of the client. I could, you know, and when I say press, I mean pressing with the point of this knife."

"It wouldn't help you."

"Depends. Because I would do it slow. And you'd have plenty of time to think while you're bleeding. Pretty horrible, huh? Pretty horrible business we're in, huh?"

"Suits me."

"Well, either you answer my other questions, or you wind up a mess that'll match the color of your entrance door." And to make my point, I shaved a bit of skin off his neck.

"I'm talking," he said.

"Fair enough. How long you been on Hart's tail?"

"A month."

"Make your reports to your client?"

"Yes. Client comes here, once a week, and picks up a report."

"How'd you get the client?"

"Heard about us. Read about us in the papers."

"What'd the client want to know about Hart?"

"Nothing special."

"Which means everything."

"Correct."

I sat down on the floor, near him. "Okay. What did you get?"

"Got that he's in trouble with Internal Revenue. Got that they tied him up, tied up his assets. Got that he beat them to the punch. He knew they were gonna put a court-order lockup on his bank vault. Which they did. But he got there first, and emptied it."

"Of what?"

"Search me."

"What'd he do with it?"

"Search me. We were doin' a tail bit, not a magician bit."

"What else, Finchie, my sweet?"

"Stuck on that pigeon that works for him, a real class

pigeon. But she's doubling on him. There's another guy sleeps. Young guy, good looking."

"Name of?"

"I don't know. My job is Hart, not nobody else."

"What else?"

"Nothing else. This is the kind of job that's a shoo-in, but we're getting good pay and we give it full attention."

"Do you know," I said, "that his wife left him?"

"Yep."

"You didn't mention it."

"You wanted my information on Hart. Not on Hart's wife."

"You know why she left him?"

"Nope."

"You telling the truth?"

"Yep."

"You know where she is?"

"Nope."

"What else you got for me, Finchie?"

"Got nothing else. You got it all. You square now for the rap on the bean?"

"Yes," I said, "I think so." I stood up and lit a cigarette.

Finch said, "Look, pal. I like to smoke too. I like to kinda stand up too. I like to kinda have my belt around my belly instead of my wrists."

He made me laugh, so I laughed. I said, "Finchie, you're a card. How you fixed for hard feelings?"

"I ain't got none."

"If I let you up, do we tangle?"

"We already tangled. I'm a business man. I don't earn no loot tangling with a peeper who's trying to prove to himself that he's got muscles."

"You hit first, remember? Back there in Hart's corridor."

"You were pulling on my little partner's tie. You can choke a guy like that. What'd you expect that I'd do?"

"Exactly what you did. Now after you did it, Finchie boy—tell me true—what'd you expect that I'd do?"

"Exactly what you did. Only if I didn't have my back turned when you came in, you'd have had a little more trouble doing it." He bounced his behind on the floor, squinted his pig-eyes at me. "You the call from Tamville?"

"Uh huh."

"Mighta known. I'm gettin' dumb in my old age."

"Maybe I am too, because I'm going to let you up."

I untied the handkerchief, pulled him to his feet while his trousers drooped, and untied the belt around his wrists. He looked at me a moment, stuck the belt in his pants, hitched them tight, and walked toward me. I still had the knife and I would have used it had he insisted, but he went past me to a sink. He turned the faucet, washed his hands and face, and dried them with a dirty towel.

He said, "You wanna give me the knife?"

I said, "I think I'll keep it."

He said, "Why?"

I said, "I don't want you to get into trouble. I know that your license for weapons has been revoked."

He said, "You're real kind to me, ain't you?"

I said, "Real kind. Kinder than you think. Switch-knives are outlawed, violation of the Sullivan. And you have no license for weapons."

"That's for public cops. That's their worry. That ain't the worry of private cops."

"You're going to get public cops, Finchie. They're gonna crawl all over you. It's going to be like you got lost in an ant-heap with molasses on your face."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"I'm going to make a report on you."

"On what I told you?"

"On everything."

"But why?"

"Jonathan Hart."

"Hart? You mean his troubles have caught up with him?"

"Uh huh."

"Cops latch on to him?"

"That's right."

"Feds, or local?"

"Local."

"Where they holding him?"

"On ice."

"Now look, Mr. Chambers. Stop with the funny. We're back on business, and with business I'm serious. This is part of my work, and we're supposed to be on his tail. You jammed that up, now kindly un-jam. Maybe I want to go see him. Now where do I go?"

"You go to the morgue, Finchie-boy. Downtown. To the morgue."

8

POLICE HEADQUARTERS was wearing lights in its windows. September gets dark early even though it's trying to play like it's a sultry day in late June. I was anxious to see Parker, I had a little favor to request, but the good lieutenant was much more anxious to see me. His face was flushed, his dark eyes were glinting, and he was sweating.

"Where you been?" he said when I entered his office. "Where the hell you been? Called your office, called your home. Where the hell you been?"

"Been rowing on the lake in Central Park."

"Like hell you have."

"Why. You call there too?"

He rubbed a towel over his face and he stopped reflecting the overhead light. "Jonathan Hart. We did the autopsy."

"Much obliged, Lieutenant. But right now I want to ask a favor. Got some fingerprints. Love to have you give them a run-through. Got a client—"

"He did not die of a heart attack."

"Now this client is paying a fee for—"

"He did not die of a heart attack."

"Who didn't?"

"Jonathan Hart."

I took his towel and wiped my face. I sat down and squirmed. I lit a cigarette and belted smoke at my lungs. I wanted to say it strongly but it came out meek: "See? Now are you glad I talked you into an autopsy? What he die of? Pills?"

"No."

"What?"

"Never mind right now. I want your story. All of it. That's not a request. That's an order. Official."

"Remember me, Lieutenant? I don't take orders. I'm better with requests."

"Pete!" he roared. "Now, look—!"

"He was nice to me, Lieutenant. I'll be nice to you."

He started to get up out of his chair, then sank back. He banged the heel of his fist on his desk. A vein in his forehead stuck out. He had a fight with himself, and he won. In a tone as mild as the knee-touch of a spinster playing foosie in a movie palace, he said, "What can I do for you, Peter?"

I took Danny's photographs out of my pocket and laid them on his desk. "Fingerprints," I said. "I'd like them processed, and I don't want even you to look at the report. I'd like a sealed report. I got a client who's interested. The client is paying me a fee. You do zis for me—I do zat for you."

"What's your—zat?"

"My zat?" I said, my forehead wrinkled in boyish (I hoped) wonder. "Why, Lieutenant, I give you every single detail of whatever I know about Jonathan Hart."

He looked at the fingerprints. "Whom do they belong to?"

"Nobody. Just put it through, and get it back. Sealed."

He looked again, pushed the photograph aside. "Okay."

But I pressed it. "When, Lieutenant?"

"By tomorrow night."

"But tomorrow night I'm a pirate."

"Huh?"

"I'm going to a party. Masquerade."

"Tamville?"

"Yeah. How do you know?"

"I know everything. Okay. You'll have your report there."

Sealed and not looked at. Good enough?"

"The best."

"We got a bargain."

"Of course, Lieutenant. Your word is my bond."

All right. Come on. Let's hear. Jonathan Hart."

I told him the entire story, from Tamville's recommendation to my playing barber to Finch with his knife as my razor. When I was finished, he sat back, scratched his ear, said, "If Hart was done in, you think Finch did it?"

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"Because Finch and Johnson were hanging around outside the office. You don't kill a guy and hang around to wait for alarms."

"Right."

"Was he murdered, Lieutenant?"

"Yes. I think so."

"Any suspects?"

"Nothing. We haven't even got to that. We're trying to figure out how he was murdered."

"You know the cause of death?"

"Sure."

"Then you do know how he was murdered."

"No we do not." He shoved away from the desk, stood up and started putting heel prints on the floor. He paced, squinting in thought, rubbing fingernails into his scalp. "Look," he said, stopping in front of me. "Could he have been knocked off outside and brought back into the office?"

"How, Lieutenant? It was during business hours. There's two secretaries sitting right outside, the redhead and that mad, mad blonde. Then there are six guys with tickers and sharp pencils. Then there's the receptionist with the purple eyes. It's kinda tough to drag a dead man through all of that without, kinda, a little somebody maybe noticing."

"Yeah, yeah. How about that back door to his office?"

"Finch and Johnson were operating there."

"Yeah," he said, almost in wonder. "Locked in. Completely locked in. It's crazy."

"What's crazy, Lieutenant?"

His self-control left him. He grabbed at my lapels and pulled me up. He said, "Was he wet when you found him?"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"Wet."

"Wet? What the hell's the matter with you, Louis?"

"Was he wet?"

"No."

"Damp? Was he, maybe—damp?"

"He was even dry behind the ears. Lieutenant, if I may ask a personal question—have you been drinking?"

He disregarded that. He released my lapels and returned to pacing. He wiped spread hands over an again perspiring face. He murmured, almost to himself: "The autopsy was absolutely conclusive."

"Autopsies should be. What did it show, Lieutenant?"

His mouth twitched. He came near to me and took my face in his hands, almost tenderly. His bewildered eyes looked directly into mine. He said, "No question whatever about that autopsy. You ready, Pete?"

"Ready and ripe, Lieutenant. What did it show?"

"Jonathan Hart was drowned."

9

MONTIE'S CAVE was a supper club with more adornments than the uniform of a visiting general. The rear room, all plush and ivory, had candlelight, 15 violins playing sexy music in unison, and a \$10 minimum per person. The front room had smoked-glass walls, a smoked-glass ceiling, tiny

tables, amber lights, and a guy with long sideburns playing a zither that could produce as much encouragement in your lady for the evening as the 15 violins for the \$10 minimum. Sunny Saunders operated in the outside room, presenting her card at each table; Sunny Saunders, who looked so much like Jessica Rollins, except she just didn't have the cold-eyed class of Jessica. Also, she was kind of bigger on top, cream-skinned big, in a blue off-the-shoulder dress that bulged the cream-skinned bigness and bulged your eyes. Sunny was getting drunkie with our hero who washed, showered and shaved, was also getting drunkie.

"Promised to call, didn't you?" Sunny said.

"Got busy with business."

"Sure," she said. "Brunette business or blonde business?"

"Business business."

"Sure," she said, lapping at a stinger.

"Sunny," I said, "one day I'm going to let you read my handwriting."

"Never read the handwriting of my friends. Learn too much. Don't want to know too much about my friends."

"What about your friends knowing too much about you?"

Her blue eyes came up from the cocktail glass. "That a crack?"

"Wasn't meant to be."

"Tell you something, Pete. I'm not afraid of a lot of people but I'm afraid of you. Don't know why. Something about you. Something deep. Maybe something mean. Maybe too much head goes with your heart. But I'll tell you something. I'm afraid of you. When you want your way, brother, I bet you get it." She finished her drink and broke the stem of the cocktail glass as she set it down. "Why didn't you call me this afternoon?"

"I was working."

"Don't you ever relax?"

"I'm relaxing now. I'm going to relax the rest of the night. I'm going to relax real hard. Want to hit an after-hours joint when you're through here?"

"Can't. Got a date with the boss. Boss thinks he's gonna hit a home run. He ain't even gonna get to first base. How about tomorrow afternoon? You gonna call me?"

"I promise."

"You promised for this afternoon."

"Business."

"You do your business with me tomorrow afternoon. Okay? Okay, Petie? Maybe I'm afraid of you, but maybe I like people I'm afraid of." She pressed herself to me. "You're a real so-and-so, aren't you, Petie? With watching eyes, cold, cold, always watching. I could go places with you, but I'd always be afraid of your watching eyes."

"You've got me all wrong, honey. I'm a softie."

"Yeah. You. Softie. You're a softie, all right."

A waiter came up and bowed a Continental bow he'd learned on the continent of Staten Island. "Lady wants a reading," he said. "Lady over there. The skinny one. Lady with the falsies."

"Got to go to work." Sunny said.

I admired the way she pulled herself together. I admired the way she walked without a wobble. Each to his own, and there is a professional aspect to every profession. I beckoned to the waiter with the Continental bow, paid my check, got out into the street, breathed deep of the soot of Indian Summer in New York, swam through the humidity to Third Avenue, turned left, and at 74th Street I pushed through the swinging doors of MacKenzie's.

The joint was jumping. The bar was four deep. The clientele was as different from Monte's as a strip-gal in Las Vegas is different from the star of the Folies Bergere. It was beer here, beer in goblets, and no-tie customers, and sport shirts without jackets, and girls who used eyebrow-pencil as if it was charcoal. The room was foggy with smoke and up at the far end, on a dais, Gladys Rose was rasping a song and wriggling a mountainous bosom. I ordered Scotch and drank it neat and worked my way down to the dais. When she was finished, Gladys lumbered off and grabbed the drink that was

set up for her at a small table marked RESERVED. I moved over, sat down, and said, "Hello."

"Who're you?"

"I'm a friend."

"Hi, friend. You buying?"

"Of course."

"I drink double rye. Can you afford it?"

"Sure."

"Double rye," she yelled to a waiter in an apron. To me she said, "What about you?"

"Scotch."

"And a Scotch," she yelled to the waiter in the apron.

He wiped the table with a slop rag, took away her empty glasses, brought the drinks, brought water and soda, asked to be paid, and went away without a Continental bow.

"How's things?" I said.

"Things are always kopastic for Gladys. What's your name?"

"Pete."

"Having fun, Pete?"

"No."

She opened a heavy-lipped mouth. "No fun? What's-matter?"

"I'm working."

She laughed, looked at my glass, watched me drink its contents, said, "This kind of work I'd like to have."

"I'm looking for a lady named Delores Quigley Hart. Delores with an e."

She closed her mouth. Her wrinkled eyelids covered the glassy sheen of her colorless eyes. Her jowls shook as she regarded me and her bosom heaved, heavily naked. "Who're you? Who the hell are you? What do you want?"

"I've got a message from Mr. Hart. It's very important."

"I'm sorry. I don't know about no Delores. And I don't want you to buy me no drinks no more."

"It's important, Gladys. It's life and death."

"Who are you?"

"I work for Mr. Hart."

"Look, I don't know no Mr. Hart."

"You know Delores."

"Look, fella, you're whistling in the wrong graveyard." She put a thick hand on mine. "You a copper?"

"No."

She sat back and rested her chest on the table. She closed her eyes and seemed to be asleep. I was about to touch her when the burst of applause came. The lady at the piano had finished her solo and a new team appeared, a colored man and a colored woman. They were the stars and the applause was for them. The man went to the piano and the lady began to sing. The drunken audience became almost quiet.

The lady who had been Gladys' accompanist came to our table. She sighed and sat down. She was slender and tired, black hair touched with gray, soft mouth like the pout of a hurt child. Gladys opened her eyes, said, "Want a drink, honey?"

"No, thank you." It was a tired voice but a cultured one.

"I said, 'I'm buying.'"

"No, thank you," the lady said.

"How about you, Gladys? Encore?"

"I don't want nothing from you, fella. I don't want nothing."

I said, "It's important, Gladys. Please. Look, these names mean anything to you? Finch. Johnson. Dame named Jessica Rollins."

The slender lady touched my arm. "What is it?" she said.

I turned to her. I said, "Maybe you can help me. I'm looking for Mrs. Jonathan Hart."

"Why?"

"I have a message for her from Mr. Hart."

"What's the message?"

"He's dead."

Gladys' hands thumped on the table-top. She glared the

glassy eyes at me, glared at the slender lady, pushed on the table-top, stood up, turned her back, and went away.

I said, "Please. Is it possible that you can help me?"

Her voice was a whisper. "I think so."

"Good. My name is Peter Chambers. Gladys didn't introduce us. She couldn't. She doesn't know me. My name is Peter Chambers. What's yours?"

"Delores Quigley Hart."

10

SHE TOOK ME BACK to her dressing room with her. She made it fine all the way, but when we got there, she fainted. It was a grubby little room and Gladys' bottle of rye on the dressing-room table loomed up big. I used it without a glass. I pulled down Mrs. Hart's lip and poured it in burning. It shook her up. She quivered and opened her eyes. The rye drooled as she said, "I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't know who you were, of course."

"Of course you didn't." Her smile was as wan as a winter morning. "You look like you could use some of what you're holding in your hand yourself, Mr. Chambers."

I didn't know what I was holding in my hand. I looked. It was the bottle of rye. I'm a Scotch drinker. Mixing the stuff is bad, I've been told. I lifted the bottle and mixed the stuff. Then I put it away. "They thought it was a heart attack," I said. "They're not quite sure now."

"Not sure . . . ?"

"No. They're working on an autopsy. He was looking for you, Mrs. Hart."

"How do you know that, sir?"

"He retained me to find you. I'm a private detective. Same as Johnson and Finch. Were they working for you?"

"Did he . . . did he tell you about Johnson and Finch? Did he know?"

"No, ma'am. He didn't know. I found out about that as part of my looking for you."

She shook her head and stood up from the chair in which I had seated her. "Dead," she said. "Poor Johnny. Perhaps now he's at peace. He never knew peace. Poor, poor Johnny."

And then she cried, and I let her. I would have given her my handkerchief. But I couldn't. I had forgotten to change it. It had Finch's blood on it.

She cried like a baby, unashamed. And then it ended. She wiped her face with tissue from the dressing table. She said, "It's all over now."

"What is, Mrs. Hart?"

"A marriage. A long marriage. A long and stormy marriage. I loved a man who was neither capable of giving or receiving love. But I loved him."

She was getting to me but I didn't want to let her. I said, "Is that why you hired Johnson and Finch?"

Fire shined in brown eyes and then died away. "Why did he hire you?"

"I'll be blunt, Mrs. Hart. He hired me to discover evidence against you upon which he could start divorce proceedings."

Her mouth opened, her nostrils opened, her eyes opened. She giggled, once, like a sample of hysteria to come, but she controlled it. She said, "Are you telling me the truth?"

"Yes, I am."

"Poor Johnny. Always devious, always entangled."

I broke out cigarettes, offered one to her, but she shook her head. I put fire to it, pulled in smoke. I said, "Mrs. Hart, there is a possibility that he was murdered. I'm sure that the police, right now, are looking for you. I advise you to go to them. But first, if you please, could you tell me what this is all about? Would you?"

She took the cigarette from my fingers, puffed once, inhaled deeply, returned the cigarette. She said, "Yes, I will tell you. There isn't much to tell. It was a long marriage, it

was a stormy marriage, but he had never asked me for a divorce, he knew it was completely impossible for me. In my kind of marriage, in my kind of religion, there is no divorce. Do you understand that, young man?"

"I understand."

"Then he took up with this girl. Whether or not she wanted to marry him, I don't know. But, now, after so long a marriage, after knowing me for all these years, now, he asked for a divorce. And, of course, it was unthinkable. And of course, I told him so."

"Then he couldn't possibly have thought that I could turn up any evidence against you."

"No question of that."

"Then what he really hired me for—was to find you."

"That would be logical."

"But why?"

"For the same reason that I hired Johnson and Finch."

During this period I wanted to know exactly what he was doing. Money was no object. I have a good deal of money. He was always liberal. And I saved a good deal over the years.

"I don't quite get it. Unless—unless there was a threat. Then it would add up. He threatened you, you didn't quite believe him, so you hired Johnson and Finch to keep him tailed. That way, in a sense, they would serve as protection for you. Then the threats became—more threatening. Two weeks ago, you left, because you were really frightened. You kept Johnson and Finch working anyway, hoping it would blow over, hoping this girl would get out of his blood. And he—he hired me—to find you in order to . . ."

"To kill me, Mr. Chambers. I think his mind was disordered. I do believe that, Mr. Chambers. He would have killed me, and he would have disposed of me, somehow, and nobody would know. It is exactly what he threatened. And I left because I believed him." She was crying again. She covered her face with her hands. "What now? What now?"

I went to her and touched her shoulder. "Now you go to the police. And you tell them everything that you told me."

"And then?"

"Then you go home, Mrs. Hart. There is no threat over you any more." Softly, very softly I said: "Then you go home, Mrs. Hart."

11

I WENT HOME and I went to sleep and I tossed with the nightmares which are the end-product of my business and early in the afternoon I presented myself at the office of Tamville & Hart and all was as serene as the ripples of a lagoon in a movie about Bali. Jessica Rollins was as fresh-faced, as desirably protuberant, and as daintily wiggly as ever. The purple eyes in the reception room were the same, the six young men with the pointy pencils were the same, and Robby Tamville was as brusque and offensive as yesterday. I inquired as to whether the party for the evening was on, and Robby said, "Why not?"

"But Mr. Hart . . ."

"A confirmed cardiac dies of a heart attack. It's to be expected. Life goes on, dear Mr. Chambers, regardless. And in case you're affected by this, and you don't wish to attend, please tell me now, so that I can make other arrangements, and also demand the return of the fee I paid you."

Which meant that shrewd old Parker was working behind the scenes, and that Hart's death was still a heart attack.

"Me?" I said. "Affected? I didn't even know the man."

"Lucky for you."

"And Miss Rollins . . . ?"

"Will attend as The Lady Eve, poor girl. I'd have sent her home, but it's impossible. With Hart gone, there are many details to be ironed out, and she's familiar with all of them. Both of us should be here in this damn office until at least six. And you, I'm expecting you at eight."



"It's a nice try, I must admit, but I doubt if your alibi, 'Driving while under the influence of my wife,' will stand" up."

"I'll be there."

I was glad to know that Rollins would be working. I went up to Brooks' and got me a pirate's costume for hire for one day, took it home, opened my safe at home, and brought out my burglar's kit, complete with silk gloves. I shuddered, sighed, but that's my racket. Conscience is fine, but if you have too much conscience, get out of the business. I left my hat at home, but I didn't mean to. Freudian slip. The psychologists would say my self-respect was ebbing. Know something? The psychologists would have been 100 percent correct.

I took a cab to Fifth Avenue and 69th Street, and walked the rest of the way to 16 East 70th. Apartment 5 was on the third floor of a narrow, well-kept building. I put on my silk gloves, pushed the buzzer for safety's sake, waited while nobody answered, opened my kit, diddled for two minutes, and let myself in. I shuddered once more, reached up for my hat, didn't find it on my head, smiled to myself and that was the last of conscience and self-respect for that afternoon.

Jessica Rollins had a three-room layout with a high-walled garden terrace. It was furnished like the model apartment for the chief wife in a harem. Jonathan Hart had done a little bit of all right for little old Jessica. I didn't waste time. I scanned that apartment as carefully as a fence with a magnifying loop scans a hot diamond that's being offered for purchase. Everything was wide open and ready to be looked into, so I didn't look. But in the bedroom there was one object that was not wide open and not ready to be looked into, and there my energies were concentrated.

It was in the back wall of a slide-door closet behind lots of clothes. First it was a thin bronze plaque stuck to the rear wall as an adornment. Question: who needs an adornment stuck to the rear wall of a closet behind lots of clothes. Answer: the usual idiot who falls for every gadget. I removed the plaque and there it was: a built-in iron door about one foot square—that I was certain was an opening for a fire-proof crypt. Fire-proof, yes—but not kit-proof for the kit that Peter Chambers was lugging as a strain on his conscience. But the thing had a really excellent lock (the landlord must have been a free-wheeling thief with imagination). It took time, but time was on my side, and finally the little iron door succumbed to my steel-pronged imprecations. I swung it open and looked.

There was not too much. There was a packet of letters. There was some excellent jewelry. There was a package of canceled vouchers from a bank. There was a receipt for the

payment of a bank vault for one year. And there was a key to a bank vault. That was it.

I was not interested in the jewelry. I put that back at once. Then I sat down on a spongiy springy mattress and looked over the rest of the stuff. I wondered, for a fleeting moment, how frequently this spongiy springy mattress sprang with real gusto and, knowing the occupant of the apartment, I had a twinge of envy (twinge is not enough—the whole heart broke). But I staved with my work.

The canceled vouchers were checks that Miss Jessica Rollins had written. They were on a bank around the corner, 1st and Madison. The receipt for the bank vault was dated one month ago. The bank was on Pine Street. The bank-vault key was a bank-vault key and you did not have to be Sherlock Holmes to know it was for the vault on Pine Street. The packet of letters were from one man. They were love letters and they were signed Sam. Some of the envelopes were marked with a "T". The return address was that of Timothy Blattner, the early ones from San Francisco, the latter ones from New York.

I put everything back, except two items. One was the key to the bank vault, and the other was one single solitary check, picked at random. I locked the iron door, hung back the bronze plaque, re-arranged the clothes. Then I had an idea. I disarranged the clothes, took off the plaque, and went to work with my steel prongs. I jammed the lock, for just in case. If she tried to open her little iron door, it wouldn't open. Busted lock. She'd have to call a mechanic. I didn't imagine she would be wanting to look into that crypt today, but I covered the possibility anyway. She was going to the party as Lady Eve. That didn't require expensive jewelry. It required a good epidermis, a gorgeous figure, a female sense of pride, and a hell of a lot of nerve. And where would she get a lock-mechanic anyway, after a tough day at the office, and a crazy masquerade to go to? I wasn't worried about it, but now it was covered. Back went the plaque, arranged went the clothes, slid shut went the closet door, and into the living room went me with the wildest idea of my career.

Why not, I thought, why the hell not?
I had never heard of it, but it couldn't miss.

I used the phone and called Sunny Saunders. Sunny sounded sexy and I tried my best to sound the same. I told her to come over to 16 East 70th, apartment 5, and please, please hurry. She said she would, and she hung up before I did. Sunny was anxious but Sunny was going to get a surprise.

I thought a lot about it while I waited. It was the wildest, but I had a real hunch it was going to work.

12

SUNNY WAS BEAUTIFUL in a brick-red suit that clung like a leech, no stockings, and high-heeled French shoes without backs. She whistled when I let her into the apartment, whistled again as she looked it over, and then showed me she had brains which was perfectly fine by me.

"Your girl friend," she said, "take a vacation?"

Tartly she said, "Whoever lent you this place is a dame. If it isn't a dame, then it's a male ballet dancer. Don't kid Sunny."

"Wouldn't kid you for the world."

"Safe here?" she said.

"Depends on what you're afraid of."

That brought a puzzled frown to her forehead but she shook it off. She opened the jacket of her brick-red suit and revealed a white lace blouse that plumply strained at its buttons. She cast a look at my kit which was on the floor (with my gloves in it), kicked at it lightly, and came to me. She put her arms around me and drew me over. Her body was soft and her stomach was jumping. She kissed me, her left leg rising slightly, and then, as we were kissing, she opened her eyes. And saw my eyes.

She let go of me as though I had suddenly grown prickles. Her tongue was thick in her mouth as she said, "I—I hate your eyes."

Sweetly I said, "Now why do you say these things to me?" "They're cold, they're crazy, they're far away, they're not here."

"Correct on the last two counts."

"What?"

"They're far away. They're not here."

"Well, where the hell are they?"

"In a vault in a bank on Pine Street."

Now she really looked frightened. She began to button her jacket. She said, "I'm getting out of here. And do me a favor. Don't come around to Monte's any more. Go see a doctor or something. I'm getting out of here."

"No you're not, Sunny."

"Who's going to stop me?"

"I am."

Her mouth twitched and her tongue flicked out to wet her lips. She said, "Look, Pete—Mr. Chambers—look, is there something wrong? Are you playing cop with me? Is there an angle . . . ?"

"There is, Sunny."

"What's it about?"

"First, I know a little bit about you. Friend in L.A. did a check. Out there you're not Sondra Saunders, you're Mrs. Borrachi. Borrachi was a portrait painter who was doing pretty lousy. You married him, had a kid with him, and kind of supported your family doing handwritings, if you know what I mean. You had a drunken fight with him one time and you shot him. His legs are paralyzed now and he lives in a wheel chair. You left him, finally, with the kid. Occasionally you send money, but hardly enough. How's that for background?"

She was pale now, not licking her lips but biting them. She said, "Why? Why the check? Why? Who're you working for? Who wants information on me?"

"Nobody, Sunny. It's just that I'm that kind of louse, a curious one. But all that doesn't mean a thing to me, it's not my business. What does mean a thing to me is that you're a crackerjack with the pen, that you're a forger of real class, that you've got talent."

"What else do you know? What else, damn you?"

"I know about the trial where you got acquitted, but I bet I can dig up stuff where you won't be acquitted. Sister, if I want to squeeze you, I can squeeze until I push you through jail bars. Certainly, I can see to it that you don't work in any of the plush clubs in the country, and it's only in the plush clubs that a dame can turn anything like a good buck reading handwriting."

She went to the small bar, grabbed a bottle and had a drink. She wasn't putting on any airs at the moment. She took her medicine right from the bottle, tilting it up and letting it gurgle. Then she slapped the bottle down on the bar and said, "Okay. How much?"

Innocently I said, "What are you talking about, Miss Saunders?"

"I'm talking about—how much. I know when a guy's looking to get on my payroll."

"You think I'm working a little blackmail?"

"I don't think. I know."

"Maybe," I said, "in a way, I am. But I'm not going to earn any money. You are."

That made her reach for the bottle again but now one eyebrow was quizzically raised and both eyes shot off glints, the kind of glints that come from avarice. She put the bottle away, sat down, and crossed a fine leg right up to a creamy thigh. "You mean," she said, "it's something I can work on with you?"

"That's what I mean."

She giggled. "Well, why the hell didn't you say so in the first place?"

"I had to prepare you, my love. Just in case you wanted to play the righteous holty-toity."

"Work with you?" She wrinkled her nose, tightened her

eyes, and nodded. "Shrewdie like you? I'd love it. What's the pitch?"

"I'm going to knock off a box in a bank vault. That's the pitch."

She fairly flew to the bottle. She used a glass this time, but her hands were trembling. She said, "You're a crazy man, that's all there is to it. You're nuts."

I took the bottle away from her. I said, "That's enough of that for now. Sit down, shut up, and listen."

She sat down, she said, "I'm listening."

"Sounds crazy," I said, "talking about knocking off a bank-vault box. But it's a wrap, a real wrap. They got all those shiny bars, and bells, and gadgets and stuff, but that's all icing for the cake. The cake itself is soft and mushy. Do you have a box in a bank vault, Sunny?"

"Yes, I have."

"So have I. Now think. What happens when you go to your vault. Nothing much, really. A pleasant guy makes you sign a book, he checks the signature against the one on file, you give him your key. Then he uses his key on the outer lock, and your key on the inner lock—and there's your box, ma'am, go look at your valuables, you can use any one of the little ante rooms. Now, Sunny, that's what happens, doesn't it?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, that's what happens."

"So, a little nerve combined with a little talent combined with having the right key—and boff, you do a thing that people without imagination consider impossible. Well, I've got the nerve, you've got the talent, and I've got the right key." I opened my wallet and took out five of the ten hundreds that Benson had donated. I gave them to her. I said, "You listening?"

She waved the money, put it into her bag, smiled, said, "I'm all ears."

"There are some additional details, and all of them fit fine with the thing I have in mind." I filled in the picture on Jessica Rollins. The only thing I omitted was that Hart was dead. "So you see," I said, "it figures for perfect."

She was intelligent, all right. "Yah," she breathed. "Her own bank is right here around the corner. But she took the vault down there, so she must have taken it because Mr. Hart asked her to."

"Sure. The bill is dated last month. That's about the time Hart was beating the Federal boys to the punch—beating them to his bank vault."

"And he had confidence in this little gal."

"He did."

"So you figure he took some stuff out of his vault, had her take a vault, and put the stuff in there."

"That's exactly what I figure. I also figure she couldn't have been there more than once or twice, she'd have no reason to. Which just sets our play up fine."

"All right, Pete." She raised her hands. "Now from here on do it slowly."

"Sure. First, you're of the same general type as that dame. Second, those guards down there see thousands of people—they don't specially remember any one of them—unless they're constant customers. Does your bank-vault guy know you?"

"No, he doesn't."

"Neither does mine. People don't go to vaults that often. Okay. Third, we've got the key to the box. And fourth, you can do her signature."

"I've never seen her signature."

"You're going to see it now."

I gave her the cancelled check. She looked over Jessica's signature with a practiced eye and her lips parted in a wide smile. "Simple. I do it a hundred times, and I've got it pat. You don't have to worry about the signature."

"Good. You know her name, you know where she lives, you know where she works. You'll take a couple of her phone bills and things in case anybody asks for identification, which as you know, they don't. I'll go along with you, a couple of casual, assured people, and the guy'll hardly pick his head up from his work. I can't see how it can mis."

"Tell you the truth," she said, "neither can I. Oh. What

about the number of the box, you know, the serial number, whatever they call it."

"Do you know the number of your bank-vault box?"

"No."

"Neither do I, nor do I have any record of it. If you've got the key, and you've got the signature, and you've got the assurance, the guy just goes to it and opens it."

"True enough, damn you. True enough. No wonder your eyes were far away, when we were kissing."

"Go to work, Sunny. Do it two hundred times. Do it until you've got it absolutely perfect."

13

WE LEFT THE APARTMENT exactly as I had found it, spic and span and perfectly in order. We stopped at my office where I dropped my kit. There I destroyed Sunny's practice sheets, and then I had her practice some more. It was amazing. She did a perfect copy of that signature, did it as though she had been doing it all her life, quickly and easily and with aplomb. Then I gave her another run-through on the pertinent facts concerning Jessica Rollins, and we left. On the way out I picked up an attaché case, the kind that lawyers carry. I figured a legal-like prop wouldn't hurt, and it didn't.

The bank was a two-story corner building, scarred and gray without, cool and quiet and cavernous within. The vaults were down a deep flight of stairs to the left, and we descended, Sunny in the lead. Downstairs, there was a small vestibule and a large door, running from floor to ceiling, and made of thick steel parallel bars with very little space between each bar. To the right was a large white bell. Sunny put a thumb on the bell and we could hear it clang inside. A thick-stomached guard appeared on the other side of the door. Sunny waved her key and said, "Jessica Rollins."

"One moment, please."

He went away and then he came back and opened the door. "Come in, please," he said, and he locked the door behind us. Now we were in a large square room with three green walls. The fourth wall was composed of floor to ceiling iron bars. It had a wide, steel door and that door was open. Beyond that we could see the gleaming glint of hundreds and hundreds of oblong steel panels, the little locked doors of the vault boxes, tier upon tier of them. To our right was a desk at which another guard was seated. A customer was nervously standing near him, drumming fingernails on the desk top.

The inquiry must have been completed because the seated guard pushed a large open flat-type scrawled book to the rear of the desk, took heavy spectacles off his nose, picked up a ring of keys, stood up, smiled tiredly at his customer, said, "If you will come with me, please, Mr. Stanford? And if you need a private booth, they're in the rear." He led him through the wide door and they disappeared.

Our big-stomached guard smiled at us. He held a six-by-four filing card in his left hand, and his right hand rested on the butt of a pistol that protruded from a holster hung to a belt strapped around his wide middle. He said, "Hot out, isn't it?" He said it to me, but his eyes returned, as though drawn by magnets, to Sunny's fluffed-out-brick-red bosom, pushed up by the buttoned tight middle-buttons of her jacket.

"It certainly is," I said.

"Real cool down here."

"It certainly is," I said.

"Nothing more comfortable than a downstairs vault on a hot day."

"Nothing," I said.

"Real cool down here."

"It certainly is," I said.

He didn't look cool, eyes bulging at a brick-red bosom. He said, "Would you like to sit down, ma'am?" He waved the card at some straight-backed chairs against one wall.

"No, thank you," she said.

"Real cool down here," he said, and his eyes got fastened again.

The other guard came wearily from the vault room. Sunny smiled at him, said, "Jessica Rollins."

"Thankee, ma'am." He went to a huge card-index filing cabinet, and that's when big-stomach's eyes finally came unfastened.

"Oh," he said. "I got her card right here, Sam."

Sam stuck his upper-lip over his under-lip, pulled down the corners of his mouth, and fell into the chair at the desk. Big-stomach gave him the card and Sunny moved near. Sam stuck his specs on, looked at the card, pulled the book over, made some entries, turned the book to her, said, "Will you sign here, please, ma'am?"

She signed.

He said, "Thankee." Then he put the card alongside the signature. The lower right-hand corner of the card had the signature of Jessica Rollins. They were signature to signature now, and he flicked an expert glance at them, while the private detective's heart did private nip-ups within his private breast. Then Sam pushed the book away, took his specs off, picked up his ring of keys, said, "1908. If you will come with me, please, Miss Rollins? And if you need a private booth, they're in the rear."

She said, "May my attorney come too?"

"Of course."

He led us through the wide door, down a corridor of glinting panels, around a turn. Then he stopped, bent over and used one of his keys to open the lock of one little door. Then he turned to her and she gave him her key. He used that to open the second inner little door. Then he stood up, sighed, said, "Help yourself. Are you going to use a booth?"

"Yes, sir," she said.

"Push the button in the booth when you want me to come back here and lock up for you."

"Thank you, sir," she said.

He ambled away. Sunny stooped and pulled the box out. It was a large one. She gave it to me. It was not heavy. We went to the rear and opened the door of one of the booths. It was more than a booth. It was a small room with a table and four chairs. There was a small push-button on the wall to the right of the door.

I put the box on the table and lifted the metal cover. In the box was a bulging red portfolio tightly tied with gray string. There was nothing else in the box. I transferred the portfolio to my attaché case, closed it, and dropped the cover of the metal box.

"Aren't you going to look?" she said.

"Not here."

I pushed the push-button on the wall, and gave her the box. We went out of the booth and met Sam coming toward us. He led us to 1908, took the box from her, reinserted it, took her key, locked the inner door, and locked the outer door with his key. He led us out and we followed him. He dropped into his chair at the desk and Big-Stomach took over. He unlocked the steel-barred door at the base of the stairs, smiled at me, smiled at her, hooked his eyes to her bosom, wet his lips with a thick red tongue, said, "Real hot out today. Real Indian Summer."

"It certainly is," I said.

14

OUTSIDE, WE WALKED. We walked quite a way. I don't believe either of us knew the direction in which we were walking, but we walked. We didn't say a word. Then she said a word. She said a few words. She said a few crazy words. She said, "I'd like to make love. Right now."

"What? What's that?"

"I'd like to go somewhere, now, right now. You and me, alone. I'd like to go somewhere and make love."

"You crazy?"

"No. It gets me sometimes. Just like that. When there's fright in me, excitement, a pent-up something. When my heart is beating like its going to bust. When I'm scared green. It's like—like an outlet—and it's the best then. It's wild, crazy, scared, wonderful."

Now that she'd mentioned it, I understood it. I understood it so well, I had to resist it. I said, "Let's get out of this neighborhood, huh? Let's grab a cab. Let's hit a saloon, huh, grab a couple of drinks, and simmer down. Monte's open this early."

"The cocktail room is."

"Fine. We'll have a bite of lunch too."

"If that's what you want . . ." There was a sliver of contempt in her voice.

I tried to straighten myself out. I said, "Not now. Not with this bag I'm carrying. You gals are smart, smart, smart—but when you go off the deep end. I don't even know what the hell's in it."

And then, over a quiet lunch in Monte's, the bag between my feet under the table, Sunny said, "Let's get a look-see, huh? I'm dying."

"No."

"Not now?"

"Never."

She turned to me, took hold of my arm. "What the hell's the matter with you? What's now?"

"Now—is this. You did a job and you did it well. And you were paid for it. In case of trouble, blame me. Tell them the truth. I talked you into it, gave you a blackmail pitch, frightened you, and then sweetened it with five hundred bucks. Okay. You did your job and you did it well. Finish. End. Now eat your lunch."

"You mean you're not going to let me know what's in that bag?"

"That's right. I'm not going to let you know. That part is my business, not yours. You did your business. Now eat your lunch."

"To hell with you and to hell with the lunch." She pushed up from the table and stood over me. "Maybe you're right. Maybe I shouldn't know anything about your business. Anybody tangles with you, tangles with trouble. Okay, Buster, lay off me, will you? Do me a favor. Lay off me, make believe I don't exist. You got crazy eyes, but that ain't all. There's more. There's something real, real crazy about you. You're

trouble, and trouble is a lot of what I can't use. Do me a favor, huh? Lay off me."

"I'll do you the favor," I said.

Back in the office, I closed my door and I opened the case. I took out the portfolio, cut the strings, and dumped its contents. There was no variety, it was homogeneous, all the same, with all the same pictures, and all the same color, and the color was green. The portfolio contained nothing but one thousand dollar bills. A good many one thousand dollar bills. My fingers got tired, counting.

There was \$900,000. All in cash.

15

I WILL ADMIT to the temptation, and I will admit that I rushed to resist it. Nine hundred thousand bucks in cash—and a set-up that could lend itself to my keeping a splendid portion of it, even if I had to make compromise with a doll named Jessica Rollins, and with Jessica Rollins any compromise would be to my favor. I will admit to the temptation and the rush to resist. It is like the alcoholic on the long-time wagon facing the amber of one little drink in an emergency. Or the fella who's swooned off the cigarettes and he's jammed and he has the white tube in his lips and the match to light it. Or the junkie who has graduated from Lexington and his girl friend is pregnant and his father has just died and he has lost his job and the last check he wrote bounced, and somebody offers up the hypo and the curved bent spoon. You must resist—or you're lost.

I resisted like a madman. I packed the green stuff in a tightly disordered package like a purchase from a fire-sale bargain-store. I tore out of the office and tore into a cab. I said Police Headquarters and when I got there I said Lieutenant Parker, and wouldn't you know it, he wasn't there. And the young cop who talked to me was a cop I didn't know.

"Look," I said, "you work with the Lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know he's working on the Jonathan Hart thing?"

"Now how in hell would you know that, sir? That's undisclosed information. Hart is not Homicide. Hart died of a heart attack."

"Sure," I said. "What's your name?"

"Perkowski."

"I'm Peter Chambers."

"Never heard of you."

"That makes us even."

"Just what is it, sir?"

"I'm a friend of Lieutenant Parker's. I'm what is euphemistically termed a private richard. I'm working with your Lieutenant on that Hart thing."

"You from the F.B.I.?"

"I'm from nowhere. I'm working with the Lieutenant on Hart. This package contains valuable evidence. Not too sure on the evidence bit, but—valuable, oooo-boy! Now, Perkowski."

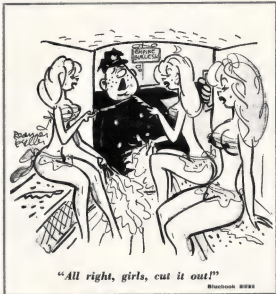
"Yes, sir?"

"I want you to place this in a safe. A fire-proof, burglar-proof safe."

"Burglar-proof? Are you kidding? This is Police Headquarters!"

"I don't give a doggone what it is. Put it where it's fire-proof and burglar-proof, and you're responsible, Mr. Perkowski. When the Lieutenant comes, tell him Peter Chambers brought it, and it's on the Hart matter. Tell him he's not going to be able to get in touch with me for a time, because I'm tired and I want to rest and I've got a big evening in front of me. Tell him all of that, huh? And tell him, I'll see him."

I shoved the package at him and I blew. I went home and collected my pirate's costume. Then I checked in at the Ambassador. I called Cary's and made arrangements for a



car to pick me up at 7:30 to take me to Riverdale. I called the office and told my secretary that I just died and that was the message for anyone who called me. Then I stripped down and sat in a warm tub. Then I got out of the tub, fighting off thinking the way a life-guard in the Catskills has to fight off the girls and I called down for the barber. I had a shave, a haircut, a shampoo and a massage. Then I doffed the shorts and undershirt I had worn not to shock the barber, slid naked into the cool bed, called down to the operator to waken me at seven o'clock, turned on my side, pulled up my knees, and went to sleep.

And nary a nightmare. When will the world learn that nighttime is for activity, and daytime is for sleeping? Some day a psychiatrist will make a real big pitch on that. They've made a real big pitch on everything else. Why not a pitch on daytime solitary sleeping?

16

THE GUESTS WERE already piling in to Robby's when I got there. They were gay, festive, loud, drunkie, happy, and wonderfully costumed. They were being ushered into a large downstairs ballroom, with a smooth parquet floor on bottom, an immense chandelier on top, a 20-piece band on one side, and an immense bar, backed by eight bartenders, on the other side. The band was dressed as gypsies, the bartenders as Alpine climbers, and the butlers (dear cruel Robby) clanked about in knights' armor complete with headgear and visors.

One of the butlers clanked up to me. "Sir Pirate?"

"What ho, Sir Knight?"

"Mr. Tamville would like to see you."

"Where away?"

He pointed with his gauntlet. "That door, sir. Right there. To the right of the stairway."

The stairway was of marble, curling majestically, and rising to the upper stories. The door to the right was heavy and wood-paneled. The knob gleamed like gold, and I was sure it was. I went in and for a moment I couldn't find Robby, the room was that big. It was beautifully furnished in heavy Louis XIV. There was a red rug that was thicker than a wrestler's neck, and the ceiling was all carved shining wood. There were wide French doors on the far side, which opened to a spacious garden, and beyond, you could see the water of the swimming pool placidly reflecting the light of the moon. Robby came out from behind a big chair, and wouldn't you know it: he was the only man at the party not in costume—unless you call white tie and tails a costume.

"Time you got here," he said.

I said, "A little delayed. The traffic was heavy."

"See the clown?"

"Not yet."

"See the Persian prince?"

"Not yet."

"Want to see the ring?"

"If you want to show it to me."

He sniffed, went to a mantel, took off a small box, opened it, and showed me its contents. There was a ring stuck in a satin case. It looked like a ring, period. The stone was peculiar but to me it didn't mean a thing. It was wonderfully iridescent, had a glow like a schoolgirl who'd hoisted too many Martinis, and it had red veins in it like the eyes of this self-same schoolgirl after a few more Martinis.

"Like it?" he said.

"I can take it or leave it."

"Real enthusiastic, aren't you?"

"Yep. That's me. Am I supposed to be enthusiastic too? For the same fee? I'll tell you a secret. I'm not even enthusiastic about you."

"A cordial one, aren't you? Real lovable type."

"You and me, both, Mr. Tamville. Now what do I do? Stay here and play nursemaid to that thing?"

"No. Not at all. I'm staying here. And I can't quite take too much of your company."

"Mutual, Mr. Tamville. But you're the boss. What do I do?"

"Go out, mingle, have fun. But keep your eyes open and your ears open, and remember why you're here."

"That all, Mr. Tamville?"

"That's all, Mr. Chambers."

I went out, I mingled and I had fun. The guests were really packed in now and they were living it up as if there were no tomorrow. There were perhaps a hundred people, very few sober—about 50 men and 50 women, and dear old Robby had done himself proud. All the women were practically naked; all the men were fully dressed.

There was Lady Eve, and Lady Godiva, and a mermaid, and a nymph, and an angel, and on and on and on and on—but very few of the ladies were burdened with clothes. Everybody drank, everybody danced (close and cozy) and everybody sat around in corners and necked. There was the smell of whiskey, the smell of cigarette smoke, the smell of perfumed nude skin.

Lady Eve was a blessed sight in fig leaf, two little gold breast-plates (in the shape of leaves) and nothing much else. I danced with her and she didn't know whom she was dancing with—I was a masked pirate, period. She was good to hold, and good to touch, but over her shoulder, I saw the Persian prince, and what he was dancing with made me lose all my interest in Adam's wife.

He was dancing with a devil who, strangely enough, was fully dressed and who, strangely enough, was more naked than any of them. She had on a red silk costume, from toes to neck, shimmering red, so close to her body it seemed part of her skin, and the shape of that perfect body was enough to wrap you in fire and wish for a cozy berth in hell with that devil. Long, long slender legs coming up from dainty ankles, long curve of full thighs, flat stomach in front, seductive round mounds in the rear, tiny waist, and a delightful topside, pert, parted, pear-shaped and pointed, and all in red, red, shining red.

I had not found my clown yet, but there was my Persian prince, and the devil had him, and I had determined to play reformer and release him from the devil's grasp. When the dance was over, Lady Eve gravitated toward the Persian prince and your pirate gravitated with her. The devil was there, we all had a drink at the bar, and I raised my glass to her, wondering like all hell what was behind the devil's red mask (everybody was masked). She raised her glass to me and we clinked and then I clinked with the Persian prince and I said, "How goes it, Mr. Blattner?"

"Who're you?" he said.

"Peter Chambers."

"Oh. How are you?"

"Very well. Won't you introduce me to the ladies?"

"Of course. The devil is Patricia Holm. Lady Eve is Jessica Rollins."

I shook hands with both of them. I said, to Jessica, "I hope you've forgiven my childishness back there at the office."

"Skip it," she said. Then she said to Blattner, "Let's dance," and off they went, and it couldn't have been better for me.

Patricia Holm had a beautiful cultured voice, so different from the rough-edged Sunny, and so different from the forced smoothness of Jessica. When she talked, she smiled a lot, and her white teeth gleamed. I didn't let her go, and praise be, she didn't seem to want to go. We danced, we drank, we chortled, we chuckled—and I was dying of curiosity. All the time I kept my eyes peeled for the clown, but there was no clown. The Persian prince was very much in evidence, making time with most of the gals, and Lady Eve, although pursued by a host of wolves in costume, constantly trailed him. It seemed to be that kind of an affair.

Finally, I waltzed her off to a corner. I said, "Pat, I'm having such a good time, I can't believe it's me."

"And why not, Buccaneer? Don't you usually have a

pretty good time at these fancy-dress masquerade parties?"

"Matter of fact—no."

"Never?"

"Very rarely."

She touched my arm. She said, very seriously, "Are you joshing?"

"No, I'm not. Perhaps I'm a sad one by nature, perhaps I'm a cynic, perhaps I've lived it up a little too fast and a little too much, perhaps I just hate people. I'm in a business where the seamy side of people is constantly turned to me. Perhaps—I laughed—"I'm sick."

"Sick? You've come to the right place."

"You mean Tamville?"

"I mean me."

"Just a minute."

"Yes, my buccaneer?"

"Would you unmask, oh Devil, before this buccaneer walks the plank, if anything as prosaic as a plank can be found in this millionaire's shack?"

"I will, if you will. Because—just between us—I'm dying of curiosity."

"You read my mind, oh Devil. Exactly the words I was thinking. 'Dying of curiosity.'"

I took off my mask and she followed suit and the buccaneer had hit the treasure chest. The word is wow. That is the word. She had been wearing a little red cap which was attached to the mask and that came off too. Wow is the word. Thick black curly hair, light blue eyes ringed within long black lashes, tiny nose, high cheekbones, dimples, and right now a tiny little smile that just verged on being wicked. Cutely she said, cocking her head a trifle: "Like?"

"Sister, I love."

"I'm pleased with what I see too. And just a little bit jealous."

"Jealous? I don't get it."

"You've sort of stolen the thunder out of one of my strong points."

"Sister, you've got enough strong points to be completely impregnable."

"I don't know how to take that."

"Take it good, honey. It's meant good. Now what strong point?"

"Your eyes. Light blue with black lashes. Unusual, somehow, in a man."

"Thanks. At least for the—unusual. There are people call them crazy."

"Yes, they're a little crazy too. A little wild. But completely fascinating."

"Honey, am I happy I came to this party."

"I am too, Peter."

The way she said it, I began to feel sorry for myself. I was going. Fast.

"I said, 'I think we can put the masks back on.'"

We did and she said, "What do you do, Peter? No. Let's guess. What's your line?"

"Okay. Who guesses first?"

"I will. I'd say . . . Let's take two guesses, eh?"

"Fine."

"I'd say you're either an actor—or—a test pilot."

"I'm a detective. A private detective."

"Oh. How very interesting. You—well, you don't look like a detective."

"What's a detective supposed to look like?"

"You've got me there. I wouldn't know. Your guesses, now."

"Yah. Let me see now." I looked her over and it was a great pleasure. "You're a famous model—or a swimming champ."

"Wrong, twice. And you're not even guessing close. I'm a doctor."

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"Disappointed?"

"Flabbergasted."

"For further vital statistics, I'm over twenty-one, unmar-

ried, and I specialize in fluoroscopy and X-ray. By the way, Peter, did you bring a girl?"

"No, I came alone. How about you?"

"I was supposed to have an escort, nice guy, patient of mine. I lent him my car for the day, and he cracked it up on Long Island. Nothing serious, but it left me without a car, and my escort is home nursing a bruised back."

"How'd you come up?"

"Oh, I called Mr. Tamville, told him my sad story, and he arranged to have a couple pick me up and drive me here. Mr. Blattner and Miss Rollins."

"This the first time you met them?"

"That's right. Seem very nice. In fact, I've invited them over to my place for a nightcap, after we break up here, and they've accepted."

"Where's your place, Doctor?"

"441 Park Avenue. I combine my office and my apartment. I do wish you'd join us, Peter."

My luck.

I said, "I don't know. I'd love to, but I'm here somewhere on business. There's a man who wants me to accompany him back to town. In fact, I didn't bring a car up either, since I'm probably going back with him." I took a long look about.

"But I haven't seen him yet."

"Maybe he won't come."

"I hope he doesn't. If he doesn't, I'm accepting your invitation right now. And if he doesn't actually need me to go back to town with him, I'm also accepting the invitation."

Blattner and Jessica joined us and we chatted. Blattner took his mask off, and wiped his face with a handkerchief. He was a handsome lad, all right. I said, "Have you been in to see Mr. Tamville yet?"

"Not yet. I asked one of the knights, and he went in and inquired, and he came back and said that Robby'd call me when he wanted me."

"He hasn't been out here all night."

"And I don't think he's coming out. He's having one of his sulks. He gave strict orders too. I'm informed by one of the knights, that nobody's to go in there unless they're invited."

Jessica said, "That's Mr. Tamville for you."

Blattner took her to dance and I took my devil to the bar. It was crowded there, but a heavy-set joker was jostling me pretty hard, and that crowded it wasn't. I turned to him, a short broad-shouldered guy in the toga of a Roman Senator.

I said, "Give me a little room to breathe, eh, Mac?"

"Maybe I haven't given you room, but I've certainly given you plenty of rope. Where the hell you been all day?"

It was Detective-Lieutenant Louis Parker.

"I said, 'Language, Lieutenant. You're in the presence of the devil.'"

"Oh." He looked at her, looked again. "Sorry, beautiful lady. Could I steal your pirate away for a few minutes?"

"Don't keep him too long."

Parker steered me to a quiet spot. He said, "Where'd you get nine hundred thousand dollars?"

"I stole it."

"I'm not kidding, Pete."

"Neither am I."

"Why'd you bring it to Headquarters?"

"For safe-keeping. Is there a better place?"

"Now, look, Pete—"

"We'll come to that, Louis. Everything in good time. You didn't happen, by chance, to bring that fingerprint report with you?"

"I did. And not by chance. I knew you'd be here. You told me."

"But you didn't tell me you'd be here."

"I didn't know when I talked with you. Tamville talked with the Commissioner, and I'm here to protect that ruby job, or opal job, or whatever the hell it is. Got a detail of six men with me, all dressed in crazy costumes."

"Works all ends, doesn't he? I'm here for the same purpose."

"I figured."

"How's the Hart thing, Louis?"

"Way up in the air. Talked to the wife, talked to John-son, talked to Finch, talked to everybody. It's way up in the air." I kept looking around until he got irritable. "What are you looking for?"

"Another client. Guy supposed to be a clown."

"George Benson?"

"How do you know?"

"I know from Tamville. Benson's the clown, Blattner is the Persian prince, and those two are the only ones that know that that ruby or opal is out of the safe—outside of you and me and Tamville. Now, about that nine hundred thousand dollars."

"Where's my report, Louis?"

He reached in under his toga and brought out a sealed envelope. "Sealed and unlooked at. Just as I promised."

"Thanks, Louis." I folded it and put it in my pocket. Louis nudged me. "Look."

I looked. The Persian prince was being escorted by a knight in armor into Tamville's room. We kept our eyes peeled on that door. I said, "It's time for my clown to show up."

"That's right. Did you take a look upstairs?"

"No. Has he got guests up there too?"

"Some of them are lounging up there."

"Did you see my clown?"

"I wasn't looking for your clown. I was looking just where I'm looking now. At that wood-paneled door."

Patricia Holm came to us and we subsided to small talk, if rather strained small talk. The Persian prince finally came out and got lost in the crowd. Parker remained staring at the door. I took my devil for a dance. I was all set to tell her I'd accepted her invitation for the nightcap at her place, when there he came, down the stairs, in his balloon clown costume. I said, "Sorry," broke up the dance, took her aside, but by then, he'd gone into Tamville's room. I looked for Parker and found Parker looking for me. We chatted and kept our eyes on the door.

And then we both started running—the crowd impeding our way and running too.



"Poor Harvey can't stand criticism."

WINDMILL 8117

Three gunshots had come from Tamville's room.

17

THERE WAS NO ONE in there, except Tamville, quite dead, a bullet through his eye, blood still bubbling from the socket. There was a gun on the floor. And the French doors were wide open.

Parker's cops cleared the crowd away. He sent two of them out to the garden for a look-around, and ordered the other four: "Nobody leaves! Keep them all here, and see to it that nobody slips out." Then he closed the door and we were alone: Parker and I and Tamville.

Parker pinky-lifted the gun and brought it to a desk. He sat down and looked at it. I went to the mantel. I said, "It was here when I saw it last. It's not here now."

"What?" he said.

"That opal deal."

"See if it's in any of his pockets."

I went through him. It wasn't on him. I reported to Parker. Parker said, "Then it won't be in this room, although we'll check it. Take a gander here."

I gandered where he was pointing at the gun. There were fresh scratches on the barrel. "It's crazy," I said.

"You know what those marks are?"

"A silencer. Nothing else."

"That's right."

"That's what I mean by crazy. We heard those shots, didn't we? Everybody did."

The two cops who had made the search of the garden came back through the French doors. They were carrying a clown's costume. "Found this under a bush out there, Chief," one of them said.

"Thanks, Cassidy. Now take this gun and beat it into town. Go real fast. I want a thorough check on it by the time I get there."

"Yes sir, Chief." He took the gun and went.

Parker lifted the phone and called the local police. He explained the situation and they promised him a wagonload of experts on the double. Parker pointed at the clown's costume. "Looks bad for your client, doesn't it?"

"So far it does."

Then cops piled in and police went to work. The entire house was searched with no result. A guest list was secured from one of the servants, and it was checked against the guests. All were present except George Benson. Then each guest had to submit to being frisked before he or she was permitted to leave. Patricia Holm came to me and asked if I was leaving with her. I said I couldn't, but that I'd join her at her apartment a little later. She said fine, that a couple of other people were also coming, that Jessica Rollins was just a little bit drunk, and insisted that the party carry on at Patricia's place. Then she explained it wouldn't be just a couple of other people, it would be three other couples, and Blattner and Jessica, and Patricia and I. "Ten people are enough," Patricia said. "But I'll need help as a host. So please hurry."

I said, "Doesn't anybody care that Tamville's dead?"

"Nobody seems to care. Perhaps none of them were really his friends. For myself, I hardly knew him. Will you hurry, Peter?"

"Be there as soon as I can."

I rode downtown with Parker. He said, "I'm going to check on your George Benson myself. At his place. Where'd you say it was?"

"Thirty-eighth and Madison. I'll show you."

"If he's skipped, he's skipped. If he's there, then he's for me personally. Because then he's going to brazen. Let him brazen with me, personally."

When we got to the edge of town, Parker called Headquarters. He talked to balistics and finally said, "Yeah, bring

it with you. Meet me at Thirty-eighth and Madison." And at 38th and Madison we were met by a young policeman who gave Parker a gun. The cop stayed downstairs and Parker and I went up. We rang Benson's bell, and Benson answered. Benson looked pale and tired.

"Oh," he said, "Mr. Chambers. I was just going to call you. Just going to call Tamville's place."

"Now?" I said.

"I was tied up until now, literally tied up. I was bound and gagged. I was only just now able to finally wiggle loose."

"So that's the way it's going to be," Parker said.

Benson said, "Who is this?"

I said, "Detective-Lieutenant Parker of Homicide."

"And this," Parker said, "is your gun. Serial numbers prove it's your gun. Fingerprints are smudges, but ballistics show this gun killed him, so any way you look at it, Mr. Benson, you're up the creek."

"Killed? Killed who?" He turned to me. "What is he talking about?"

"Robby Tamville was murdered."

"Tamville? Murdered?"

"Look," Parker said. "Open and shut, right off the bat. Do you deny that you killed that guy, and latched on to that opal ring from King Tut. Yes or no?"

"Of course I deny it."

"Figured you would. Figured if you stayed here and brazened, you would. Probably got that ring hidden out pretty good too by now."

Again Benson turned to me. "What in heaven's name is he talking about?"

Parker turned him back. "Look. I'm going to give it to you straight. You were seen coming down the stairs, clown uniform, mask, and all. You were seen going into his room. He showed you the ring, and when you had it in your hand, you shot him. You had to hurry to get out, so when you dropped the gun, there just wasn't time to stop to pick it up. The gun is yours and the bullets from that gun killed him. You ran out those open French doors. You dropped the clown uniform on the grounds, and beat it back to town. You were the only guest missing. Now do you mean to tell me that with all of that staring you in the kisser, you're going to try to brazen. Don't be a dope, pal. Where's the ring?"

"I don't have it."

"Now, look, you—"

I said, "Just a minute, Lieutenant."

"Yeah?"

"What about that silencer thing?"

"That could have happened before. He could have tried it on for size, here at home. He could have thrown it away."

I said, "Mr. Benson."

"Yes, Mr. Chambers."

"You heard the Lieutenant. What he said made a lot of sense, and it's pretty damning evidence. Now, do you have any explanation?"

"Okay," Parker said. "Get it over with. Tell us."

"I can only tell you what happened."

According to Benson, someone rang his doorbell early in the evening. He answered it, opened his door, but there seemed to be no one there. He stuck his head out for a look, and he was struck on the back of the head. That's all he knew. When he regained consciousness, he was bound and gagged. He worked hard at trying to untie himself, and he finally did it, just before we arrived. He had looked about, thinking it had been a robbery. Nothing had been stolen, however, except his clown costume and his gun.

Parker said, "You admit then that this is your gun?"

He looked at it. "Yes. I think it is. And I have a license for it."

Parker sighed. "Mr. Benson, your story has all the elements of a phony story. No jury will buy it against the story we've got. But . . . I'm a fair cop. You were bound and gagged. True?"

"Yes."

"So you say. Okay, show us some proof. Bound? Show

the rope, cord, wire, something. Gagged? Show me tape. Show me something."

"I will be happy to show you, Lieutenant." He went to a couch and brought us two wrinkled ties and two handkerchiefs. "I was tied with these ties. One handkerchief was stuffed in my mouth, the other was bound around my mouth."

"Whose are they?"

"They are my own."

Parker lifted his hands, spoke to me. "What am I going to say, huh? Pure fabrication, that's what I'm going to say. A guy wrinkles a couple of his own ties, chews on a couple of his own handkerchiefs, and expects that to back up a cockeyed alibi story. His own lawyer will laugh at him."

"Look," Benson said. "I've got a bump on my head. Where I was struck."

"Everybody's got bumps on their heads," Mr. Benson. He flicked a glance at me. "Even Hart had a bump on his head, the autopsy showed. You got a bump on your head only the other day." He went to Benson. "Bumps on the head are not alibis, Mr. Benson. People are always bumping their heads. I'm sorry, but I've got to take you downtown."

In the street, Parker suddenly turned to me. He was angry, hot, tired, and overworked. He said, "Where you going to be?"

"Patricia Holm's."

"Where is it?"

"At 441 Park."

"Okay. You better be there. Because when I get finished with this guy, I'm coming up for you. And I'm not kidding, Pete. You think about it. You left a large sum of money down there and yod told Perkowski it had to do with Hart. So, take some time to think, and expect me. And I'm not coming as a friend, Pete. I'm coming official."

"Come any way you like, my pal."

18

I DIDN'T LIKE IT. I didn't like it one little bit. The guy had showed me a check for a quarter of a million, testified. The guy had hired me as a bodyguard and had paid me a fee. Now would a reasonable man planning murder and robbery do that?

He might—for a cover-up. And would he pull it that raw? Seen going in, shooting that can be heard, beating it through the French doors, leaving his costume. That might be, too—if a man had a large ego, and enough confidence in his alibi. But if he was that smart, then he should have been smarter. To me, his weakest point was the strongest in his favor. If he were planning an alibi after as brazen a job as that—then the alibi should have been much better. He certainly could have provided himself with rope, or tape, or wire. Or he could have remained bound, and let us find him that way.

Anyway I looked at it, I didn't like it. I turned off Madison and strolled up Park and suddenly thought about my city. Wonderful, wonderful New York. Where else could a pirate thoughtfully stroll the streets and hardly get a second look from the passersby? But I didn't press my luck. I hailed a cab and settled back.

"To 441 Park," I told him.

"Coming or going?" he asked.

"Pardon?"

"To the masquerade?"

"Oh. Coming and going."

That got me a dirty look through the rear-view. It also got me no more conversation. Nobody more sensitive than the New York cab driver.

We arrived, I paid him, salved his injured feelings with a large tip, went into 441, rang the bell at Dr. Patricia Holm's downstairs apartment, and was immediately part of a small masquerade party that was going on all cylinders. There was

music from the hi-fi, highballs and lowballs all over the place, close dancing, much laughter, sandwiches, peanuts, potato chips, and four lovely women practically naked (who else would dare to wear those costumes except lovely women?) and one miraculous devil, with a shapely shining red body, her face flushed now, her eyes dancing, her thick black hair wild and flying.

Everybody's mask was off and everybody looked happy. Hart was dead, Tamville was dead, Benson was in the can—and everybody looked happy.

Except me. If not for Patricia Holm, I'd have been out of my pirate's costume, and in a saloon, lapping it up and hating the world. Saloon or no saloon, I was in the mood to get loaded. I went to work on the doctor's Scotch and then the doctor took me by the hand and showed me her apartment.

There were eight rooms. The doctor must have been doing well. Five of the eight rooms were the apartment. Big living room where the masqueraders were living it up, dining room, kitchen, two bedrooms. The other three rooms, with a separate entrance, were the office: waiting room, consulting room, and X-ray room. In the X-ray room, the doctor showed me her equipment, the X-rays, the fluoroscope, the stuff. But the doctor had already impressed me with her own equipment. I pulled her close, held her, and kissed her.

Oh, Doctor!

I wanted more but she said, "Please not now, Peter," and we went back to the others. Time telescoped, drinks were downed, inhibitions began to melt, and people began to change partners. All except Blattner and Rollins, and Chambers and Holm. The lights were dim, the music was low, and there was wriggling and giggling from the couches—when the police showed up.

Parker and two uniformed cops.

The cops took up a station at the door, and Parker pointed a finger at me. "You," he said. "I want to talk to you."

I took him into the dining room, sat him down, and told him the whole story about the \$900,000. When I was finished, he said, "Man, you're nuts."

"Maybe."

He laughed, despite himself. "Knocking off a bank vault. That's one for the books."

"Somebody's going to thank me."

"Or put you in jail."

"Look, that was Hart's dough. Certainly that little dame doesn't own nine hundred thousand dollars in cash. So, he pulls it out of his vault, has her take a vault, and holds it there until the action blows over. Wait a minute!"

"What?"

"There's motive, my boy. For Hart's death."

"But he was drowned, pal. Unless the Medical Examiner needs a medical examination himself."

"Wait a minute." I rubbed my hands together. "That little dame wouldn't be smart enough, wouldn't have the know-how. But she's crazy about that guy, that Blattner, and he looks like he knows a thing or two."

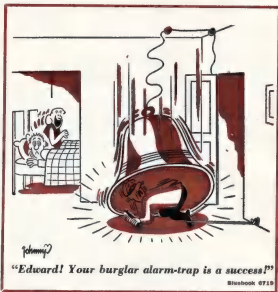
I started searching through my pockets.

"What now?" Parker said.

"That fingerprint report." I found it, still sealed within the envelope. "That was on Blattner. Lemme look."

I broke it out of the envelope and looked. It was a long report. And it showed he was smart enough and he did have the know-how. Parker had done a thorough job for me, as Parker always does. It was a full dossier on Mr. Blattner.

Born in Topeka, ran away from home, joined a circus. Was sword-swallower, glass-chewer, eater of nails, ground-glass, tacks, and foreign substances. Played all the small wheels for 10 years. Broke out of the circus, went into the dope racket, and did his first jail sentence as a narcotics peddler in Illinois. Got out, and moved to the West Coast. Twice arrested for carrying a gun, without conviction; arrested on an attempted murder charge, without conviction; arrested for extortion in Los Angeles, did one year. Then he moved to San Francisco. Opened an office as an investment broker, dabbling in imports and exports, dealt in objects of art, and finally was arrested



as a confidence man in a swindle racket, and sent to the can for two years. There ended the saga of Timothy Blattner which I read aloud to the blinking-eyed Parker.

"Let's have him in here," I said to Parker.

"Pleasure, my boy."

And as Parker went for him, a real idea hit me.

The Persian prince came in swaggering. He had the jacket of the costume off. He had a big chest and large biceps. I like them that way. I said, "Mr. Blattner, I won't waste time. The police are here on a tip. You're accused of the murder of Robby Tamville and the theft of a valuable ring."

Parker looked baffled.

Blattner said, "Who's accusing me?"

"At the moment, Mr. Blattner, I am."

"I'm willing to listen, Mr. Private Detective. Just so's you get it out of your system."

"Very good, Mr. Blattner. We'll start where you and George Benson were competing for the purchase of a ring from Mr. Tamville. Would you like to contest me on that?"

"Not at all, Mr. Private Detective."

I smiled at him, most politely. "I believe that will be our last area of agreement."

"You talk and I'll tell you."

"Good enough, Mr. Blattner. I say that early this evening you went to Benson's place. You rang his bell, ducked against a wall, and when he put his head out for a look, you slugged him."

Parker is always quick on the pick-up, even when he doesn't know where it will lead. "You clipped his clown costume and his gun, and left him there, bound and gagged."

"That he did, Lieutenant. All right. At the party he hid Benson's costume in an upstairs room. When the knight requested the Persian prince to visit with Tamville, he had Benson's gun with him—with a silencer over the barrel. Tamville showed him the ring, he looked at it, then used the gun—one bullet through Tamville's eye. Then he went upstairs, put Benson's clown costume over his own, went back into Tamville's room—supposedly as Benson. He got to the French doors, took the silencer off, fired three shots, and ran. He got rid of the silencer, got rid of the clown costume, doubled back into the house, and in all the excitement, he was one of the guests again—the Persian prince. How'm I doing, Mr. Blattner?"

"You stink."

"For shame, Mr. Blattner. Why, pray?"

"Because if I'd have had that ring on me, they'd have found it. I didn't have it, and I don't have it."

"Oh yes you have, Mr. Blattner."

"Have I? Then prove it, sonny. Talk is easy. Proof, that's another matter. Prove it, demonstrate."

"I'd say first step in the demonstration is . . ." And I clipped him. I clipped him good, hard, sound, and solid. I caught him on the point of the jaw and he went down as if he'd been hit by a falling piano. I put my hands under his arms and dragged him by the heels toward Patricia's office. I called to Parker: "Get the devil. Get her quick. And don't let Miss Rollins leave. Keep your boys on her."

And so, I held him up behind the doctor's fluoroscope, and she started the do-jigger going, and Parker called delightedly: "I see it, clear as day."

"Where?" I grunted.

"I see it through this fluoroscope thing. In his stomach. Clear as day. The ring with the stone in it. Come on out and take a look."

"Who'll hold him up?"

"I will."

We changed places and there it was. "Sure," I said. "Tim Blattner, who can swallow nails, tacks, ground-glass—what a hideaway, Lieutenant. Go frisk a guy, when he's got the loot in his stomach."

Parker put the manacles on him, and Dr. Holm brought him to. "What's it all about?" she whispered to me.

"Tell you later."

Blattner was still groggy but Blattner was smart enough to know when he was licked. He squinted his eyes at me. "You told me the police were here on a tip. Would you tell me who gave them the tip?"

"Guess," I said.

"I'm not going to try."

"A lady," I said. "Does that help?"

"No."

"A lady who did not want to share nine hundred thousand dollars with a guy that was expendable."

He looked like he was going to faint. "But how—how—how do you know—?"

As long as I was lying I made it good. "The cops were curious about why the lady would want to turn the guy in. The tip was given up there, up at Tamville's place. But the cops let you run your string for a while—meantime checking fast on her. They had a court order on that bank vault of hers, anyway—routine on Hart's death. So now they used it in a hurry. And now we understand why she tipped on you. With you in the chair, she figured she'd wind up with the whole pot of gold."

"The louse," he said. "The dirty louse." Then his head came up. "I'm going, but she's going with me. She killed him, you know. You know that?"

"Yeah," I said. "We know that. But she says it was your idea."

"Even if it was—she killed him."

"Would you explain to the Lieutenant how it worked? We have her version, where she kills it all on you. Would you tell the Lieutenant the straight story?"

"Damn right I will. Hart had the Revenue boys after him. He had that nine hundred thousand stashed in cash in his vault. He knew that the Feds would lock up his box. So he took the stuff out. He was crazy about her, trusted her as if

she was his mother. So he had her take a box, and put the stuff in there."

Parker said, "If she had it, why did she have to kill him to take it?"

"She thought the same, but I talked her out of it. If we lammed with it, Hart would get after her. Hart was no dope: Even if he had to give the information to the Federal people, turn himself in, he'd even let it up if she crossed him. No, we could have it, and we could have it clean, if Hart was dead, and with his ticker, it could happen." He cackled suddenly, something like laughter. "She even tried to love him to death, in that king-sized bed he bought her."

"Very funny," I said.

"Then I had an idea, and it was a pip. The guy was always getting these small attacks in the office, and that Doctor Waterman was coming down, and treating him, and telling him to go home, and he wasn't always going home. I told her the next one, right after the next one, we pull it, and it's clean as death from a heart attack."

"Pull what?" Parker said.

"Like this. She goes into his office. He's had one of those attacks. She's alone with him. She clips him over the head with a book or something."

"Explains the burp on his head," I said to Parker.

Blattner was talking and loving it. It's a psychological thing. Once they start singing, they seem to enjoy it—it pours out of them. "Okay. First she clips him. Now he's out. Then she pours some of that club soda from his refrigerator into the ice bucket and she sticks his nose and mouth into it and holds it there. Doesn't have to take long. Then he's dead. She pours that carbonated water down the drain or out the window, and there you have it. She poured it out the window. Then she puts everything back, wipes his face, leaves him there, goes out to do her dictation saying he doesn't want to be disturbed, and there you have it, period. Somebody finds him, and he died of a heart attack."

I smiled at Parker. "Explain your drowning?"

"Explains it perfect."

"And please remember that I'm the guy that yelled for the autopsy."

"Remember it real good, please, when you talk to the D.A. about nine hundred thousand dollars that turned up at Headquarters."

"I'll remember."

"And remember about everything that happened here, when you talk to the D.A. And give the guy a little credit. And by the guy, I mean me."

"I'll remember. And I'll give the guy a lot of credit. And by the guy, I mean you."

"Thanks, Lieutenant."

And so they carted them off, separately, and the doctor's guests left, except me, and I was all even with my conscience, and all of my fees were well-earned, but the best of all that had happened was that I had met the doctor. The pink of dawn was beginning to brighten the sky but I was still there, roaring drunk, drunk as a pirate should be drunk, except that I was no longer a pirate and my doctor was no longer a devil.

"Tell me," she whispered. "Tell me the whole story. You promised. Start at the start and tell me the story."

The pink of dawn was brightening the sky and I hadn't even begun my story.

It must have been a short night.

—BY HENRY KANE

NEXT MONTH: "The Gold-Plated Gunboat"—in which Lt. Caleb Pettengill, USN, fights off the wrath of Washington brass, a scheming woman and a Confederate trap. Plus "Edge of the Knife," a brilliant suspense novel.

The Death of #764

Continued from page 9

those of the pilot's. If we could find the film, the door might tell us plenty."

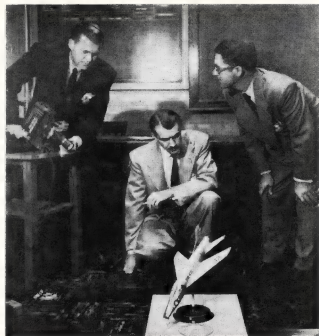
Kemp's appraisal, voiced early in the search, was to be spectacularly vindicated before another two weeks.

Even before the cameras were located, the door posed a sticker. It had been strangely deformed, its forward hinge sheared off while the rear hinge was merely bent. Why? What manner of air turbulences at the moment of breakup had so insidiously wrenched one hinge loose while bending the other?

Scraps of evidence—nothing more. Not even Bob Kemp suspected that those two small hinges would pinpoint the primary cause of 764's breakup.

Equally contradictory was 764's right wing. The way it was analyzed was typical of the treatment given the more than 1,000 bits and scraps which had been the F-100.

Searchers discovered the wing broken over a sandy hummock. Sweating under the hot Mojave sun, their faces windburnt, specialists like George Mellinger, chief of flight test, and H. A. Storms, chief technical engineer, huddled around the shattered wing.



"Far as we were concerned," Storms remembers, "that wing could have been a murder victim. No one touched it. No one disturbed a grain of sand until the photos had taken their pictures, until we'd paced off that fragment's grid coordinates—and had radioed its position to Palmdale, where engineers Murray O'Toole, Ed Cokely and George Lodge were compiling the 'drop-pattern' map."

Preliminaries done, engineers got down to the tedious job of field analysis. Kneeling in the sand, they inspected every rent and tear, every rivet and scar. Little importance was attached to the fact that the wing had broken over the hummock. The break was simply caused by impact with the ground. But closer scrutiny showed that the wing had "failed"—had been torn loose from 764's fuselage—by down-bending. By every accepted rule of aerodynamics, this was impossible. It meant that Welch, in that fatal moment, had nosed 764 over, when in fact, every reliable witness had sworn the Super Sabre was just pulling up—and out—of its dive.

Once the field report was written, the wing was tagged, then gingerly hefted onto a truck, and hurried back to the mother plant. There, other experts subjected every grease smudge and paint streak to X-ray and spectroscopic analysis.

Within a closely guarded, fenced assembly area at North American's Los Angeles plant, design engineer Doug Pinder moved methodically between shoulder-high piles of 764's mangled parts. Now Pinder could point to one heap and tell aerodynamicists: "There's the forward fuselage, every last scrap of it."

No attempt was made to reconstruct 764 from its fragments. There were too many pieces. Besides, the Crash Committee, sure now they faced an aerodynamic phenomenon, doubted reconstruction would prove the cause of breakup. Instead, the puzzle was being tackled piece by piece.

Down the aisles worked a corps of patient men, the engineers, who'd fashioned the fuselage, who'd shaped the tail section, who'd designed cockpit, instrument panel, ejection seat and canopy. To them was entrusted the post-mortem. When, on occasion, they discovered a part missing, field crews were radioed, told to keep looking until the piece was found.

With model plane simulating fatal dive and projector lamp as sun, empennage engineers recreate tail shadows which camera from plane recorded as fluttering crazily.

Tests showed that no major part of the plane had malfunctioned. What, then, caused it to blow to pieces?

Rummaging the scraps, engineers asked themselves, "Why did this edge bend outward while its center remained stable?" "What caused this fracture?" "Why the elongation of this rivet hole?"

Specifically, researchers wanted to know what parts had come off first, how they'd broken away. During disintegration, one part had struck another. But in what order? The job was to analyze every smudge and paint scrape, link them to their chemically identical sources. Slowly, researchers were re-enacting that fatal moment—smudge by smudge, paint smear by paint smear.

Consider for instance the "Case of the Black Streaks," an unexplained series of parallel black marks, discovered on the underside of the right horizontal stabilizer. They hadn't been there prior to take-off. At the instant of breakup, some part, perhaps several, had slammed past the stabilizer, brushed it, left telltale evidence. But what part?

Carefully, the black material was scraped from the stabilizer, sent to the Engineering Research Lab. There, corked in vials and cataloged (along with hundreds of other suspected samples), it was put through spectrographic and X-ray analysis, subjected to sodium fusion tests.

Lab technician Phil Baldwin drew some conclusions: Two different materials composed the black streaks. One contained some chlorine but no sulphur; the other, sulphur but no chlorine. Baldwin handed his data to the aerodynamicists. It was for them to finger the suspect.

Within hours they found the culprit: the armament access door. The door's undersealer matched the non-chlorinated material, both chemically and physically. The second substance was merely diluted neoprene, rain-eroded from the stabilizer's leading edge.

One after another, major components were checked out: canopy jettison system—OK; ejection seat—it'd been working perfectly; hydraulic and electrical systems—OK. Each component was turned over to the engineers who'd designed it, who knew it best. The position of a single lever on the ejection seat, for instance, indicated that the seat had catapulted from the plane. Then, too, the seat's frame was scarcely scratched—proof it had cleared the cockpit. With the same detailed scrutiny and reasoning, engineers dissected every component. And one by one they were checking out: landing gear—it'd been up and locked, OK. Rudder controls? Their actuating lines were unbroken.

Engine? Though badly burnt, 764's powerful turbojet engine had been found intact. Called to the scene were Pratt & Whitney specialists. Their im-

mediate job: to determine if the J-57 engine had caught fire in the air. From the peculiar coloration of the engine's scorched metal they gauged the fire's temperature, concluded the turbojet had burned after hitting the ground. Further—that it had been rotating normally when it hit, a conclusion drawn from the bend of its rotors.

Dismally, Bob Kemp slogged back to the search. It would have been easy to fix the blame—the cause of 764's death—had some major part malfunctioned. So far they'd all tested out.

Now but one hope remained: to find the battery of cameras and oscillographs which had monitored that fatal—and critical—moment.

No. 764 had been rigged with two cameras and two oscillographs. One camera, mounted in the nose, continually filmed a duplicate of the pilot's instruments. In the vertical stabilizer, its lens trained on the left horizontal stabilizer, was a second. Of the two oscillographs, their light beams tracing photosensitized paper, one recorded control forces of stick and rudder pedals; the other, the position of rudder, stabilizers and ailerons during every instant of 764's plunge. Find all four and aerodynamicists could reconstruct that lethal moment—reconstruct it precisely.

Square-faced, hulking George Mellinger, chief of flight test, tensed as the evidence streamed in. Mellinger was 40, a Cal Tech graduate and former captain of Drake's 1935 gridiron squad. Twelve years' supervising flight tests should have insured him to crash probes. But they hadn't. For the tragedy at hand was different. Now, studying preliminary reports, Mellinger's mind was heavy with premonition. For him there was no side-stepping mid-Century fact—the fact that super jets like 764 were capable of flying past the limits of existing data. Past and beyond—yet in Mellinger's dossiers lay few unsolved crashes. For almost every accident of the past there had been a solution—and an aerodynamic correction.

Now from the lab, from power-plant engineers, from structures and aerodynamics came the same disconcerting report: "OK"... "Checks out all right"... "was working perfectly." But one gap remained—the oscillographs and movie film.

"Find them!" Mellinger radioed the searchers. "Spare no effort."

No one remembers who stumbled upon the stabilizer camera. But it was found, its film rushed back to El Segundo and developed. Studying it, engineers noticed that the vertical stabilizer and rudder had cast strong shadows on the left horizontal stabilizer. The shadow, in the film's final frames, fluttered crazily. Here was a perfect record of the tail's behavior during breakup—conclusive and terrifying.



What had happened during disintegration? Into the labs went scraps of the plane's shattered fuselage. To find out what parts struck other parts in what order, technician Nancy Storm (left) made spectrographic analyses of smudges and paint smears. One mystery—the black streaks on the right horizontal stabilizer—was solved by clues uncovered by technician Phil Baldwin (below) of Engineering Research.

A call went out to Los Angeles' Griffith Park Observatory. What was the sun's bearing and azimuth at 11 A.M., Oct. 12th? With a slide projector as the "sun," with a model of the F-100 set in the exact angle of dive, engineers simulated that lethal second.

"Impossible!" was the engineering appraisal. "No jet ever acted like that—never!"

Slowly, hesitantly—and against every known rule—engineers like Gordon Sundlee and Frank Taylor came to realize that at least one super jet had acted like that—No. 764.

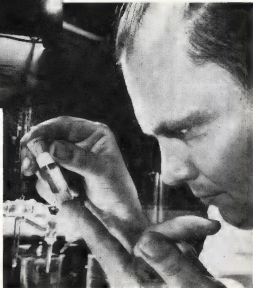
"You begin a crash probe without preconceived theories, with an open mind," says a researcher. "Suddenly, smack!—you face the impossible—or was it?"

It was Frank Petersen's discovery that proved the impossible probable.

A quiet, studious aerodynamicist, Petersen was plodding the desert floor, working an obscure area. Find those oscillographs? Petersen was trying, of course, but chances seemed slim. For wind had ransacked the crash scene, burying the evidence. Suddenly Petersen spotted a pile of junk half buried beneath a giant Joshua tree. He trudged toward it, stooped, brushed aside the sand—and laid bare the shattered film magazine housing G-data and speed graphs.

"The case was smashed," Petersen recalls. "I thought, 'The film's light-struck.' But I wrapped my sweater around that hunk of junk—gets cold out there before sunup—and ran back to the assembly site."

Air-lifted to Los Angeles, the negatives were



rushed to the photo lab. Back came a grim report: Most crucial segments, those monitoring 764's final moments, were badly light-struck.

"Useless" was the lab's first evaluation. Hours later came reappraisal, a cautious "maybe"—"maybe we can develop them."

From a wary "maybe," North American's photo technicians evolved a startling technique for getting something from nothing. They began by developing from the inside, where the film was least fogged, processing a section at a time, each with a different developing solution. They cut the film into a dozen short strips. Working into light-struck negative, they mixed increasingly stronger, more "contrasty" developer, correcting the defect, basing each new formula upon results obtained in the preceding section.

Printing from the sun-struck negative was even trickier. For a week of days and nights—from a

dozen different developing compounds—after consultation with scores of experts—they succeeded in getting legible results.

The results? A filmed record of cockpit instrument readings, right up to, and including, the moment of disaster. It was as if the engineers were flying No. 764, pulling her up and out of her dive. Now they knew 764's lethal speed, the exact altitude of death. Now, too, they had proof conclusive that the engine had been working perfectly, that the Super Sabre was diving true and straight, just as Major Hoagland had said.

But it wasn't instrument readings that startled aerodynamicists. It was the fact that the nose camera and oscillograph had abruptly gone dead, their electric cables—between cockpit and nose—snapped. More puzzling, the film was undamaged except for light, this from ground impaction.

Now the pieces were fitting. Now solution seemed close at hand. For, had the fuselage door come off first—had it slammed into the cockpit—the airstream would likely have shattered the camera's magazine, torn its film.

No, researchers concluded, it must have happened like this: Some titanic force had cleaved the nose ahead of the cockpit. It had broken the electric cables. The force's direction was clearly evidenced by the way the door's front hinge had been wrenched off, the rear one merely bent. The airstream had lifted and peeled back the door. But primarily—and likely seconds before—it had twisted the fuselage up and back, had broken its strengtheners, had snapped the cables.

Had George Welch in that instant—or before—suffered a fractured arm, sending the ship out of control? The verdict: a resounding “no!” Oscillographic charts of stick force clearly showed the pilot had been exerting heavy—and uninterrupted—pressure until the very moment of disaster.

Consider, too, the peculiar down-bend of the wings—proof that 764 had indeed nosed over in a

kind of abortive roll. Even more telling was the oscillograph's abrupt cessation—proof that 764's nose had been suddenly and violently torn away.

Clearly, 764 and its pilot had fallen prey to an aerodynamic phenomenon.

Expectancy hung heavy over the conference table as the evidence was sifted, the oscillographic charts and films studied, as 764 was figuratively rebuilt, part by part.

“You could feel the excitement,” Bob Kemp remembers. “We were on the brink of something big. From the first there'd been the suspicion that here was a tragedy transcending research. Now proof backed up our suspicion.”

As with many aero-probes, solution came quite suddenly. Now the crash committee—old hands like R. F. Pribil, H. A. Storms and Antonio LoPresti—knew exactly how 764 had come apart.

To understand how 764 died, you must imagine its sleek airframe as a penknife—the supersonic airstream as a thundering cascade of water. Honed-point thrust into the furious torrent, the knife—our mythical Super Sabre—slices through. But suppose the blade is suddenly, inadvertently turned sideways, blade flat to the current. The strain's terrific, the impact herculean.

Welch's Super Sabre, pulling out of its dive, had suddenly nosed up. In one terrible instant the plane was crushed, shattered by its own titanic airstream—a wall of air which at supersonic speeds is solid as granite and just as deadly.

No. 764 had fallen prey to an aerodynamic phenomenon: a high, nose-right yaw. After that had come sonic disintegration.

A yaw is a sudden, uncontrolled deflection—subjecting the fuselage (like a penknife thrust broad-bladed into the torrent) to the airstream's furious impact. Yawing had been first in a chain of lightning-fast reactions which had ended in sonic death.

Yawing and rolling are fundamentally unlike. A roll in no way affects a jet's relative position to its airstream. A yaw does—violently. In that instant of yawing, 764's tapered nose and forward fuselage took the full shock of the supersonic blast. It was more than the Super Sabre—more than any jet—could withstand.

That is the “how” of 764's death. The “why” is still stamped “confidential.” But so important was the 350-page crash report that North American made it available to all U. S. planemakers.

The crash committee's summary was a kind of obituary: “The unprecedented high angle of yaw experienced during the test was in excess to the design limits of the airplane, thereby causing disintegration...”

“Our report was a warning,” Bob Kemp admits, “a warning that we are on the brink—perhaps even past—the limits of available data.”

For but one lethal second No. 764 had outflown man's knowledge. And the consequences were fatal.

—BY JAMES JOSEPH

Native Wit...

ON MY first trip to Maine a few months ago I was pleased to find that the speech of the waitress where I stopped for a shore dinner was strictly Down East and uncontaminated by the letter R. She on her side had trouble with my California accent and had to ask me to repeat my order:

“Did you want your lobster plain boiled, ma'am—or did you say b'ailed with an ah?”

—MRS. HENRY COWELL
New York City

What Do You Want?

Continued from page 11

do enough already, paying for that big funeral and all."

Pritchett didn't answer. He just sat there looking at Buckman. Then Buckman's voice rose, desperate: "Damn it, Mister, it was an accident! You know that. You going to blame somebody for an accident? Is that fair? They didn't even hold me for it—no charges—even after the hearing, so how can you . . ."

His voice trailed off. He was looking into Pritchett's eyes again while he was talking, and although Pritchett still wasn't saying anything, it was as though he spoke. Buckman could read what he was thinking behind those eyes. Pritchett was thinking:

Sure, you weren't held and there were no charges, even though all evidence showed you were going at criminal speed, hitting into that curve. You weren't held because you're a rich man's son, a politician's son. Because the law was bought and paid for.

Buckman banged his empty glass on the bar for another drink and wiped his hand over his face, smearing a sheen of sweat. He tried to think of something else to say, some new tack that would break through Pritchett's fearsome silence. He couldn't. All he could think about was Rosemary's father, here, following him everywhere he went since the funeral three days ago. Everydamwhere. And sitting and looking at him, just looking, as though that did him any good.

Buckman had tried everything; nothing worked. When he went home at night to the big house out on Rock Acres Road, Pritchett stayed outside in his car. No matter how early or late Buckman left the house the next day, Pritchett was there waiting for him.

Buckman wanted to call the cops about this and could have, but his father told him: "I'm ashamed of you, boy!" His big laugh boomed deprecatingly. "Lettin' that little ol' no-count bulldoze you. Don't you see he's got some twisted notion in his crazy mind that you done something wrong? What he wants is to get your goat. Let him do it and it'll look like you got a guilty conscience or something. You don't want to do that. Just ignore him and in a little while he'll quit."

But young Buckman couldn't ignore him.

Now, here, in the bar, the terrible silence between the two of them was getting him. He had to say something. He blurted, "You've got to believe me it wasn't my fault, I tell you! You got to quit this. You got to give me a break. Can't you forgive and forget? You think I wrecked the damn car on pur-

pose? Hell, man, I could've been killed myself, couldn't I?"

Pritchett didn't answer. Nothing changed in his face or his eyes. But suddenly Buckman knew for no special reason, he just knew, that old man Pritchett had heard about the cute gimmick Buckman used to make a girl say yes. He'd heard how Buckman would take out a girl and try to make-out right off and if he couldn't, he would take her for a ride. The ride would always do it. He'd get that little foreign convertible up to a hundred, maybe, not slacking down on turns, until the girl finally screamed, yes, yes, she'd do anything.

Buckman always had an idea that maybe the excessive speed helped, too, because they were always something after the ride. He seemed to remember having read somewhere that was true. Anyhow, he never had any trouble with a girl after a ride.

Something went wrong though with Rosemary Pritchett. Maybe it was the way she'd slapped him, the way she'd looked at him . . . And now for the first time, remembering that, Buckman could see how this really was her father, because this was the way she'd looked at him, the way the old man was looking at him now. Anyhow, he'd gone crazy on that ride. He'd asked too much of the little foreign job on that curve. It hadn't made it.

The clump of brush Buckman landed in saved his life. A nest of jagged rocks had taken Rosemary's.

Buckman made himself stop thinking about that. He was beginning to remember how Rosemary's face was in the glare of the headlights, still on, when he crawled over to her.

To make himself stop thinking about that, he said, "So what the hell am I pleading with something like you, for? Me, Charlie Buckman's son, taking all this off some crummy shine-runner from over Straw Hollow! I must be nuts. You can't bulldoze me!"

BUCKMAN then worked himself up into a fine quick temper. He said, "You going to get out of here and leave me alone and stay off my back? Stop haunting me? Right now? Are you?"

There was no answer. The deeply-socketed burning eyes just kept looking back into his, unblinking.

"All right!" Buckman's voice rose. "I've had it. You're going to leave me alone!"

His hand grabbed Pritchett's shirt-front. He whip-slapped him back and forth across the face. "Damn you, what do you want?" he yelled. "What you want from me?"

The bartender came out from behind the bar and put his thick arms around Buckman, dragging him off the stool. He said, "Kid, cut it out! The guy ain't done nothing to you! I knew you had too much!"

As Pritchett dabbed at a trickle of blood from his nose, the bartender told him, "You oughta press charges against this young punk. That's the trouble these punks, they get away with too much and nobody does anything about it."

wordly wise



To Put the Bee On

SETTLERS ALONG the Atlantic Coast of North America were delighted to find wild bees quite plentiful. When a family felt hungry for honey, the father or one of the older boys could almost always find a bee tree without much trouble. Frontiersmen noticed that the tiny insects always worked in groups, and began to call any social gathering that combined work and pleasure a "bee." Ladies had their spinning bees and quilting bees, men their husking bees, and entire communities had spelling bees.

Money was scarce on the frontier, so when churches were organized the congregations were seldom able to give the preacher a cash salary. Instead, they organized "bees" for him. All members of the community, whether they attended church or not, were solicited for gifts of work, clothing, or food commodities. This practice prevailed as late as the early 1800's.

Zealous collectors sponsoring a bee were not slow to put pressure on reluctant contributors. Consequently, any person who made a determined request for a gift was said to *put the bee* on his victim. Later, the term expanded to include persistent demands for loans and personal favors as well as gifts.

—WEBB B. GARRISON

Pritchett shook his head but he was still looking at Buckman, not at the bartender. He hadn't stopped looking at him.

"All right, then," the bartender said. "Outside. Both of you scram." He gave Buckman a shove toward the door.

Buckman looked back once and kept going. Outside, he ran toward his car, some 20 yards away. The car was a duplicate of the one he'd wrecked when Rosemary was in it.

While he ran, Buckman had to fight to keep from looking back to see if Pritchett was following. He told himself he wouldn't look back. He'd get in and drive off and he wouldn't look back at all and this time, by God, he'd keep driving, he'd outrun the old son in his souped-up wreck that he used to run booze from the next county, and he'd get away from him once and for all if he had to drive to hell and back.

He wasn't more than three blocks away and hitting 60, though still in town limits, when he had to glance into the rear-view mirror, from force of habit.

Pritchett in his souped-up '48 Ford was there. He was sticking right with him.

Out on the highway the Ford was still behind Buckman as he ran the foreign convertible up to 95, but that was all he could get out of it. The car was still too new. It wasn't broken in right, yet.

Then Buckman saw the Ford inching up on him until there wasn't but a foot or so between them and Buckman couldn't slow or stop suddenly now if he had to without that damn Ford running right up his back.

In the rear-view mirror and the couple of times he risked glancing wildly back, Buckman saw Pritchett's face over the wheel of the other car. Pritchett's expression hadn't changed. His eyes stayed right on Buckman's.

BUCKMAN tried crazily to signal him to slow down, get back. A DANGEROUS CURVE sign flashed past and Buckman knew that curve. He half turned and shouted something and when he looked around again they were into the curve and he was over onto the other side of the road and another car was coming the other way and was almost on him.

He looked once more into the rear-view mirror and saw now that the Ford had braked and fallen back a hundred feet or more. Wildly, Buckman cut onto his own side and, past all reason now, at the same time tramped hard on the brake. He really knew better; he just wasn't thinking right.

As Buckman hurtled through air he saw his own car rolling slowly beneath him. He glimpsed the rock-strewn embankment below him and the Ford flashing past and Pritchett's face and this time it was different. The eyes were still looking at Buckman but now they were creased narrow in a terrible grin.

And Buckman knew now what it was the old man wanted. It was this. —BY ROBERT TURNER

You Are on a Blacklist

Continued from page 14

store. Maybe none of these things happened, but you just had a neighbor, not even mad at you, just plain nuts. *That would be enough to do it.*

Today there's no way you can find out if your name is on one of those dossiers. The only way you will ever know is if the roof falls on you. Or your son—or your grandson.

All that has to happen is that this crazy neighbor whispers something to the government; it doesn't even have to be true!

So let's say your name is on one of the 18 million dossiers. One day, without asking your permission, your boss says you have to walk to your bench past a certain "classified" assembly line. You're not handling any secret papers, you're just walking somewhere you didn't walk before, but you have to be cleared for security. They give you some papers to fill out. That will do it.

Maybe your boss doesn't have a defense contract; how do you know he won't take one tomorrow? There's no kind of business or profession that doesn't do work for the government defense program.

But it also applies to all draftees. And their relatives! Are you sure you will never have a relative in the armed forces?

Maybe you think you are not likely to have silly charges made against you. But J. Edgar Hoover told publicly about a man who reported his neighbor was a Communist, and when they got around to checking up, it turned out the neighbor was merely ignoring the accuser's "Keep Off the Grass" sign.

The FBI, to my knowledge, conscientiously tries to screen out such mad nonsense, but what the FBI can do is only a drop in the bucket.

So on account of a dossier against you based on a rumor from a crazy neighbor, you're in trouble.

If you fight, it's at your own expense. You are fighting the whole power of the government, in a legal no-man's land, with no rights as a citizen. Any friend who helps you may go into a dossier, too.

If you don't fight, your name goes into the government and private blacklists, which means that you—and your children—may well be deprived not only of jobs, but of chances of education, government pensions and other benefits.

The blacklist will be used against your son when he is drafted. It can get him an "undesirable" discharge, depending on whether or not he can afford to hire a good lawyer and fight it.

This "tainting of the blood"—the extension of guilt to unborn descendants—was a device of the

Middle Ages which was supposedly abolished forever by the U.S. Constitution.

It's hard to believe? Listen to what happened to one draftee: He was handed a statement to sign accepting an "undesirable" discharge. One of the anonymous whispered accusations against him was that "you are reported to have a mother-in-law" who was rumored to have been for a long time "lying low" as a Communist, but was expected to "rise up" later and join in a "peace movement." The lady in question had, indeed, been long underground—in a cemetery—since the accused soldier was 10 years old.

All right, so you'll agree the program may have some tough angles. Just the same, hasn't it uncovered a lot of Communists in dangerous places?

A man who should know is Thomas J. Donegan, chairman of the key Inter-departmental Committee on Internal Security. Donegan has testified to Congress that he has "no knowledge" of any Communist being "flushed out" by the massive program.

Who designed the program? Nobody; it "just grew." In the most desperate international crisis in our entire history, the program was intended, by conscientious men, to protect you and me and our families from being evaporated on H-day. It was supposed to keep at least our most important secrets from Russia. Has it done this? Let's look at the record.

Every American capable of reading a newspaper knows about:

1. Dr. Klaus Fuchs, top-ranking British scientist who worked at Los Alamos and knew most of our secrets, was a Russian spy all along and said he gave everything to Russia.
2. British diplomats Maclean and Burgess, who served on the joint U.S.-Canadian-British atomic committee, and knew everything, smuggled documents daily to Russian embassies to be photostated.
3. The Hiss, Goldberg and Coplon trials, which demonstrated that the Russians had been successful in planting spies in our government.

From these revelations alone, not to mention many others, including fantastic security blunders by the U.S. government itself, we can assume Russia has full details on almost all our important secrets. One big reason is that Americans just don't know how to keep secrets.

Here is a **classical** demonstration of how hard it is for most of us Americans to put our minds seriously to such work: Toward the war's close I was out of uniform and in Washington as a newspaperman again. I thought for awhile everybody was trying to tell me about the super-secret atomic bomb program. I wasn't supposed to know; I didn't try to find out. But a suburban neighbor told me most of the atomic secrets. He was an officer of a large chemical company and attended a convention at

which several men casually told him all about it. I learned about uranium, plutonium, thorium, heavy water, cobalt, atomic fission and hydrogen fusion, and about Oak Ridge, Hanford, Los Alamos, Stagg Field and Manhattan District.

Yet when David E. Lilienthal as head of the TVA asked an official of Manhattan District (the code name for the whole atomic project) why Oak Ridge was using so much TVA power he was told: "We are making two billion dollars worth of rear ends of wooden horses. Don't ask me why."

This had been thought up by a security officer. When it got to then Senator Harry Truman's ear, he tried to subpoena General Leslie Groves, head of Manhattan District, to testify before the Senate War Investigating Committee. Groves ignored the subpoena. Truman went to General Marshall and to Secretary of War Stimson, who separately decided the future President was not a good enough security risk.

Meanwhile, a former newspaper associate of mine asked in the War Department Bureau of Public Relations for a relatively routine file and instead received—and read—General Marshall's copy of a top-secret publication giving all atomic secrets. Just a clerical mistake!

A foreign intelligence officer of my acquaintance told me that news of the atomic test was generally known in his country.

The final detail—that the bomb worked and would be used as soon as possible—was told me in the National Press Club bar by a top U.S. security officer who had been assigned to protect the secret. I hadn't asked about the bomb and did not want to know.

Allen Dulles, head of the Central Intelligence Agency and thus the man who should know, said in a rare public interview that the U.S. is still giving away too many vital secrets to Russia.

Wide-Open Secrets

Among other secrets of the not top-important variety, Uncle Sam himself politely posted in the lobbies of public buildings the locations of permanent Nike and radar installations which protect our cities. The postings were for the purpose of soliciting construction bids.

In October, 1955, the Defense Department released, without any security classification, a 60-page list of all U.S. defense installations everywhere, their precise locations, and distance from principal cities around the world.

At Geneva, Russia kidded the U.S. by putting footnotes on atomic scientific papers attributing information to U.S. publication. Yet "security" has prevented publication of thousands of atomic-inspired medical papers which contain no secrets and would save lives.

I don't know how many security agents we have working on our security program, but relatively few are working on it full time. The FBI has 6,400 agents, but they enforce 120 ordinary laws, have

Native Wit...

MY WIFE AND I were invited to dinner at the home of our former pastor. Among the guests present were several church dignitaries and their wives who conducted themselves in a pious manner. During the meal, the conversation began to lag and my wife, trying to make conversation, asked our host how he liked the new church he was pastoring.

"Just fine," he answered. "And how do you like your new pastor?"

"Oh, he's fine," my wife replied, "but he doesn't hold me the way you do."

—W. E. BLEVINS
Kirkwood, Mo.

scores of other duties and if there are the equivalent of 2,000 first-rate agents working exclusively on this program, I would be surprised. Now, how long does it take for a "full field investigation," complete enough to determine once for all whether a given man is a security risk or not, and also to protect the man's own rights. My estimate is one week—40 hours.

Now, the FBI simply assembles material, leaving the evaluation up to others.

But say we take the best 2,000 agents the FBI has and put them to work exclusively in checking the 18 million existing security dossiers—to see if they're accurate. It takes on the average, one agent, per case, per week. Allow a two-week vacation, that's 50 cases per year per agent, or 100,000 per year for 2,000 agents.

So how long before they catch up on 18 million dossiers? One hundred and eighty years.

But lacking this sort of FBI check, does the government in any given case really know what it is doing?

How about Wolf Ladejinsky? Relatively insensitive Department of Agriculture said he was a menace; relatively sensitive U.S. State Department said he was safe. Caught out with the headlines showing, the government apologized. The conservative N. Y. Times said in an editorial: "A general reform of the entire security program is still essential."

Or take the case of a man who writes instruction manuals for the U.S. Navy, Joseph Gaberman. They tried to get him to resign his Navy reserve commission because he was a security risk. He fought, and won hands down. Then, on the identical record ("guilt by relationship") the Navy absent-mindedly fired him as a civilian employee.

There were the cases of the U.S. Maritime Academy and Coast Guard Academy cadets who were denied commissions because of "guilt by relationship."

Their cases were in the papers, so the government apologized and gave them the commissions.

In order to protect our families in an atomic bombing, Civil Defense Administrator Val Peterson, a trusted friend of President Eisenhower needed full information on the radioactive fall-out resulting from a bomb explosion. But Atomic Energy Commission security officers didn't think Peterson and his staff were safe enough to have the information.

Finally, our botched-up security program is not getting for our government the full cooperation of all the scientists it needs if we are to keep ahead of Russia in the race of weapons development. Scientists need to think; to think their best they need the stimulation of other first-class minds. General Leslie Groves gave me a prime example of this one day.

Security controls, he said, had definitely slowed down the perfection of the atomic bomb. The scientists were continually telling him that because they were separated, at Chicago University, Los Alamos, and other places, they were not getting the free exchange of information and the vigorous informed criticism which they needed. At the time there was not a single scientist who felt confident the bomb would work; their research had come to a standstill. In desperation, Gen. Groves brought them together in one place, talked to them like "a Dutch Uncle," telling them they'd stay together until they solved the problem.

The scientists reached a very high state of enthusiasm just by being able to discuss their problem informally. In the crowded room, two men were conversing when Enrico Fermi, who was talking to another near them, whirled around, snapped his fingers, and said: "That's it!"

"What?" said the astonished conversationalists, who had been talking about something else entirely.

And from Fermi's excited recapitulation, it turned out that by misunderstanding a conversation he had half overheard, he had, in effect, invented the atomic bomb.

Congress Is Aroused

Fortunately there's some hope that the worse abuses of the security program may someday be corrected, for Congress has become aroused and is taking several long looks at the mess.

U.S. Senator Hubert H. Humphrey (D., Minn.) conducted an investigation for nearly a year and persuaded Congress to pass a resolution creating a Bi-Partisan Commission to investigate the whole problem and report back to Congress on precisely how the program should be corrected to "protect the national security and preserve basic American rights." Several other groups, both governmental and private, are also studying the problem.

Well, by now you've got the picture of what hit Joe Barnow. Let's go back and see how he's doing. A year has passed. Nothing has happened.

Joe's lawyer prods Joe's Congressman again. This time the Congressman gets a letter from the

general in charge of Special Weapons Projects. He says they've been looking everywhere for Joe but can't find him. Will the Congressman please help? They want Joe to fill in an application for security clearance.

Say, this sounds pretty good, doesn't it? Looks like the Air Force has investigated, found they made a mistake, and now they're going to make everything all right.

Action for Joe

So Joe writes the general and suggests he just send a letter to Joe's same old address, where he has been all the time. More time passes. Then Joe gets the application for clearance, fills it out, mails it right back.

Now Joe gets action, all right. Practically by return mail, 14 months after he was fired for being disloyal—or something—Joe gets a form letter from "Western Industrial Security Board." The form letter says Joe's clearance has been denied, but he can appeal it.

Impossible! Didn't the Air Force just ask him to apply for clearance? What happened? Could it be the Air Force just got him to apply for clearance so they could legalize his firing—of 14 months ago?

There is a note attached to the form letter. Now there is finally a name to the formless charge. The total accusation against Joe Barnow was that he was living with his wife who was "stated to be engaged in the activities of an organization which is Communist."

This time it was his wife's turn to go to pieces and Joe's turn to tell her she'd have to fight. But how could she fight? There was no charge against her. She wasn't asking for clearance.

They got another lawyer. The record doesn't show what happened to the first one. He wrote the Board and asked for more details. They came through with eight more words: "The organization referred to is the Communist Party."

And that was the most they ever got out of the government. No names, dates, places, anything.

There was only one flaw in the government's case against Joe Barnow. He pleaded guilty to living with his wife, all right—only she had never been a Communist.

Mrs. Barnow, near hysteria, stayed up all night with a sister, trying to recall what on earth she might have done in the years before their marriage to bring this ruin upon Joe's head. The sister kept prodding and at last Mrs. Barnow remembered an episode.

Years before marriage she had gone to Los Angeles, dined in a restaurant frequented by newspaper folk with a woman editor she knew. During dinner they were approached by a personable young man who asked a contribution for some cause. In the end Mrs. Barnow, who had had several drinks, gave him a check for six dollars. Now she could not remember the name of the man or of the cause. She had burned all her old papers when she married Joe.

She felt sure that her banker, an old family friend, would have stopped payment if the check had had the word "Communist" on it. Could this have been what ruined Joe?

Next day FBI agents interviewed her. The only cogent point they questioned her on was why her name was on a Spanish Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee letterhead. She had no idea. Nobody had ever asked her permission. She had never given anybody permission. The only time she'd ever heard the committee mentioned was once when she attended a lecture given by Count Sforza.

Count Sforza was an Italian diplomat sponsored during the war by the U.S. State Department as possible leader of an anti-Mussolini group.

As a good citizen should, Mrs. Barnow volunteered information to the FBI about the six-dollar check.

Then, after 15 months of fooling around, the government wanted to give Joe only 10 days to get his defense ready. He had no power to subpoena witnesses or make anybody testify for him. But Joe's lawyer managed to get him more time.

Still, how do you go about proving that you and your wife have never been Communists? What would you do? Think it over. You might as well; you may have to.

One friend told them he would not sign an affidavit they needed. He was afraid the government would find a way to cancel his pension.

Five other friends managed not to send in their affidavits until too late. But there were enough—covering 31 years of respectable living.

A Hearing at Last

And so, 20 months after Uncle Sam got Joe fired for disloyalty—or something—he got around to letting Joe have a hearing. Mind you, all this time Joe hadn't been able to get a steady job.

The hearing only took a couple of hours. They considered the affidavits. All in order. The chairman said to Joe: "The only charge against you is living with your wife."

Joe pleaded guilty and as a voluntary witness, under oath, subjected himself to questioning. He got all "A"s and didn't lose his temper when the government lawyer asked: "Did your wife ever try to get a look at the blueprints?"

Joe just answered: "No."

Then they were through with Joe and satisfied. Mrs. Barnow insisted on testifying under oath. She swore she had never belonged to anything that was even a pale pink. Also that she thought any American who was a Communist in 1954 was a traitor to his country.

The government lawyer asked her if it wasn't a fact that when she got rid of those other old papers she had burned her card as a regular member of the Communist Party. She said, no.

That was all there was to it. They cleared Joe then and there, and undoubtedly would have cleared

Mrs. Barnow if there had been anything she could have been cleared for.

It would be nice to write a happy ending. Unhappily, another worker had been entrenched in Joe's job for nearly two years, so Joe couldn't get it back. The record does not show that he was reimbursed for lost earnings. He could not be repaid for any part of the cost of his defense. Of course, the government didn't apologize for its slap-happy boner—there was no publicity about the case. The government only apologizes for security blunders when it is caught out in the headlines.

Joe's name is one I made up, but the case is real, summarized from Case History No. 119, in "Case Histories in Personnel Security" by Adam Yarmolinsky, a Washington lawyer who became interested after defending some of the accused.

Blood-Curdling Cases

Another study, by Rowland Watts, is concerned with the case histories of draftees who have been asked to accept "undesirable discharges," often as the result of rumors about them from unnamed persons, or because of something some relative is said to have done. (And for every case history cited by these two reports, Congressmen can show you 10 others, from protesting letters which have been coming in by the thousands.)

The draftee cases, reported by Watts, are in some respects more blood-curdling even than Yarmolinsky's.

There's no question that the armed services have a real problem. Treason on H-day could lose us the war. The armed services have a right to reject *before* induction any suspect on good grounds, provided they don't ruin his life. After induction, the soldier has a right to be judged on his performance as a soldier, not on his civilian politics, nor on acts of his relatives or associates.

Is it Constitutional for the armed services to pass judgment on men's civilian politics?

From the Watts case histories, this is patently what the armed services are doing, for some cases are based on actions done in childhood, even in infancy, or on things the man did after return to civilian status—but before he received his final discharge.

While an accused soldier can be assigned inferior counsel if he asks for it, such counsel works under obvious handicaps. The accused draftee is wiser to pay for his own civilian lawyer, judging from the record. But he can't get back the fees or other defense expenses, even if he is found innocent.

Oh, excuse me. There is no way he can be found innocent. The best he can hope for is that a hearing board will decide he should be "returned to former status." That doesn't protect him against a higher board's secretly overruling the lower board—without giving the draftee or his lawyer a hearing. He can never be sure the government won't finally present him with a parchment document suitable for framing,

which says in huge letters, readable across the room, under the beautiful seal of the U.S.:

UNDESIRABLE DISCHARGE

from the ARMED FORCES of the
UNITED STATES of AMERICA

A man who receives such a discharge automatically is barred from most jobs, from all veterans' benefits including educational grants, and from many other areas of higher education, where security is today required because of government defense work in laboratories.

It stays in government files as a silent accusation against his children.

The star-chamber atmosphere has an even graver undertone. One draftee said that military investigators asked him if he had not known when he went to a certain university that there were many Jews enrolled there, and sharply questioned him on why he had joined the National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People.

The father of one young draftee is a distinguished Roman Catholic layman who has been an active defender of civil liberties. The son was discharged from the Reserve because he had expressed doubt that it was morally right to bomb civilian centers. When the lad was thereafter drafted, he declined to sign

the so-called loyalty certificate DD98, on the ground that it violated his Constitutional rights, since its language made it appear that his loyalty as a Catholic to the Pope put him under the domination of "a foreign power."

On the basis of his father's activities, and his own two expressions of doubt, a letter of allegations against him was filed, which neither he nor his attorney father were permitted to see. They asked for and received a hearing at which the draftee was accused of being "an idealist who believes in speaking out for what he thought was right." He was also accused of reading the *Reporter Magazine*, which, the charge said, was on a prescribed list. The magazine is not.

Eight-Year-Old Subversive

Without advance notice, he was told he was being rushed out of the Army with an "undesirable" discharge. His father got a Federal Court restraining order. The Army issued the discharge after knowledge of the order, in a great hurry.

The reason the charges are known is that the indignant Federal judge declassified them on the spot when a security officer told him he couldn't read them. The case was in the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals at the time of writing.

A charge against one draftee was that he had joined a subversive organization before the age of nine; against another that in high school he wrote an essay critical of the capitalist system.

The most remarkable charge of all was the following, against a draftee: "You have a father who is reported to have said that if Communism offered anything good he would accept it."

Other charges accused the draftees of being rumored to have been related to parents, grandparents, brothers, sisters, step-mothers, and in-laws who were reported to have done undesirable things, or thought undesirable thoughts, or joined undesirable organizations, or, in some cases, even rumored to have been Communists.

One soldier had this charge to defend himself from: "You possess a personality trait (passive dependency reaction, chronic, severe)."

The security program also extends to maritime workers employed on ships, who now must have clearance cards issued by the U.S. Coast Guard. When these papers are withdrawn or "screened," the individual has the right of appeal.

A maritime butcher cited by Yarmolinsky was a very religious Greek Catholic choir singer, who swore the only organization he had ever joined beside his union was the Catholic Sokol. His good references included priests. He had three brothers, one a policeman, and two others who had been "screened" from maritime work (denied clearance), but who apparently had just gotten other jobs and hadn't fought for clearance.

The accusations against the butcher were (a) that he had relatives who had been "screened," and



also (b) that he was "sympathetically associated with Communism in some way." Apparently nobody in the government, including the members of the Board, knew what way.

The butcher testified that he was never associated with any kind of activity other than church or union, that he had no reason to believe his brothers ever had been. The Board gave him some of the most splendid double talk on record, and finally one member pleaded with him to convict himself by thinking up something against his brothers, as follows:

"Just a little more thinking along this line to see just what, and where the source of contamination lies; because it doesn't seem reasonable that all members of the family would have been screened, unless there would have been some basis for it."

This appears to be the first time that the common doctrine accepted by security officers—that a man is guilty until proved innocent—has been accepted by an appeals board.

Since I have criticized the security program so vehemently, it is only fair that I make my own suggestions for reform:

1. Immediate Reforms

Pass a law giving attorneys and witnesses for accused persons daily expenses, to apply in those cases where the government was mistaken. Also give the accused the right to go before any Federal judge or Commissioner and obtain subpoenas for witnesses—including accusers and security officers—and for all pertinent records. This alone could eliminate 90 percent of present abuses.

Give the accused man at least the legal rights a murderer would have. This includes the right to face and question his accuser; the right to cross-examine witnesses against him; the right to a public hearing; the right to a judgment by a jury of his peers; the right to be charged only in the proper form, with specific violations of law; the right to be protected against cruel and unusual punishment.

If he is in uniform, there should be no violation of his right to be tried by military court only for specified military offenses under military law, with all his rights thereunder protected. Are not high Army officers criminally liable for the execution of the program which has violated these rights?

Do away completely with the "undesirable" discharge, except for serious military *misbehavior* deemed not correctable. Put an immediate stop to charging a draftee on the basis of civilian actions or relationships.

Let's take a realistic attitude towards police problems, which is what security problems come down to (as distinguished from intelligence problems). Police in the U.S., as everywhere else, depend to a major degree upon unverified anonymous information to begin investigations. But

before they can use this information against a suspect, it must be converted to real evidence that will stand up in court. Let security agencies file the rumors, but make it a crime for a security officer ever to use them against a suspect in a form that will not stand up solidly in an open court.

Stop the double talk. Attorney General Brownell attempts to find a precedent for the use of anonymous information when he cites its use in parole activities. But he knows that in parole activities such information can only help the convicted man by moderating his sentence. It has no relation to the government's damning a man and his descendants on whispers. When spokesmen say a government employee has no right to his job, they dodge the fact that he does have a right not to be converted, along with his descendants, into second-class citizens.

End at once the nonsensical pretense that we can protect either the national security or individual rights by maintaining 18 million individual security dossiers.

2. Long-Range Reforms

Intelligent supervision of the whole security program is needed. This can never be done in public; to protect the nation's security and individual rights, we need a body of men, appointed for life, of the caliber of Supreme Court justices, who can see all secrets and know all personalities in all government intelligence and security activities. They should have the right to question the President, report directly to Congress, and ask the U.S. Supreme Court direct for remedial action.

Intelligent regulation is needed. This can be done publicly. If the recently established Bipartisan Commission works, it should be made permanent. This body could receive any non-classified information from all security agencies and after public hearings, recommend changes by law or by executive order. It would specifically try to correct abuses promptly.

Intelligent administrative direction is vital. Both our intelligence and security operations are a hopeless hodge-podge at the present time. At least a dozen agencies are working zealously in some duplicating fields—and there is no way for the citizen to know whether they are protecting the nation and the nation's citizens efficiently. We should have the best man we have as administrative boss, with full rights; this can be done without injuring *esprit de corps* of component agencies which could remain under present departments.

And such a man should be able to select, train and control an organization of superior investigators, much as J. Edgar Hoover has done over the past 30 years with the FBI.

—BY HENRY PAYNTER

The Regulator

Continued from page 17

gun. His lips were wet and red behind black stubble. "You're Walt James," he said. "I know you. You know me?"

Walter kept his body still. "Everybody hereabouts knows you. You're Johnny Owens." He nodded at the rider in the Confederate cap. "He's your brother Virgil. The others I don't know, but I guess the law wants them too."

They laughed. The Mexican spat out a mouthful of husks at Walter's feet.

"That's right," said Johnny Owens. He jerked his left thumb at the Mexican. "This here's Cholla." He ignored the breed. "You think maybe you're the law?"

Virgil Owens heeled his horse to the left, shifting in the saddle so that his gun-hand was free. In the sudden silence Walter could hear the quickened breathing of his son.

"No," he said soberly. "No, I ain't the law."

"No, you ain't. You sure ain't!" said Virgil, and he pointed at the apron that was still tied about Walter's waist. He looked at the Mexican. "Old!" he said. "Ole la señora!"

The Mexican kissed his finger-tips and his body shook with laughter.

Walter looked down at his son. Below the straw-yellow hair a dark flush colored the boy's neck.

"You got a gun?" said Johnny Owens.

"There's an old Henry inside."

"Go get it, Virgil." The thin man slid from the saddle and walked into the house. Walter wondered if he would look in Mary's settle where there was a shell-belt and a Navy Colt. But Virgil came out with the rifle only, and Johnny Owens casually smashed it on the chopping-block.

"Who else you got here, James?"

"There's no one else. Just me and my boy," Walter James said. "He's only twelve." And he wondered why he thought this appeal would mean anything.

Owens looked at Billy. "Where's your maw?"

"She's dead," said Walter James quickly, and was surprised to find that it was still not easy to say after all this time. "She died last fall. There's just me and the boy."

Virgil Owens leaned his back against the hitching-rail and said lazily, "Heard you was in the war, James."

"Seventh Michigan," said Walter quietly.

"Georgia Volunteers," said Virgil, as if exchanging pleasantries, and then, "Beats me how the Yankees won with yellowbellies like you."

They looked at Walter curiously, waiting to see the effect of this taunt. Walter felt the twist of his

son's body beneath his hand, and knew, without looking, that the boy's face was turned up to him in anguished appeal.

Virgil laughed, and the Mexican spat out the last of the husks.

"We got no call to stay," said Johnny Owens. "You know?"

"I heard the Regulators were looking for you," admitted Walter.

Johnny Owens grinned. "They're looking," he said. "I'm trading your horse for mine. That's a fair trade?"

"If you say so," said Walter.

Owens went on grinning. "You're an accommodating man, James. We're much obliged to you." And then the grin left his face. "See what food they got, Virgil."

The thin man went back into the house. When he came out he was carrying a bag of flour, some bacon, and a sack of coffee. He was eating some of the beans that had been in the skilly. He was also carrying the Navy Colt, and Walter felt the rush of anger in him at the thought of Virgil Owens' hands pawing among Mary's things.

Virgil said, "Lookut what the Yankee forgot, Johnny. That's downright forgetful, Johnny. Ain't it, Johnny?"

Johnny Owens looked at the gun, stepped forward, measured the blow and hit Walter James across the face with the back of his hand.

As Walter went back with the shock of the blow his hand released his son's shoulder. Billy squealed with anger and flung himself at Johnny Owens, his yellow head down to butt, his arms flailing. Virgil caught him by the neckband and pulled him off his feet.

"Spunky kid," said Virgil, loose-lipped in his insane laugh. "Sure he's yours, James?" He threw Billy back to Walter.

THE 'breed came up with the sorrel, and Johnny Owens swung himself on to it. For a moment he stared down at Walter, his hand resting on his gun, and the others looked at him as if they knew what was going to happen, because it had happened before. The Mexican was grinning. Then Johnny Owens shrugged, kicked his heels into the sorrel, and the four drifters rode down the draw to the southwest.

Walter watched them until the dust leveled into thin strata and then disappeared altogether. He wiped the salt blood from his lips. "Go get some kindling, Son," he said.

The boy went away, his head down and his feet dragging. He stopped at the corner of the barn and stood there, and Walter waited for him to turn, willing him to turn and look back, but Billy went on. Walter went back into the house and sat in the rocker with his hands between his knees. Mary's clothes had been dragged from the settle and spilled on the floor. The anger in Walter's throat was despairing and useless. He went down on his knees and gathered the

clothes gently, the cotton prints and the gingham, returning them to the settle, putting away with each a recollected memory of the woman who had once worn them. She would have found some way of explaining to the boy why his father had acted the way he did before the Owens. If there could be an explanation, that is, that Walter was sure was the right and true one.

He went over to the basin and threw cold water on his face, washing the blood from his mouth. Feeling came back into his lips, and with it the pain. He looked at his reflection in the splinter of mirror-glass by the towel, young-old and thin, gray in the long black hair at the temples. For a moment in his mind the reflection was replaced by the picture of a younger face, one that had stared back at him often enough ten years before, self-assured and challenging beneath a Union-blue kepi. It occurred to him that this was the face that Billy had seen whenever he looked at his father, until this morning.

And he knew that there was no explanation that would restore that picture.

He went down to the barn. Billy was sitting there, staring out across the plain, and his face was dirty where he had rubbed at the tears, but he was not crying now. Even more than usual the color of his hair reminded Walter of Mary.

"Billy? Billy, you all right, Boy?"

When the boy did not answer Walter put out a hand and touched his shoulder, but Billy flinched away from it.

"All right," said Walter James. "It's all right, Billy. You just sit there." And he went back to the house.

THE SUN was well past noon when the Regulators rode up. There were 15 or 20 of them, mostly neighbors, and Walter found it strange to see some of them wearing guns. Old Man Prescott was leading them, sitting upright, with his long legs straight and thrust forward, and his gray hair coming out in spikes from beneath his dirty hat. He looked down from the saddle at Walter James and bit his yellow mustache. "Get a horse and gun, Walt. We're going after the Owens boys."

"I guess you are," said Walter. "They stopped by here six or seven hours back. Took my sorrel and left a spent horse. It ought to be shot. I'd be obliged for the loan of a gun, Mr. Prescott."

"They stopped by here," said one of the riders, "and you're still living?"

"We're both still living. Me and my boy. I'd like that gun before you leave, Mr. Prescott."

Old Man Prescott wiped the back of his hand across his mustache, bringing the movement up sharply at the end. "Then you coming along?" he said.

"No," said Walter. "There's just me and the boy. I'm not leaving him."

One of the Regulators laughed. "What happened to your face, Walt? Somebody hit you?"

Old Man Prescott turned his body in the saddle with unexpected sharpness. He snapped across at the rider, "Shut your mouth until you got something worth saying!" Then he looked back at Walter.

He said softly, "You signed the articles, Walt."

"That was before Mary died. The boy's only got me now."

Nobody spoke. The horses moved uneasily, stirred up the dust and sneezed in it.

"It won't look good, Walt," said Old Man Prescott at last.

WALTER said nothing, and the old man leaned down and his saddle-leather creaked. "Give me your hand, Boy." He pulled Billy up before him, and the boy straddled the horse, his hands gripping the horn and his eyes looking away from his father. His face was red beneath the pale hair.

"Put the boy down, Mr. Prescott."

"You know why we formed the Regulators, Walt." Old Man Prescott was speaking gently, as if it meant a lot to him to be understood. "On account of men like the Owens, and no law being around to handle them."

"I know that."

"You signed the articles, Walt. If you won't leave the boy we'll take him along. You got another horse?"

"I got a pony out on graze. They didn't see it."

"You get it. We'll wait." The old man looked at Walter and there was no anger, no condemnation in his face or voice, just patient confidence.

For a moment Walter held that gaze, and then he turned and went into the house. When he came out he was wearing his old Army blouse, faded, except on the sleeves where the chevrons had been. He saw Billy stare at it, open his mouth, and then turn his head away. Old Man Prescott gave Walter a gun and he went down and shot the drifter's horse. When he came back, riding a little paint cow-pony, the gun was stuck into his belt. He pulled up beside Old Man Prescott.

He said, "It ain't right to take the boy, Mr. Prescott."

"There's no choice."

Walter stood in his stirrups, his body inclined forward over the pony's neck. Then he settled in the saddle, and his voice was cold. "Anything happens to the boy, Mr. Prescott, I'll hold you for it."

"Ain't nothing going to happen to him," said Old Man Prescott. "Let's ride."

But Walter held Prescott's bridle. He spoke to the boy. "Billy," he said, "you want to ride with me?"

The boy stared away down the draw with his mouth puckered.

"Let's ride," said Old Man Prescott again, and he turned his horse to the southwest, with the others curving after him.

They rode until dusk, walking their horses for 10 minutes every hour. The Cherokee tracker, Joe Loup, rode with Old Man Prescott, bending from

the saddle, dismounting now and then to touch the trail with his finger. He grinned all the time. The trail was leading to the border, and the going was slow.

Once Old Man Prescott looked back where Walter James rode at the tail, his feet below the belly of his pony, his back straight like a cavalryman. Old Man Prescott pulled out and waited until Walter came up. He said, "You want to ride with your Paw now, Billy?"

"No," said the boy.

Old Man Prescott said nothing, but he looked across at Walter, chewed on the edge of his mustache, and then heeled his horse forward again.

They camped that night in an arroyo 30 miles from the border. It was a dry camp because Joe Loup said the drifters were not more than two hours ahead. Old Man Prescott grunted and said, "We'll catch up tomorrow." Joe Loup went out later, on foot, and he came back after three hours, grinning more than usual. He said the drifters were camped six or seven miles on, but they had not unsaddled. Some of the Regulators wanted to ride on then, but Old Man Prescott looked at them with contempt. "And lose them as soon as they hear us? 'Sides, ain't no sense in risking the boy." His chuckle was sardonic. "Wouldn't care to be around in the dark myself when some of you get to shooting."

The men stirred resentfully. One said, "Why'd you bring the boy, Mr. Prescott? We could've done without him and his paw."

"Walter James signed the articles," said Old Man Prescott.

The boy lay that night with his head and shoulders on the old man's saddle. When he was asleep Walter came up and placed a blanket on him, and hunkered there beside him, watching the still face in the moonlight. He sat there for an hour until at last he

went over to where Old Man Prescott was sitting with his back against the crumbling bank of the arroyo, sucking on a cold pipe. They were silent for a while, looking up at the stars. At last Walter said, "What I said about holding you for it if the boy was hurt, Mr. Prescott—I'd be obliged if you forgot that."

Old Man Prescott took out the pipe and pushed it inside his shirt. He said nothing.

"What're you thinking of this, Mr. Prescott?"

"I'm thinking of them Owens boys," said the old man. "A sod-buster below the rim crossed them a couple of days ago when they rode in on him, just like they rode in on you. He tried to take a gun to them. They shot up his family before they finally killed him."

Walter breathed in deeply. "I had that in mind."

"I figured you did," said Old Man Prescott.

"You think it was that and nothing else?"

The old man moved a little in the moonlight. "My boy was with you in the war . . ." Then he stopped. He went on slowly, "Maybe you was scared a bit too. You did nothing nobody else wouldn't do."

"How about the sod-buster?"

"He's dead," said the old man with sudden hatred. "And his boy too. Boy of Billy's age."

"You think," said Walter, trying to believe it himself, "Billy will see it that way? Some day?"

"Some day," said the old man. "You want he should ride with you in the morning?"

Walter stood up. "I guess he'll ride where he chooses. I'm grateful to you, Mr. Prescott."

"Good-night," said the old man.

THE trail was broken by the river the next morning and Old Man Prescott split the Regulators into four parties to ride the banks. He took the south bank with Joe Loup and Walter and two of the others, and rode up it to the west. Four miles on Joe Loup trotted into mid-stream and found some horse-droppings and came back with his brown head nodding. Another mile and they found the hoof-marks in the mud where the drifters had come out on the south bank. Old Man Prescott called the other party over and they all rode at a trot to the southwest.

They were bunched up now, standing slightly in the stirrups, their faces set. Walter rode a half-length behind Old Man Prescott, watching the bobbing banner of Billy's fair hair. The heat was thick and it pricked the riders beneath their shirts. Old Man Prescott had tied his bandana about Billy's nose and throat, holding the boy's body to his.

The trail led south to the mouth of a canyon, rising up then to the rocky shale where it was lost. The riders came suddenly on the bodies lying there and the leading horses shied and whinnied. One of the Regulators went back over his saddle into the dust.

Old Man Prescott looked up at the wheeling buzzards and then down at the bodies. The bodies of two men and two horses. Walter could hardly recognize what was left of his sorrel.

Native Wit...

I WAS THE OPERATOR of a hydro-electric generating plant in the High Sierras of California. One day three schoolmarms stopped and asked to be shown through the plant. I showed them around and explained that there were five generating plants on Bishop creek; that starting at the upper plant the water was run through the water-wheel attached to the generators, thus creating electricity; that each plant in turn used the same water for generating the electricity.

Then one of the ladies asked: "Well what do they do with the water after they take all the electricity out of it?"

—RAY CARTER
Ketchum, Idaho

The Mexican and the half-breed had been shot in the back and had bled to death. The blood was black in the dust.

Old Man Prescott put his hand over Billy's eyes. "Joe Loup!" he shouted.

The Cherokee grinned pleasantly. He pointed up the canyon and shook his head.

The old man looked appreciatively at the canyon walls, the angry rocks, and the yellow candlesticks of the cholla. He almost smiled. "Box canyon," he said. "Man should know the country he runs through."

THEN he chewed his thumb, looking at the bodies of the Mexican and the 'breed, working out the story aloud. Johnny and Virgil had been riding the dead horses, he said, and broken their legs most likely. So Johnny and Virgil had shot the Mexican and the 'breed and taken their horses. He went over the story again and again, and looked at the others for contradiction. Nobody said anything, and Joe Loup nodded his head.

"We got 'em," said Old Man Prescott soberly.

They rode on until the canyon turned and then the old man lifted Billy to the ground. "Stay there, Boy," he said, "You stay there, mind."

Walter James looked at his son, the smallness of him there beside the old man's great horse. His face white, and his eyes looking up at Old Man Prescott, looking at nobody but Old Man Prescott who shifted round in his saddle to call, "You want to stay with the boy, Walt?" Walter shook his head.

"Joe Loup!" shouted the old man.

"Sure, Mr. Prescott, I stay."

Then something hummed violently above them from the rocks ahead, and there was the bang of a Winchester, bouncing from wall to wall. They fell from their horses and scrambled down behind the boulders. Old Man Prescott caught Billy and pulled him down beside him.

There was another vicious whirr, the bang of a Winchester, and Virgil Owens' insane laugh.

"Johnny Owens!" called the old man. "Johnny Owens! You and Virgil come on down!"

The only answer was Virgil's laugh, and Old Man Prescott turned over on his back and pulled his hat-brim down over his eyes.

From where he lay Walter studied the rock-fall and the rise of it to the sky. He looked long at the south face and then he looked round at the Regulators where they were hunched behind cover, their faces turned in question to Old Man Prescott.

Walter pulled himself to his knees, held his body as if it were an aimed projectile, and in one quick roll flung himself across to the boulder where Joe Loup was squatting contentedly, eyes closed. The Cherokee's expression was non-committal as he answered Walter's questions, and as he answered he pointed once to the south face and chopped his hand down in the air conclusively.

Walter went back to his rock and called, "Mr. Prescott!"

The old man came over in a queer, aged crouch, and Virgil's Winchester spat up the dust behind him and whanged an echo away against the rocks. Old Man Prescott swore.

"You figure you're too old and infirm to come over to me, Walt?" he asked bitterly.

"I don't want the boy to know."

"Know what?"

"What's your plan, Mr. Prescott?"

The old man looked reflectively at Walter's tight face, the firmness of his lips. He pushed his hat back, pulled his pipe from his shirt and stuck it between his yellow teeth. "Them Owens boys might have a good hand at that. They can't get out, but if we want them we've got to go up."

"They'll kill some of us."

"Maybe. Why?"

Walter James told him.

"You don't have to do that, Walt."

"Joe Loup says it could be done."

"If he was told to do it, he'd say it couldn't be done."

"I'll do it."

Old Man Prescott wiped his chin with his hand.

"You doing this because of the boy, Walt?"

"I'm doing it because I thought of it first."

"No you ain't," said the old man savagely. "We're waiting for sundown and then going up."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Prescott," said Walter. He stood up suddenly, and ran into the open, down the slope to where the horses had strayed. He felt the nakedness of his position as if the temperature of the air had suddenly changed. He heard Virgil's high yell, and a bullet stabbed the dirt to the left and a little ahead. And then others. And one catching at his shirt-sleeve and ripping it. He reached the paint and gripped the saddle-horn, swinging himself up as the animal began to move. He heard Old Man Prescott shouting above the gunfire and then there was nothing but the sound of the pony's hoofs and the swing and the sway of it beneath him.

When Old Man Prescott got back to the boy he saw the expression on Billy's face. "Now look here, you young cuss!" he said, controlling the anger in him, and wondering why he was angry with himself and not with Walter James. "You know why your paw let them Owens' boys whip him around?"

The boy said nothing. He put his face in the crook of his elbow.

"Damn it, boy, don't you know your own Paw?"

Billy said, "He's run away, Mr. Prescott." His voice muffled in his arm. "He's run away now."

WALTER pulled in the paint at the mouth of the canyon. His mouth was dry. It was not only dust, there was that odd sensation that had been familiar enough 10 years before. A man less familiar with it would have been ashamed of it. He lifted his canteen to his lips and then spat out the water. The sun was now two handbreadths from the horizon and he could feel the sweat beginning to cool beneath his

blouse. He passed his hand over his chin, over the rasp of stubble. For a moment the incredible foolhardiness of what he intended to do paralyzed his mind, and then he brutally drove away the sensation.

He looked back at the canyon. It went into the rock-face like an arm-thrust, crooked at the elbow. He tried to translate what he had seen, of it, and what Joe Loup had told him of it, into a map's precise contours. The arm, from shoulder to elbow as it might be, ran from north to south, and the forearm from east to west. At the elbow the Regulators lay behind their cover, and somewhere on the steep south wall of the forearm were Johnny and Virgil Owens, secure and confident.

Yet, if Joe Loup had been right, a man of courage could climb that escarpment until he looked down on those two men and turned their advantage against them.

Darkening against the sinking sun the high rock ridge ran like the turreted wall of an old fortress, and Walter remembered that the Cherokee had given it its old Mexican name—*Ciudad Coronado*, the crowned city. He looked up at it and felt his imagination stir unnervingly. Then he pointed the paint's nose off the trail and rode toward the shattered rise of shale at the foot of the escarpment.

At first it was a gentle slope, and the pony's plunging feet sent the loose stones down in little sibilant falls, but it ended suddenly at the foot of a red rise of rock that was almost perpendicular.

Walter dismounted. He unbuckled the old Army blouse, pulled it from his shoulders and hung it on the saddle-horn. He pushed the hand-gun round to the small of his back, tightening the waist-band of his Levis. He tugged his old felt hat firmly over his brow and walked up to the rock-face as a man might walk boldly up to an opponent.

THE climb was deceptively easy at first, for the shallow strata, pushed out by their prehistoric cooling, formed a rough but adequate stairway, ledges of crumbling stone the width of a man's boot-sole. But as he went higher the strata became deeper, higher in places that he could reach with arms upstretched. He unstrapped a spur from his right heel, sweating fingers slipping on steel and leather, and with it he began to cut a painful hand-hold and foot-hold. Once he grasped a scrag of brush, which by some miracle of wind and germination was growing there instead of on the canyon floor, and as he grasped it he saw it slowly pull free from the thin soil that gave it life. He fell ten feet down the rock-face, spread-eagled, pressing his body against it, feeling the tearing of shirt and flesh on his chest, until his feet jarred on the ledge he had just left, and held him.

Then up again by kicking heels and jabbing spur, feeling the agonizing snap of his nails, seeing the blood oozing darkly below the dust, a furnace breathing in his lungs. He lived a year of his life on the face of that escarpment, now climbing directly upward, now moving to the left or to the right in a

ridiculous, slithering slide along the ledges, until suddenly there was no higher to climb and he was lying on his belly with his legs still hanging in space, sobbing in the air, indifferently listening to the faint ringing descent of the spur as it fell from his fingers and fell back the way he had climbed.

He pulled himself forward until his legs were no longer hanging free, yet still he lay there, unbelieving, until the report of a Winchester jarred through him. He lifted head and shoulders. The gunfire came up from his right, up from the purple shadows of the canyon below, and before the echoes had stopped he heard Virgil's laugh and Old Man Prescott's shout.

He lifted a hand to wipe the sweat from his face, and he saw the blood running down each finger from each torn nail. He pulled himself forward on his belly and pretended that the drop of the cliff-face was no longer behind, yet fearing it, as if it still had the power to pull him down.

Away ahead of him stretched the hog-back of the ridge that lay along the south face of the canyon, and he realized that his climb, although it may have seemed perpendicular to him, had in fact carried him along the parallel of the canyon until he was now above the elbow. Below, to his right, the canyon was a black river, yet on his left the sun still rolled redly to the horizon.

A cat would have trouble walking along that hog-back, he thought, and he could not walk it. He must crawl, taking the cover of each boulder, and looking down always for a sign that would tell him where the Owens brothers were.

So he crawled. He crawled first to the shelter of an outcrop where he braced his feet and took the handgun from the back of his waistband. He broke it open and blew the dust from the barrel. He spilled the shells from the cylinder and spun it. Then he worked the action, once, twice, and then again. With a shred of his shirt he cleaned each shell, and because his fingers were still trembling from the strain of the climb the shells fell through them into the dust. One bounced clear and went spinning down, a momentary yellow fleck before it was lost. He picked up the remaining four and with terrible care held them in his mouth while he wiped each and inserted it in the cylinder. Then he thrust the gun into his waistband once more, but hard against his belly.

He crawled, marveling at the heat of the rocks beneath his hands and thighs, his throat closing in its dryness. He crawled, and he halted for long minutes, looking down into the quickening dusk of the canyon for a sign.

When it came it was sudden and ridiculously unexpected, the flare of a match that lit Virgil's cupped hands, his long nose and deep eye-sockets, the crouch of his body behind a boulder, the stroke of the rifle below his arm-pit. And when the match died there was still a sign, the faint white patch of the handkerchief that Virgil had tucked beneath that Confederate kepi to keep the sun from his neck.

He was 30, perhaps 40 feet below Walter, and there was no sign of Johnny Owens. He could be below Virgil still, or between Virgil and the rim.

Walter took the chance, since there was no alternative. He rolled silently over the edge and with torn hands that had miraculously found a skill in this sort of thing, lowered himself rock by rock until he found himself on the flat top of a rock slab 15 feet above Virgil. He took the gun from his waist and lay there with his thumb on the hammer.

Now, away from the last glow of the sun, his eyes grew accustomed to the dusk of the canyon. He saw the floor, the stipple of greasewood, the boulders where the Regulators were hidden, and beyond them their horses, neck-stretched to the sparse earth.

Johnny Owens voice came out of the rocks below. "Virgil, get them horses."

The voice drew Walter's eyes down to where Johnny Owens sat on his heels behind a rock, his hat hanging by its thong between his shoulder-blades, a white grin bisecting his black beard.

Virgil pressed his cheek against the rifle stock. He fired once and swore. He fired again and Old Man Prescott's yellow horse sat down suddenly on its haunches, and rolled over squealing.

"Try another one, Virgil," said Johnny.

In the dusk below Billy's tiny figure skidded out from the cover of the rocks and began to run toward the horses. Walter saw the muzzle of Virgil's rifle move from one of the horses and follow the crazy path of the boy. The spark of Virgil's cigarette glowed.

Walter stood up and leaped downward. The stones rolled as he hit the slope.

Virgil turned, bringing the rifle down. He opened his mouth. He shouted, "Johnny!"

He fired the rifle once, but it was in reaction to his surprise. He pumped it, and then vaulted on to the rock, bringing the stock up to his shoulder. Walter braced his feet, lifted the handgun until barrel and arm were a line from his shoulder, and he fired. The bullet took Virgil in the throat, twisting his body as it dropped.

As Walter threw himself down behind the rock that Virgil had left he listened to the rolling fall of the dead man going down to the floor of the canyon.

THEN there was silence, a strange, unsympathetic silence, until out of it came the thudding of his heart. In the dust beside him Virgil's cigarette burnt acridly where it had fallen. Walter ground it out with a fierce satisfaction. He pulled back the hammer of his gun and spat the dust from his tongue.

"Owens!" he shouted. "Johnny Owens! You hear me?"

There was no reply, then the faint scrape of a spur on stone.

"Owens, this is Walter James! You hear that?"

A single stone rattled in the darkness below.

"Owens! I'm coming down!"

A cough. Then a harsh voice. It said, "When you're ready."

Walter looked back up the cliff face. Although the sky was red above, the wall of rock below it was black and formless. He had that advantage, the only advantage. The rock he leaned against was 12 feet across. He pushed himself to his knees and then to his feet, crouching on his heels, and moved as silently as he could to the left-hand edge; forcing his mind to remember that one glimpse he had had of Johnny Owens, hoping the gunman was still in that position, but only half-believing he would be.

He picked up a rock in his left hand and hurled it to the right. As it fell, unseating others, he stood up and stepped out.

He saw a shadow rise from the ground, the flash of a gun, firing to the right where the stone had fallen, and then the shadow turned quickly to meet him.

He plunged at it. The shadow became a body, a body crouched, the smear of a face with white teeth grinning. And he fired at it. He fired as Johnny Owens shot again, this time at a target he could see.

WHEN he heard the first report of the hand-gun Old Man Prescott said, "The Lord be with him."

They heard the roll of Virgil's body falling and wondered. "Oh, Lord be with him!" said Old Man Prescott.

One of the Regulators called, "How about that, Mr. Prescott? You want we should do something?"

"Ain't nothing to do yet, Son."

He bit his yellow mustache, and then they heard, Walter's shout. Old Man Prescott called, "Hear that, Billy? That's your Paw!" And he wished he could see the boy's face in the dusk.

Then there were three more shots, but the second and third so close as to appear almost one. And silence. One by one the Regulators stood up, staring into the darkness.

"Mr. Prescott, sir . . . ?" said Billy.

"It's all right, Son."

They heard footsteps coming down, coming down in the way a tired man will walk when he knows there is no hurry. One of the Regulators pumped his rifle and Old Man Prescott shouted angrily, "Put that damn thing down!"

They heard the sound of a spur striking a rock, and a shadow came out of the dusk, long-legged, slowly. In its right hand it carried two gun-belts, and they were those that Johnny and Virgil Owens had worn.

Old Man Prescott yipped and slapped his thigh with his hat. "Walt, you did it! Durned if you didn't!"

Walter James did not look at the grinning Regulators. He dropped the gun-belts in the dust and walked over to his son. And nobody saw him smile as he picked up the boy, and only he saw the smile on his son's face.

—BY JOHN PREBBLE

You Can Get the Job You Want in 1956

Continued from page 19

electronics, medicine and metallurgy no longer are subjects that especially bright people play with, they all have vast influence on your life, and they are wide-open fields constantly creating new industries, new jobs, new skills. Furthermore, the skills they demand of even their lowest-paid workers now require more than a routine high-school education.

This is not a future need. Statistics reveal this demand today. In July, 1955, there were openings for 256 unskilled workers throughout the U.S. and its territories. But there were 1048 semi-skilled positions to be filled, 5248 skilled jobs going begging, and 9573 professional and managerial jobs waiting for someone to claim them. In other words, the higher you aim, the bigger is the target, and it's your duty to yourself and your country to try to hit it.

One Army veteran, writing to ask the Labor Department about job openings, was right on the nose. "I've spent about five years in the Army," he wrote, "three years in World War II and two years in Korea, so I've decided I must study a technical skill to help myself and my country. What skills are lacking and urgently needed?"

The government was only too glad to send him a list. We're critically short of men and women to nail down the following jobs, for which at least two years of accelerated training, apprenticeship, or equivalent work experience is necessary:

Aircraft and engine mechanics, chemists, dentists, psychologists, die-setters, electronic technicians, draftsmen, engineers, foremen, geologists, geophysicists, glass-blowers, instrument repairmen, jig and template makers, machinists, mathematicians, microbiologists, nurses, orthopedic limb technicians, parasitologists, patternmakers, pharmacologists, physicians, surgeons, physicists, physiologists, teachers of high school math and physical sciences, tool and die designers and makers, and veterinarians.

That's a list that contains many jobs demanding a doctor's degree, and many that call for just a little more than a high-schooling. Some jobs on this list can be mastered through apprenticeship. The over-all pattern is easy to see, however—we need people at the top. The Labor Department says, for example, there's a job waiting for a draftsman anywhere in the country.

This is an age of technical specialists, and you'd

be wise to consider this fact in planning your future. Suppose you've decided on a career as an office worker. Sure, you can get a job in nearly every major city today on the strength of a little typing ability. In 1956, there'll be thousands of city jobs in clerical and sales departments. But how long will your job last? Not many more years, for nearly every business today is investing in research departments, and the clerk of the immediate future is going to be a man or woman who not only can type, but who also knows how to feed data into mechanical brains. This is by no means an overstatement designed to startle you, it's the sober word of Labor Department.

So the choice is yours. You can either lose your job to a machine in the not-distant future, or you can learn how to tell the machine what to do.

If we're critically short of trained men, we're even worse off for people to train them. The most acute shortage of all is in teaching. It's bad enough now—60,000 teachers too few—but by 1970, Census Bureau says, the situation will be impossible. The government says there is "no chance" that 1970's demands will be met unless unprecedented numbers of men and women enter the profession. Of course, one reason teaching jobs are going begging is because of the low salaries which generally range much closer to the near-\$2000 figure in the South than to the

You'll have

**65 out of 67 chances to find
a job this year.**

\$4000-plus paid in New York, Arizona, California and Massachusetts. But if you're thinking of a life work in an uncrowded field, you might think hard about investing time in a teacher's college. There is no doubt that as the need grows more acute, salaries will have to go up.

Let's say, however, that for one reason or another you can't afford to spend the time and money to train yourself for a professional job. Equally vital, and sometimes better-paid, are the jobs just below the professionals—the so-called supportive jobs. No general is going to win a battle without capable sergeants, no factory can run without foremen, and behind every surgeon and physicist are laboratory technicians.

One Washingtonian wanted to be a doctor because he was fascinated by medicine. But not only couldn't he afford to go to medical school, he also found out that there weren't nearly enough medical schools in the U.S. to train the number of applicants. Still, he wanted to live within the medical world and he discovered, via his local employment office, there were 404 accredited schools offering training in laboratory work. Moreover, he was told that salaries ranged from \$2700 to \$4272 in this field, with the average, \$3300. Hospitals paid better than university laboratories and physicians' offices, while public health

and commercial clinical laboratories paid best of all. The Employment Service told him where there was the greatest demand for laboratory workers and advised him that, while high-school graduates could occasionally land such jobs, people with a little more schooling stood a much better chance.

At this point, the Washingtonian said he'd thought of using his prior Army experience to become an X-ray technician. The employment office pointed out his service training wasn't sufficient, but that he could get further X-ray training at any of 224 accredited hospitals. The salaries, however, ranged only from \$2200 to \$3600 and opportunities for advancement were nil. So our man, like the sailor, weighed the alternatives and chose night-school laboratory training. Today he's working at the big, new national health research institute in Bethesda, Md., running tests for our top scientists, and he feels himself very much an important part of the medical world he'd always wanted to enter.

This business of finding a healthy emotional outlet in your work may often be more important than the money a job pays. If, therefore, you're fed to the ears with your present occupation, or have a want or need to change towns, this coming year seems to promise as much safety as any we've had to strike out toward greener pastures. You'll have lots of company, according to the quit rate.

The quit rate, which is the rate at which jobholders quit their jobs to find new jobs, is a good indication of the nation's economic health. In depression times, nobody lucky enough to have work would dare quit his job. In good times, the quit rate goes up as millions seek to improve their positions. Today, the rate is high, and businessmen and factory owners complain about the rapid turnover of trained personnel. The quit rate reflects the nation's belief in continued prosperity.

Last year, the labor force was 67,500,000, with 65,000,000 men and women employed. Unemployment was spotty, and although some locations have now reduced the number of surplus workers, others remain places you shouldn't go to hunt a job. If you're thinking of moving to another town, you'd better think first in general terms of where *not* to go unless you have a specific skill in demand at a specific place—in which case you should write prospective employers well in advance of your move.

According to a government survey of employers' estimates of their needs for '56, there'll be increased employment in 84 major cities in the U.S. and territories, no change in 45 locations, with anticipated declines in job opportunities in the following towns: Miami, Tampa and St. Petersburg, Fla.; Evansville, Indiana; Des Moines, Iowa; Wichita, Kansas; Fall River, Mass.; Detroit, Lansing and Saginaw, Mich.; St. Louis, Mo.; Erie, Pa.; Charleston, S. C.; Hampton, Newport News and Warwick, Va.; Kenosha and Racine, Wis.

Generally speaking, there will be few unskilled jobs to be found for newcomers in the above cities

as well as in the Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky coal towns. There's little an unskilled newcomer can expect in New England's textile towns. Cutbacks are expected in shipbuilding and the auto industry, already having difficulty unloading its wares, isn't expecting much improvement, so you might as well not come looking for odd jobs in Detroit.

On the other hand, the employment outlook is bright in the *aircraft industry* in Bridgeport, Conn.; Atlanta, Ga.; Tulsa, Okla. It's steady in Dallas, Tex.; Baltimore, Md.; Hartford, Conn., and St. Louis, Mo. A slump, however, is expected in Chicago, Kansas City, Columbus and Buffalo.

Electrical machinery production is booming, with new jobs being created in Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and Milwaukee. The employment picture

There's a job for a draftsman waiting anywhere in the country.

in the same industry does not, however, seem to look as well in Boston, Pittsburgh, Albany, Schenectady and Troy (N. Y.), nor in Cleveland.

Steel employment is expected to be up in Chicago, Buffalo, Canton and Youngstown, O.; Allentown, Bethlehem and Pittsburgh, Pa.

Cornerstone of the current boom is *construction*, and probably nowhere is this going at a faster clip than in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami, Chicago, Boston, Detroit, St. Louis and Philadelphia.

But the fact that a lot of people are working at something in one town doesn't necessarily mean there are a lot of unclaimed jobs in that field in that town. The fact that Miami has a housing boom going on doesn't necessarily mean Miami doesn't have all the bricklayers, carpenters, plasterers, plumbers and day laborers that she needs. It might simply mean she's putting more of them to work.

Therefore, if you'd change jobs or towns, you'd better first check with your local employment office, for one of the more helpful services your government provides is a constant check on job openings throughout the nation, month by month. Labor Department's Bureau of Labor Statistics deploys an army of researchers; it is, in fact, the sole source of complete and current statistics, and its findings are constantly used not only by the government, but also by labor unions, employers and economists. Monthly regional findings are produced by Labor's Bureau of Employment Security, which publishes a magazine called *The Labor Market and Employment Security*. Available at any employment office, it indicates where there's a labor surplus in the country, where jobs are available, and makes spot forecasts of various industry futures.

Of all the publications designed to help you find work, none is more important or comprehensive than the Department's *Occupational Outlook Handbook*, available at every employment office and at most

public libraries. This book, now in revision, analyzes just about every kind of work there is. It tells you where in the U.S. and territories the work is most in demand, states the salary ranges to be expected in the several regions of the land, tells you what kind of preparation you need to apply for any specific job, where you can get any necessary schooling, sizes up the future demand for the job, and tells you what sort of working conditions you're apt to find.

Veterans Administration and Labor Department work together to keep the *Handbook* current with spot reports called *Occupational Outlook Summaries*, which cite job opportunities by region, state and metropolitan area. The *Summaries* tell you the leading occupations and industries in the various areas of the nation, tell you which have grown fastest, which have declined, which offer employment mostly to men, which to women, and compares occupations and industries in your area with those in other states and regions.

Finally, there's free vocational guidance to be had in state and federal employment offices, at Veterans Administration regional offices, and at many large universities. Hand in hand with this guidance goes a battery of vocational aptitude tests. You'd be well advised to take such a test, for the results may surprise you as much as they did an Indiana boy, fresh from the Army, who thought—like so many Hoosiers—he'd like to be a newspaperman. He was startled and obscurely pleased to find he apparently had an hitherto-unsuspected mechanical ability. Today, instead of working for *The Indianapolis Times*, he's an aircraft mechanic in Alabama, enjoying roughly twice a reporter's salary.

Today, you're entering an expanding labor market, and you can afford to pick your spots. You should take advantage of your free state and federal services to measure your aptitudes and your interests, to find out all about not only the job you think you'd like to have but also about related occupations you might not have known to exist.

If you're coming out of high school or college this year, you should give a thought to your future military service and take advantage of service schools to further equip you with today's needed skills. Most important, you should check carefully into your job's duties, earnings, working conditions and future outlook; measure yourself against the job's minimum requirements. Finally, you must realize the labor force will increase by 25 millions in 1975, and therefore you should find out now whether your future work will be increasing along with the labor force, or whether it will become completely lost.

There's a curious thing about this boom we're riding. Nobody has any complete explanation for it. Construction, public and private, seems to provide a main impetus, for with every new housing development a new market opens to auto salesmen, gadget makers, clothing and toy shops, suppliers of household articles and hardware, food merchandisers, repair men, laundry and service trades, and to hosts of

clerical and sales people. Easy credit is at the back of the construction boom, and the government is both pleased and worried.

The government has put cautious brakes on too-easy credit, and has tightened the stock-market operations, but still the boom goes on. Moreover, it seems destined to go on for some time. The government made a survey among manufacturers, and found that nine out of 10 planned plant expansion right now, even though their plants were not at present functioning at capacity. The planned expansion wasn't purely because government aid in this regard is soon to expire—it was also because the manufacturers said they expected a 21% increase in sales volume by 1958.

Robert C. Bodine, partner in one of Philadelphia's old, conservative brokerages, is typical of his fellow-brokers in that he must constantly study the structure of corporations whose stock he buys and sells for his customers. But again like his fellows, he's at a loss to explain the current prosperity. "It just seems that more people have more money and that business was never better," he says. Best sign of all to him is the constant increase of new industries made possible by new inventions. He, like other businessmen, doesn't believe an end to the cold war and a cutback in defense contracts would mean a depression—there's a constant increase in new businesses.

Twenty years ago there were no TV repairmen, there was no big trade in deep freezers or frozen foods, no nuclear-reaction plants were under construction, no huge industries were founded on the manufacture of plastic toys. Nor do Mr. Bodine and his associates

**The most acute shortage of
all is of teachers; by 1970
it will be "impossible."**

fear automatic factories of the immediate future will cause widespread unemployment. They believe new jobs are created by the machines themselves—just as they were in the first Industrial Revolution—and if a machine age ultimately means shorter working hours, more leisure time for more people, it also means more time and better means to provide a broader cultural basis for our security.

So we're riding a wave of prosperity into 1956, and you're going to be jumping right in on the crest. But be warned—there is less and less demand for unskilled labor as we turn out mechanical ditch-diggers, farm machines, mechanical brains and automatic dishwashers. The point is certainly important enough to repeat—this time in your government's words:

"The influx of trained veterans, plus the trend toward longer schooling, will make advanced education more important than ever before as a means of entry into better-paid occupational fields."

—By JOHN KEATS

The Zealots of Cranston Tech

Continued from page 22

"Oh, I had to," said Isabelle. "I teach health education down at the high school."

"What do you think of those muscles behind my neck?" I asked. "Right . . . right . . . there! Those right there." Brother, did that feel good.

"Very weak," Isabelle said in a low voice. She was pretty close now with her arms around my shoulders and didn't have to speak too loud. "Very, very weak," she whispered. Suddenly she pulled up. "I'll give you some exercises, and in a few days we can start on light dumbbells," she announced brightly.

That brought me to. "Hey, hold on, now!" I said in alarm. "I mean, it's not that I wouldn't want to have stronger deltoid muscles and work with light dumbbells or anything. Don't think that. It's just—well, I don't want to get tight for basketball!"

She patted my cheek. "Don't worry about a thing, poor John. I'm afraid that's not going to be a problem at all."

She was right. I was cut from the squad the next day. The coach was pretty nice about it, though. He took me over into a corner where no one could hear.

"John," he said, looking grave, "I want to commend you for your spirit in trying out for the team. It takes a lot of courage for those of us with meager ability to compete with the advanced few. However, we may as well face the fact here and now—you'll never make a basketball player."

"I'm not much with teacups, either," I said.

"You'll get a world of benefit out of the intramural program," he promised.

I looked at him. The whole thing was so absurd it wasn't worth bothering about. But at the same time, I could feel a rising irritation stir inside me.

"Coach Sorenson," I protested, "you just don't know about my background. Let me explain . . ."

"There's no need to explain, John," he said reassuringly. "Some of us have the ability and receive the right kind of coaching early. Others, like yourself, never get the chance." He reached out and grabbed me by the hand. "All the more credit that you gave all you had." He gave all *he* had, and there was a pathetic crack just before my fingers lost their feeling.

I was still soaking my hand under the hot water in the shower when Wally came in. "Too bad, John," he said. "Thanks for giving it a try anyway, fella."

"Oh, well, I came here for the studies and not the basketball," I said truthfully enough. "Besides, I've picked up another extra-curricular interest in the meantime."

"I hope it's not Isabelle Sorenson," Wally said.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you better stay away from her," said

Wally. "First thing you know, she'll be inviting you over for a home-cooked meal."

"She already has," I said. "Tonight."

"Well, you'd better call it off while you can. For your own good, steer clear."

"She seems awfully friendly," I said, excited.

"I know all about it," he replied. "She gets you over there alone for the home-cooked meal. It seems innocent enough."

"She's nice and tall," I said, turning the shower to cold and jumping around. I was pretty keyed up.

"All right," sighed Wally, "but don't forget that I warned you."

I arrived at Isabelle's a half hour early. She was in a soft, green sweater and slacks and moccasins. She was wearing perfume, and her blonde hair looked lovely on her shoulders against the green sweater.

She was solicitous about my being dropped from the team. She took my arm and leaned close as we went back to the kitchen. All the frustration of the afternoon was melting away. She had set table out in the kitchen and I sat down at my place rubbing my hands, suddenly hungry.

Isabelle opened the ice box and took out a tall glass of some strange liquid and set it down in front of me. I sniffed at it.

"Hey, what is this stuff?" I asked, grinning.

"Turnip juice," Isabelle answered.

"You're kidding," I said, amused.

"It's packed with vitamins," she replied.

"That's nice," I said easily, "but I don't happen to care for turnips. Let's throw in a substitute from the bench."

Isabelle shook her head. "If we're to start on those light dumbbells soon, you have to eat a nutritious diet."

"All right, then," I said, a slight edge in my voice, "what's wrong with orange juice or tomato juice? The point is, I don't *want* turnip juice!"

"Try it and you'll like it," she said, turning away.

I WAS losing some of my good humor, but it seemed like a fool thing to make an issue of. I choked down the awful slop. I was just beginning to feel ill, when Isabelle wheeled up with the next course. It was a deep dish.

"Lamb stew?" I said hopefully.

"No," she answered, "beef hearts, calves brains, and kidney stew."

"What!" I said, starting to get up.

"None of us eat enough organ meats," Isabelle put in quickly, "and they're so tasty once we get used to them. See how good!" She had begun spooning out the steaming entrails on my plate.

I put down my napkin. "What had you fixed for dessert?" I asked very quietly.

"A pie," she replied, noticing the change in my voice. She looked nervous.

"What sort of pie?" I continued.

"A nice pie," Isabelle said, backing away.

"What kind?"

"A liver-and-lung pie," she said in panic, as I pushed aside my chair. "With blackstrap molasses sauce!" she raced. "You'd think it was a mince pie it tastes so good! Really, Johnny, you'll—"

"I believe I can find my own coat," I said evenly. I marched out to the hall closet, Isabelle running after me. "No wonder Wally warned me away! You try to convert anyone you can get your nutritious, dumbbell-strengthened hands on."

"But it's different in your case, Johnny!" she pleaded, close to tears. "Wally's on the team; I'm interested in you because—because I'm fond of you!"

FOR a moment, I almost weakened. She looked very cute standing there with the little apron over her slacks, still holding the bubbling stew in front of her and getting ready to cry.

But reason prevailed. "If you're fond of me, it would only be worse," I sighed, pulling on my overcoat. "Let's face it once and for all, Isabelle—you and your father are zealots. There's only one way to do anything: the Sorenson way." I opened the front door. "Well, the fads and the formulas won't work on me. I'm too much of an individualist!"

"It's not fair to call Daddy a zealot just because you can't play basketball!" she wailed in a high, squeaky voice.

That did it. Holding myself erect, I strode into the night, promptly ramming my head against the top of the doorway.

"Oh, your poor head!" Isabelle cried, starting after me.

"And you're not going to change the shape of my head, either!" I shouted, feeling for the bump. I had several other things to say, too, but the turnip juice was starting to act up again, and I rushed down the front walk before my role as individualist became further jaded by a state of complete nausea.

After that, I wasn't too happy at Cranston. It gets pretty cold and windy in New England around December and January. A lot of snow, also. My marks got better and better, but my morale was way down. I was the only one on campus over the Christmas holidays. Even old man Sorenson and Isabelle took off. They flew down to Florida for two weeks, and Isabelle came back with her nice, straight nose all suntanned.

The basketball team charged through January undefeated. I stopped off at a few of the home games and found out why. The schools we played were all pretty small and the material was as mediocre as our own. Then I started dropping around to our practices. It was a stupid thing to do, but I couldn't help myself. I had a lot of spare time and my last year of college was passing by and I was homesick for the game I'd been raised on.

The worst part of Sorenson's practice sessions were the shooting drills. Rightly, Sorenson figured that if the ball had a nice arch on it, its chances of going in the basket were increased. An extremist to the end, though, he carried the idea one step further.

Wrongly, he figured the higher you could propel the ball upward, the surer you were to score each time. It was quite something to watch when all his boys started shooting together. Their arms were so high in the air on the follow-through it looked like a mass ascension of Mount Everest.

Three days before the Penobscot game, one of the forwards twisted his ankle in scrimmage. Some of the others on the squad were tied up with exams, and only nine men were left on the floor.

One minute I was sitting there in my old untans and sneakers watching, and the next I was out on the court. I don't know how I got there; it just happened.

The coach looked up, startled. Then he realized who I was. "Sorry, John," he said, shaking his head, "but I couldn't do it. You might be injured."

Wally came over. "We sure need the practice, Coach," he said. "We'd be careful not to hurt him."

Old man Sorenson was biting his lip. "I'll chance it because the Penobscot game is bigger than any of us," I vowed, getting into the spirit of things.

The coach turned with that look in his eye, but before he could mangle me with a grateful handshake, I raced off to the other end of the court.

We played for five minutes before anyone even looked my way. I guess they thought if they passed the ball, I'd try to eat it or something. Anyway, when they finally took the plunge, this big football player, Abernathy, was guarding me. I gave a little head feint and the pigskin kid went up 10 feet in the air. He must have thought he was blocking that kick. I

Native Wit...

LOOKING AROUND a Texas ranch, the city man was startled to discover a large pond with several bell-ringing buoys floating on its wind-swept surface.

"What in the world!" he exclaimed to the rancher. "I thought buoys were navigational aids!"

"Certainly," the Texan responded. "That's why we have them. You see, this is such a large ranch that the cows would never find the pond if it weren't for the sound of the bells ringing in those buoys."

Wondering if he was being ribbed, the city man exclaimed, "Oh, come now—you're kidding me, aren't you?"

"Kidding you?" the rancher said in a hurt tone. "Do you mean to tell me you never before heard of cowbuoys?"

—HAL CHADWICK
Noel, Mo.

Bluebook will pay \$25 for each story of "Native Wit" that is published. Each must be previously unpublished and none can be acknowledged or returned.

drove around to the right hard, someone else picked me up, I changed direction shaking him, too, and banked in a running left hand hook high off the backboard.

There was quite a silence. Everyone stopped and stood where they were. Wally looked over at the coach with his mouth open. The coach fumbled in his jacket and came out with a pair of silver-rimmed glasses.

The next time down, you could see old hit-the-line Abernathy steeling himself to play it cagey. You couldn't fake him out of his uniform more than a dozen times. So I changed up a little. I gave him the long, driving step to the right, and he fell back fast to stop me from going around again. Only thing, I wasn't going around again, but faking. I snapped back to set position, and he knew he was a goner unless he rushed up fast. So now I gave the head feint, and it was an impressive thing to see, Abernathy taking to the air like a great bird. I let him sail by, and then I drove in and layed it up.

They stopped the practice.

Old man Sorenson walked over to me stiffly like a man in a dream. He put both his hands on my shoulders. "All this time," he said. His voice almost broke. "All this time on your own—you've been practicing!"

I nearly had a stitch. He really thought I'd gone off alone and transformed myself into a polished basketball player by sheer will power.

He dismissed the whole team. Then he took me by the arm and led me up the stairs to the auxiliary gym.

"You see that rope we have up there?" he said, pointing at the ceiling. About 30 feet above there was a hemp rope stretched from wall to wall. "I want you to spend the rest of the afternoon shooting at the far basket, but all your shots must go over that rope. This is the scientific way I develop the Sorenson arch."

"That's a wonderful idea," I said, looking away from the rope. I was getting a little dizzy. "I'm afraid it won't work for me, though. I mean, I don't think my arms are strong enough."

"You'll get it, John," the coach grinned, supremely confident. After all, he'd seen me work a miracle already. "Stick with it, boy, and you'll get it."

By six o'clock when the janitor came around to close, it was obvious that if I was ever to develop the Sorenson arch, the balls would have to be pumped up with helium. The coach's spirits sagged to an all-time low. You could see how he was thinking. His way to shoot was the only sure way, so how could he garble with me in the most important game of the year? I was an unorthodox freak who'd made a few lucky plays in a scrimmage.

I was on the squad, though, and it felt pretty good to be handed a uniform again. They were taking me down to Penobscot, too. I decided to come all the way out of my cocoon. I called up Isabelle.

"Hello?" she said.

"Hello, Isabelle," I said. "This is John. John Yeasley."

"Oh," she said.

"How's tricks?"

"Do you wish to speak to my father?" she asked.

"What's the matter? You don't sound too happy."

"I'm all right," she said. "I'm just not speaking to you, that's all."

"Sure you are," I said. "I'm calling to tell you I forgive you."

"Good-by."

"Hey, hold on there!" I shouted. "What I mean is, I'm ready to compromise. If you'll give in on the turnip juice, I'll take a crack at that other junk. And even the light dumbbell exercises. Now, you can't ask for much more than that, can you?"

"Are you finished?" she asked coolly. This certainly wasn't the old, carefree Isabelle I'd barged into in the hall that day.

"I guess so," I said, "but I don't understand. It was all right when I didn't make the team in the beginning; now that I'm finally on it, you're angry."

"You just didn't have the ability in the try-outs," Isabelle explained shortly. "Now you've developed the ability, but you're too stubborn and pigheaded to learn Daddy's foolproof way of shooting and help the school. Well, I hope you'll be very happy watching the game from the bench, Mister Know-it-all! You—you—individualist!"

As soon as we took the court at Penobscot for lay-ups, we felt that something was wrong. You couldn't put your finger on it, but we all sensed it. Penobscot's new field house was beautiful. The floor felt good under us, and the stands, already packed to the rafters, were set far enough back from the outside lines. The length of the court was fine, too. But, still, something was different.

Then the manager threw out the balls for shooting warm-up, and it happened. All the shots. Not one of them went in. Not one of them ever reached the basket. It was the ceiling of the new field house. It was too low. Or at least it was too low for the Sorenson arch. And that was all our gang had been using for four years. Every shot they took caromed off the ceiling and fell dismally short.

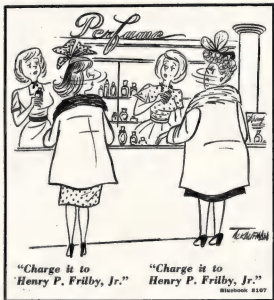
The first four minutes of the game were a nightmare. Our whole team was jittery. Wally threw two passes away, and George Abernathy fell all over his own feet trying a dribble.

At 12-0, we called time out.

"Coach, you know what you have to do?" Wally shouted. The Penobscot stands were going wild yelling, "Roll-it-up! Roll-it-up!" and pounding their feet on the new stands of the new field house.

"I'm going to write the rules committee about this low ceiling!" the coach shouted back.

"No," said Wally, "you have to put John in."



I got up and started to take off my warm-up pants.

"I don't know," the coach said. He was awfully nervous. "He's untested in competition."

"It's our only chance," Wally said. "He's the only one who can shoot here!"

I went over and reported to the scorer's table and came back.

"It's too much pressure to put on his shoulders," the coach was arguing. He looked pretty panicky.

"Coach," I said, "I'm already in the game. Now you just go on back to your seat and enjoy yourself."

As a matter of fact, I was a little cold at first. I missed my first two shots. Old man Sorenson had his head in his hands over on the bench. Then I began to click. I banged away on a couple of jump shots and a one-hand push from behind the circle. I got down on a fast break, driving all the way in for a lay-up, and when I was hit from behind, I made it a three-point play.

After that, the game broke open. They came out to pick me up early, so I went to the head feints and the drives. By the end of the half, they had two men playing me, and I started feeding off to Wally or anyone else who was free.

In the dressing room, the coach was jumping all over. His hand was shaking as he held the scoring book. He'd never had anyone score 27 points in a whole game before; I'd done it in less than a half.

He was still full of the jitters, though. Just before we went out again, he tried to sober us up.

"A 19-point lead is nothing against a team as strong as Penobscot," he said, pacing up and down. "They have poise and spirit and a world of bench strength. They're the kind of ball club that likes to be behind by 19 points at the half."

Everyone was quiet. "Coach," I said, "wish them a lot of luck."

I almost didn't go to practice Monday. I'd caught a little cold riding down Main Street with the mayor in that open car. Then, I'd been out late with Isabelle Sunday night. But at the last minute, I decided to go. It might look as though I were pulling rank if I didn't show up.

I got into my sweat suit and started down the hall to the main gym. There was an awful racket going on in there. A lot of banging and sawing and hammering. I went through the door. Coach Sorenson was standing out in the middle of the court with some carpenters. They were just finishing the framework of what looked like a giant wooden tower with steps. It went almost to the ceiling.

"Surprise, John," the coach said, a twinkle in his eye. "This is all for you!" He pointed at the structure.

"It's what?"

"I should have thought of it from the start," he explained easily. "We have to correct your bad shooting habits gradually. So, we put you at the top of the ladder here and let you shoot your normal way for a while. Then, each day, we bring you down one step at a time, adding a little more arch as you go. When you reach the floor in a week, you'll have a foolproof Cranston shot."

I began to laugh and then I stopped, and then I just wanted to sit down and hold on to something.

"Mr. Sorenson," I said finally, "I'm afraid I'll never understand you. I just got finished scoring 43 points in the big game of the year. The mayor of Cranston presented me with the keys to the city. Your daughter even promised to let me eat what I want from now on. Do you mean to tell me you still want to change my shooting?"

"But don't you see?" Sorenson said eagerly, grabbing me by the arm. "If you can score 43 points the wrong way, think how many you can get when you learn to do it right?"

I picked up a ball and went over to the tower. Just as I was going up, I heard someone calling my name. Isabelle was running across the court toward me, clattering in her high heels. She looked all right running up out of breath and bright-eyed with my pin on her sweater.

I came down a step. "Take this before you begin, Johnny," she whispered, reaching up and giving my hand a squeeze. Then I realized she was slipping something to me. I opened my palm and looked. It was a yeast cake.

"It's good for your pituitary gland," she said fondly.

I drew in a deep breath. In the Midwest, they teach you to accept defeat stoically.

"If there's anything I ever wanted," I said, starting back up the ladder with the basketball in one hand and the yeast cake in the other, "it's a foolproof pituitary gland."

—BY ARCHIE OLDHAM

How Parking Lot Gyps Take You

Continued from page 23

lot attendants practice is overcharging. I found out all about this when I took a rush-time job at a beach parking lot in Santa Monica, Calif. The attendants there were collecting as high as \$25 on a busy day, in addition to their salary, by overcharging. With a feeling of guilt but with a desire to get the facts firsthand, I tried it myself. It was not only easy, but practically foolproof. Here's how it works:

Mr. Jones drives in at 2 P.M. His ticket, slipped under the wiper blade, is stamped with the time. He drives out at 2:30 P.M. and pays the legitimate 35 cents for half an hour.

Mr. Smith drives in at 2:35 P.M. and Mr. Jones' ticket stub, stamped 2 P.M., goes under his wiper. Mr. Smith leaves at 3 P.M., 25 minutes later, but pays 70 cents for a full hour. The attendant carefully turns in to the lot owner the 70 cents of Mr. Smith, which accounts for the in-out time stamped on the ticket, and pockets Mr. Jones' 35 cents.

Monte G., an old-time attendant at the Santa Monica beach lot, was my "tutor." Monte is about 50 years old, gray-haired, benign-appearing, and has parked cars for most of his adult life. He knows all the angles.

"Can't a customer beef when he knows he hasn't parked for an hour?" I objected.

"Sure he could," Monte agreed airily. "He won't, though. He'll let it slide rather than get into a two-bit argument."

"But," I pressed, "occasionally a customer must object."

"Yep, occasionally," Monte answered. "Then we're very apologetic. We carefully point out the time on his ticket. We say, 'Of course, there *could* have been a mistake. If you're certain, we'll take your word over the clock figures.' The customer then feels like *he* is trying to pull a fast one. Most of the time he refuses the refund. But we'll leave him alone the next time he comes in."

If the lot has no time clock for stamping the tickets, the car owner doesn't usually get rooked; the lot owner does. The attendant simply sells the same ticket two, three or four times: He turns in the ticket along with the cash he collected from the first car, pockets the money from the resale, it's almost impossible for the lot owner to catch this one. Maybe he'll look at the day's receipts questioningly, and say,

"This sure fools me. I would have sworn we had a heavier day."

"Lots of cars, boss," the attendant will agree. "But they stayed. Not much turnover."

If he's smart, the owner puts in a clock. Then the customer takes the beating.

Penny-ante stuff? Not over an eight-hour day with hundreds of cars to handle.

Monte showed me the rental trick, too. Later, I discovered how prevalent it was. Our lot was used by members of the adjoining private beach club. At a night party, the members would stash their cars until the shindig broke up.

So the attendant made it a point of convincing the driver he should leave his keys in the car. It doesn't take much talking.

"We work fast," Monte explained. "We don't give the sucker time to think. Open the door, help him out, and tell him to leave his motor running. It seldom fails. He'll live it up like Mr. Big. Us peons will park his car while he swaggers off with some blonde on his arm."

By keeping the keys, an attendant then can run what amounts to a car-rental service. This gimmick requires more caution. First, the attendant must be sure the car will remain under a ticket for a lengthy period—at least four or five hours. Ever notice how many times an attendant will ask, "How long, sir?" The question may help him plan where to place your car—but may have another purpose.

If he's convinced you're checked in for quite a spell, your car is at his mercy. Most usual victim is the steady customer whose habits are familiar and unvarying. Do you drive your car to work every day and leave it all day in the same lot or garage? You're the best pigeon. Are you a member of a private club, attending parties or dances and staying until the last dog is hung? You're a real prospect.

So there's your car, for four hours and up. The attendant then rents your car out. It's a pretty nice, deal. He can supply a big new Cadillac convertible for a fat fee and at absolutely no cost to himself. It's your gas and tires.

As I say, this routine requires caution. The attendant should know both the car owner and the renter to get away with it. Even so, he's sweating bullets every minute that car is out. The attendant who doesn't take precautions is the one who gets caught. The careful ones leave no record beyond the mileage on your speedometer. And even a speedometer can be turned back.



One stocky, cocky San Francisco attendant I talked to pulled a switch on the usual routine. He became a "renter" himself one night. His brazen attitude demonstrates how lightly an attendant considers the charge of car theft. He told me this story: "Aw, there was this dame walking by the lot about 11 P.M.," he said, "and I picked her up. I borrowed the best car we had to go for a ride."

"You mean you just drove off with no objections from anybody?" I asked.

He missed the point. "Well, we weren't very busy."

"Of course, you returned the car before the owner came to claim it."

"Nah, I just left it on the street on North Beach, across town. I stayed out later than I figured and it wasn't safe to bring it back."

"What did the car owner do?"

"Oh, he beefed to the cops and they found his beloved car. But that's as far as it went. I'd left the stub under the windshield wiper. The boys in the lot covered me by claiming they were rushed and some guy musta just driven off in the car. Funny, but the police never did find that guy." The San Francisco attendant, no more than 19 years old, thought that was very amusing.

The tightest rental squeeze I heard about, though, could have had tragic consequences. An attendant who rented a car and almost wound up on the police griddle told me this story.

A businessman left his car every day in the lot where the attendant worked on Clark Street in Chicago. The car was rented regularly. One day, the renter hit a pedestrian. Fortunately, there was no physical damage beyond a sprained ankle. The renter, however, didn't wait around to see.

The victimized pedestrian found a witness who claimed he remembered the license number. Luckily, the owner of the car could prove he was in his office all day and any use of his car was strictly unauthorized. All of the parking-lot attendants—including my guilty informant—swore the car hadn't moved. There were no dents or bloodstains on it to prove otherwise. So disgruntled police had no choice but to assume the witness had incorrectly remembered the license number. His conscience chased my attendant-informant out of Chicago. He claims today that after a sober study of the possibilities—a dead pedestrian, a tell-tale fender dent, identification of the "renter," a prison term—he never has rented a car again.

Police are well aware of the renting dodge. Lt.

Earl Rombeau of the Los Angeles police says, "Frequently, police officers stop young men for traffic violations and discover that the car has been removed from a parking lot with the stated purpose of joy-riding, and that the joy-riders hope to return the car before the owner calls for it. In many cases, these cars are used in commission of crimes and returned to lots in time for the owner to claim the automobile."

Lt. Rombeau adds wryly, "This situation causes embarrassing investigation of owners in connection with those crimes."

The rental deal sometimes but not always explains a depleted gas supply. Often gas simply is siphoned from your tank.



Renting also may explain your dimpled fender. Or it may have been banged in by a careless attendant. For example:

A man parked his car in the lot near Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. With the driver was his wife and another adult couple. After the movie, the customer discovered his right front window was shattered. He had three witnesses to prove the window was whole when he drove into the lot.

"Did you sue?" I asked.

"Certainly," he answered "I was mad."

"Did the lot contest the suit?"

"All the way through small-claims court," he snorted.

"Surely, you received a favorable verdict?"

"That's right. But it cost me \$50 in expenses, my time, and the time of my friends. The parking lot paid \$5 to have the window fixed. Who would you say won?"

Another common but little-known racket is connected with "servicing while you park."

A San Francisco parking-servicing owner told me, "It's surprising how many reputable operators use the servicing short cut for extra dollars. For instance, they write up a bill for an oil change, but the only work they do is to add a quart of oil to bring up the stick level."

A San Antonio, Tex., couple vacationing in Modesto, Calif., wrote a letter of protest last summer to the Modesto police department. The Texans had been on a trip and stopped overnight in a Modesto hotel, leaving their car in a nearby garage for parking and servicing.

Confidently, they began the next morning's travel through the hot San Joaquin valley. Within 50 miles, the car's bearings had burned out, it threw a rod and blew a gasket. They had paid \$7.40 for an oil change and lube job. It cost them another \$350 in motor repairs the \$7.40 should have prevented.

The mechanic who repaired the motor damage pointed out that there was no fresh grease on the shackles or tie-rods, which would have indicated servicing had been done. The mechanic thus assumed that no oil had been added either, and lack of oil caused the breakdown.

Police Can't Act

But police were helpless. The mechanic's report to the Texas couple was all circumstantial. It was his word against the servicer's. There was no possible way to resolve the "You did not" "I did too" argument. However, other servicemen nod knowingly when they hear the story.

Even deliberate theft from your car is difficult to prove, common as it is. Some cities require lots to be partially enclosed in an attempt to minimize the danger. Authorities of the same cities admit, however, that fences are no complete solution. They point out that attendants already are in the lots and the car owner usually doesn't realize anything is missing until he has left the lot.

Here is a typical report of a police auto-theft detail: "Car burglarized of polaroid camera, value \$75; pearl choker, value \$25; string of cultured pearls, value \$125. Attendants questioned. No arrests, no suspects."

Even harder to prove than common theft is "the switch." You drive in with four brand-new tires. You drive out with four brand-new cheap retreads. Can you, the reader, identify the tires on your car? Or you drive in with a \$75 car radio. You leave with a \$25 set. Can you identify the radio in your car now? Or the heater? If you can identify them, can you prove the identification?

In pulling "the switch," one auto parker displayed remarkable ambition. He actually switched motors. You don't believe it? I talked to the garage owner who fired him—after he was caught. The switcher was trapped because he forgot that to many a driver the "feel" and sound of his motor is as distinctive as the cry of her baby is to a mother. So the car owner whose motor was switched hadn't gone a

block before he noticed the difference. He had enough presence of mind to return immediately to the garage and establish complaint. A check on the serial numbers of his motor against the one in his car proved the case for the owner.

None of the foregoing are isolated examples. If you haven't had some kind of difficulty in a parking lot, you're in the minority.

What can you do to protect your car? First and most important, complain to authorities at *every* loss, even if it amounts to two-bits. Did you lose a dirty shirt, a pair of gloves? Can you and your passenger testify you were overcharged? Report it.

Better Business Bureau manager Vernon A. Libby of San Francisco says, "We're powerless to act unless we have evidence. If we get it, we can prosecute for petty theft, false advertising, or even embezzlement."

Lt. Joe Engler, assistant chief of inspectors of the San Francisco police, points out, "The criminal mind is a victim of habit. A successful theft or piece of trickery today will bring a repeat tomorrow. By a customer's reports, we can pin-point suspect lots or garages from recurrent complaints."

For your immediate protection, however, here are some check points supplied by police, the Better Business Bureau, and lot owners themselves:

(1) Make sure the attendant tears a new ticket for your car. Check the time stamped on the ticket as you enter and again as you leave. Ask your passenger to note the time too. Compare your charge with the lot rates which, by law, must be posted.

(2) Ostentatiously note the mileage on your speedometer as you park.

(3) Have your car serviced only at a reputable garage or station.

(4) Park in lots where the employee turnover is small. If the owner trusts his personnel, you probably can too.

(5) If you're an all-day or all-night parker, choose a lot where you can keep your keys.

(6) Lock all valuables in the trunk of your car.

(7) Retain a written record, witnessed, of all scratches or dents in your car. Notify your insurance company or the Better Business Bureau of each addition.

Maybe this means quite a bother for you. And maybe if you follow these rules, the attendant won't like you. Perhaps you won't be able to jolly with him or hear his latest joke about politics or Marilyn.

But when you invest hundreds or thousands of dollars in an automobile, it should prove worth your while to sacrifice conversation for protection.

Otherwise, you're making a gift of your car to a parking-lot attendant.

—By BRUCE LEE

Bennie Brought a Gun

Continued from page 24

cided on buttermilk, instead, and brought him a glass from the kitchen.

Bennie took the milk, but didn't drink. He just sat there, looking into the fire, with his elbows on his knees. He kept his hands stiff and rolled the glass back and forth between them. There was no sound except the click of the glass against a ring on Bennie's finger.

"You still in the spinnin' room?" he asked.

"Naw. I'm on the outside now, too old for anything but keepin' the weeds outa some damn flower old man Carter had planted before he kicked the bucket."

"I read about it—the old man," Bennie said. "How come he died?"

"He was old," I said.

"Yeah," Bennie agreed. He kept rolling his glass. His breathing was short, like a dog's.

We sat that way, quiet and all, for a long time, Bennie sipping on his buttermilk now and then, and me thinking I was awful glad old man Carter had died before Bennie decided to come back. Lonnie Camp was going to be enough. Two would have been too many.

Bennie got up, finally. He walked over to the bed and snapped open the suitcase lid. He ran his hand into the suitcase and pulled out a pistol—a big one like some feller at the mill brought home from the war. He walked back to the fire and handed me the gun, but first, without saying nothing. He stood there watching me, like he was expecting me to say something.

"It's a big'un," I said, and looked up at him.

Bennie's eyes were set hard on the pistol, his lips clamped tight. He stood that way a moment, then lifted his chin and looked at me.

"I'm gonna kill Lonnie Camp with it," he said. His eyes didn't soften.

"I figured you might want to, someday," I said.

"I made up my mind, Bud."

"I figured that end of it, too," I told him, "but I can't say we see eye-to-eye on it."

Bennie took the gun away from me.

"It don't matter, Bud. You ain't got to do the killin', anyways."

He put the pistol up on the mantle by the clock.

Bennie said it wasn't healthy for us to sleep together, so I made him take the bed and I made a pallet by the fire. I lay there with my eyes open, Bennie's coughing now and then interrupting my recollections of him and the Carter girl, the one whose old man had died before Bennie ever decided to come back and do some killing. . . .

She was a sight to see, that redhead. Her first name was Olivia, but nobody ever talled her that, except her father, the super at the mill. To Bennie and everyone else she was just Red, a little green-eyed mite whose mother up and died one day, leaving old man Carter to see to her rearing.

In spite of her-being the super's kid, nobody in Blue Springs noticed her much until she started noticing herself, which was just about the beginning of her junior year in high school. She started raising hell that fall, kept it up that year and the next, and didn't let up until the forced childbirth killed her just before Bennie left town.

I never found out how Red met Bennie, but everyone in Blue Springs knew about their first date—everyone, that is, except Red's old man. She'd been going to parties and such with Lonnie Camp, her old man's Number One foreman, and everyone was plenty surprised when she asked Bennie to the senior-class dance. Especially with him five years older than her and never had gone to high school. It was a joke, I guess. You know, the kind of thing crazy kids do—anything they're not expected to. And nobody in his right mind could have thought that the mill boss's kid would have been messing around with a spinning-room hand. But there wasn't nothing really bad about Red. She was just growing up, which is a lot harder on some than on others.

But they went to the dance on a Friday night, and dancing was the one thing Bennie could do. After the dance on Friday night they went again to dance somewhere the next night, and somewhere else on Sunday night. By Monday old man Carter had found it out and on Tuesday night he locked Red up. He didn't know she'd slipped out until Lonnie came from a ball game at the mill and told him Red was there with Bennie.

THE fight didn't last long. Old Man Carter and Lonnie drove up in the truck, got out, and run right over to where Red and Bennie was sitting. The old man told her to get in the truck and when she said no, reached down to grab her. Bennie reached for him, but Red stopped that one by getting between 'em and volunteering to leave. After she and the old man left, Bennie stood watching the truck as it went up the road. He was standing that way when Lonnie hit him, bending him double and then kicking him back against the bleacher where I was sitting. I ran down to try and stop Lonnie, wondering how me and Bennie together could hold more than 200 pounds of down-right hell. But it didn't matter. Bennie was out cold and Lonnie had had enough of him, for a while anyway. Somebody hollered for Doc Harriis and the doc elbowed his way past Lonnie and bent over Bennie. After I seen Bennie was gonna be all right I looked around for Lonnie, but couldn't find him at first. And then I seen his big shoulders as he walked in front of car lights near the road. He was walking towards the Carter house.

Now it seems like Lonnie beat Bennie every day

after that until he left, but actually it was only twice. The second time was about a week later out in front of my house, where Lonnie had been hiding, waiting for Bennie to come home from taking Red out. He hadn't counted on Red being with him, but that didn't keep him from messing Bennie up pretty bad. I heard the scuffle from the kitchen and heard Red scream and when I got to the door Lonnie had Bennie down on the porch, mashing his head up pretty bad with big, red fists.

I reached behind my door and put my hand on the barrel of my shotgun. I didn't pick it up, just stood there with my hand on it so Lonnie could see.

"You git off him," I told Lonnie.

Lonnie hit him once more, then turned his head and looked back over his shoulder at me.

"You're on my porch," I said. "You git off."

Lonnie stood up, tall, then moved back and waited for Bennie to make it to his feet.

Red ran over and helped Bennie up, wiping the blood away from his mouth and crying as she did it.

"Just tell me how come, Lonnie," he said. "How come you like to punch? Ask her . . . and if she says the deal's off then you don't have to kick my face in."

Red put her handkerchief over Bennie's mouth. "You don't talk to him," she said softly. "He's like a pig. I've told him a million times to go away."

Lonnie looked at Red and grinned. He jerked his thumb towards Bennie. "He wants some more," Lonnie said. He turned suddenly and faced Bennie.

"Look," he said, "I told you twice, quit messin' with her. I told you at the ball game and I told you at work yesterday when I fired you. I'm tellin' you once more and you better listen good. You better be glad I'm kickin' hell outa you instead of lettin' Red's old man blow your tail off. Just lay off her."

Lonnie turned and walked out of the yard. He stood in the middle of the street, waiting for Red. She moved closer to Bennie and laid her hand on his arm. They looked at each other for a long time before Bennie nodded towards me and said, "Bud'll take you home."

Bennie turned away from her and walked into the house. Red and me went on to the street, and Lonnie swung in on one side of her, not saying nothing, and walking that way until we got to her house. Lonnie was let in by the old man when Red was, and I come on home.

THEY kept seeing each other somehow, Bennie and Red, going to roadhouses out on the pike to dance, and for about a month or so managed to steer clear of Lonnie and old man Carter.

Bennie had got a job at a saw-mill just outside town, run by a feller who'd been dropped from the payroll at the mill and wasn't none too happy about it. The work was mean. When Bennie come home nights he looked pretty tuckered, but somehow he always managed to shave and wash and put on a clean shirt to go meet Red somewhere.

He come in late one night and woke me up. "Bud, I'm in trouble. Git up."

We sat on the edge of the bed and he told me Red was pregnant and scared to hell her old man would kill them both.

"We gotta git the hell outa here," Bennie said. He didn't look scared, just puzzled.

"You take it easy," I said to him. "The baby ain't comin' tonight. You wait 'til Carter finds it out and see what he's got to say. Maybe most of his bein' ag'in you is caused by Lonnie. This may change it."

I was all wrong. When they told her old man he said he'd rather have a bastard for a grand-baby than Bennie for a son-in-law.

Bennie didn't go to work for the next two days, and nearly went nuts. Carter kept Red locked at home, staying there himself and leaving the mill to Lonnie and the other foremen.

ON the third day Red got out of the house some way and sneaked down a long ditch to the mill village. She knocked on my back door and Bennie jumped up and let her in. They stood in the kitchen talking low for a while, and then they walked into the front room where I was sitting. Bennie looked like he knew what he was doing for the first time, his chin lifted a little. Red looked at me and tried to smile. She was holding Bennie's hand as if just touching him made everything right.

"How you doin'?" I asked her.

"I'm scared, Bud," she answered.

She left Bennie and walked over to my chair. She knelt down on the floor and put her head in my lap, holding back her breath for just a minute and then letting it all bust out with one sob. After she'd sobbed that once she cried just a mite. I didn't bother her, figuring it might do her some good.

"We gonna shake this place, Bud," Bennie said. His voice sounded clean and good, not like he was runnin' away from somethin', but runnin' toward somethin' better. "You wanta help?" he asked.

Red stood up and walked back to him, not bothering to wipe her eyes. She took Bennie's hand and smiled at him, a good strong smile that made me warm just to look at. Then she looked at me.

"You going to help us, Bud?" she asked.

They had it figured right. Bennie was gonna borrow a pick-up truck from his boss at the saw-mill the next night. He was gonna wait for Red at the Springs, about a quarter of a mile out towards the Mississippi line. They was gonna drive over there to git the marryin' done.

Something slipped. I guess maybe it was the saw-mill man. He let Bennie have the truck all right, but somebody told Lonnie and old man Carter about their plans. I guess it had to be the saw-mill man; he got his job back at the mill after it was all over.

Carter and Lonnie was waiting for Bennie when he pulled in at the Springs. When they got through with him they dumped him on my front porch.

Bennie come to his senses in a few hours, but he dropped off to sleep and didn't even know it when Doc Harriss come and looked at him and dressed the knuckle-cuts on his face.

"You better tell him to ease up a little," the doc said.

I saw to it Bennie did. I kept him in bed for a week, pouring on the hot and cold towels for the first two days until the swelling went down in his face. He didn't hear nothing from Red until I brung him news of her death.

It was cold that morning when I got to the mill, seven days after they'd beat Bennie up so. There was a little bunch of men waddled up outside the mill gate. One of 'em, Bill Gentry, motioned me aside. He told me Red had died that night; she'd tried to git rid of the baby.

I went back to the house. When I told Bennie he stood there in the kitchen door, his face as hard and cold as rock, even with tears runnin' down.

After a bit he walked over to the bed. He lay down across it, put his arms under his head, and looked up at the ceiling. He didn't say nothing, just lay there. I let him have his quiet.

In about an hour he got up and started packing, not sayin' much still, just the usual things people say when they're going away. He give me the things he couldn't carry, as if he wouldn't be back to use them.

The train left Blue Springs at 12:40 in the early afternoon, and me and Bennie was getting ready to leave for the depot when there was a knock on the door. I opened it to see Bill Gentry standin' there.

"Bud," he said, "I don't like what I come to say . . . but old man Carter . . . well, he's pretty low . . . and Lonnie's pretty het up. I . . . we thought maybe it'd be a pretty good thing if you got Bennie to git outa here awhile, we don't want to see him hurt."

"You go home, Bill," Bennie said. "It's gonna be that way."

I walked out of the train car and watched Bennie from outside the train as he took off his coat and loosened up his tie. When the train started to move away he turned his head slowly and looked out the window at me. He made a little grin and raised a hand up. Bennie's grin went away suddenly, and I looked at his eyes and saw that he had noticed something. I looked behind me and saw Lonnie Camp standing on the loading platform, with 10 or 12 others from the mill behind him. I looked back at Bennie. He had let his hand drop and was still staring at Lonnie when the train pulled away.

BENNIE'S coughing was worse the next morning. His dry hacking woke me, and even before I'd opened my eyes I'd decided to stay home from the mill that day and send for the new doctor who'd come to Blue Springs since Bennie had gone away.

The doc come about noon, and after looking at Bennie just a few minutes told me privately that he

wouldn't have to cough much longer. Maybe just that day. Maybe the next.

Bennie wouldn't stay in bed, and he didn't have to tell me why. He figgered the next time he got in bed would be for keeps, so he sat by the fire all day.

We ate by the fire that night, and while we was eating he stopped and put his half-filled plate on the floor beside him. He reached up, took the pistol off the mantle, and sat down again. Bennie didn't touch his food any more, just sat there playing with the pistol, his eyes tracing over every part of it like there was something about it he couldn't figger.

"I'm shore crowded for time," he said suddenly.

"All of us are," I said.

"Yeah, but not like me. I got to kill, and it looks like it'll be about the last thing I'll ever do." Bennie paused a moment.

"I'm glad you ain't tried to talk me out of it, Bud."

"I don't aim to," I said, "but that don't mean I see it yore way."

"You been good, Bud," he said finally.

He stood up and turned away from me. The forefinger of his right hand kept thumping away at the pistol he was holding. He looked at me again.

"I can kill Lonnie. Guts ain't nothin' but wantin' somethin' bad enough to git it."

He waited a time, and when I said nothing he kept on talking.

"Maybe if I'd known before just how bad I wanted her I'd a-known better what to do."

"You think you know what you're doin' now, Bennie? Killin' Lonnie?"

Bennie looked sharp at me.

"Cut it out, Bud," he said quietly.

"You settle down," I told him. "I ain't tryin' to change nothin'. Maybe you'd be better off killin' him. Like you say, depends on how bad you want to do it."

Bennie sat back down.

"I guess it's the only thing I got left to do. It sorta slipped up on me. I . . . I guess I always thought about comin' back and gettin' at Lonnie, but it didn't mean much until I got up to the hospital."

"Why up there?" I asked.

"I don't know, Bud. Bein' next to a lot of others in the same shape you're in. All of 'em layin' around, thinkin' about a lot of things they'd do over again."

"Do they talk about it?" I asked him.

"Not much. Sometimes you talk about it with somebody who's got the same kinda thing to think about themselves."

Bennie paused a moment, placed the pistol carefully on the floor in front of him, and picked up the poker. He punched at the fire.

"I never talked about it much," he continued. "Just once—to a guy—before his lungs folded up."

"How come they ever let you out?"

Bennie shook his head.

"They didn't," he said. "I just come. I was sent

there when the war started. I went for an army check-up but they sent me there instead. I been there since."

Bennie pushed the end of the poker down under the grate, making little trails in the ashes.

"They ain't but one thing that'd keep me from killin' him, Bud . . . that's not wantin' to do it . . . and they ain't no reason anybody could give me why I shouldn't want to."

"Except that you might regret it afterwards," I said.

Bennie quit moving the poker and looked straight at me.

"I won't have that much time," he said. "You gotta live to be sorry."

He looked back at the ashes and began poking them again.

"How much time you think a feller needs to be sorry in, Bennie?"

"I don't know . . . for sure," he said slowly. He let the poker drop a short ways to the hearth, and without picking it up said again, "I don't know."

He sat still. His breathing was getting harder, but he didn't seem to notice.

I SAT looking at him, trying to piece out something to say. What do you say to a man who's had nothing but a bad thing to think about for 15 years? You talk to him about the future, maybe. You make plans, promises . . . you tell him . . .

"I gotta move," Bennie interrupted.

"What you gonna do after you've killed him?" I asked.

"I ain't thought about it," Bennie said. "Maybe you can call somebody."

"Who?"

"The law. Somebody. Whoever it is you tell."

Bennie got up then, picking the pistol up as he stood. He walked over to the dresser and began to dress carefully, putting a knot in a tie that looked for the world just like the one he'd been wearing when he left that day. He pulled his coat on, swaying once or twice, and slipped the pistol into a pocket. The butt stuck out a little, and he tried to push it down once or twice before giving up.

Bennie looked into the mirror again. "Take it easy, Bud." He said it without looking around.

He walked to the door and opened it, letting the cold air smack him in the face. Bennie turned my way then, looked at me a moment, and then stared down at his feet. Without looking up he said,

"It's gonna be okay, Bud. I . . . I got a feeling." He hesitated a bit. "I hope I ain't been no bother."

"You ain't. I just wish I could help, Bennie."

"You helped," he said. "You was good to Red."

"She was worth helpin'."

A gust of wind whipped through the open door, making Bennie cough, hard. He bent slightly and coughed again. The next cough had him reaching for the side of the door to keep on his feet. I got up and walked toward the door, but Bennie saw me and

began moving out into the darkness of the porch, pulling the door shut behind him.

I caught the doorknob with both hands and held fast. "Wait!" I yelled.

Bennie didn't wait, he pulled harder on the door. I jerked suddenly on the knob and felt his hand go free. I was outside by the time he'd reached the top step.

"You gotta look at him after you kill him, Bennie!"

Bennie stopped on the second step and stood still for a second, then he started swaying. I ran down the steps and put my arm around his shoulder, feeling the stiffness go out of him. He quit swaying, but didn't try to turn around.

"You gotta look at him, Bennie," I said. "Just for a second, you gotta look. Then you gotta say 'I'm glad I done it' or 'I ain't glad I done it.'"

Bennie turned around then and looked up at me. He staggered once, and then leaned on me.

"You help me, Bud."

We moved through the door to the fireplace. I helped him into the chair and went back and closed the door. He was trying to stand when I turned around, and I walked over and helped him up and over to the bed.

Bennie lay across the bed looking up at me.

"Why didn't you just . . . not let me start to go?" he asked.

"Like I told you, Bennie, it wasn't my killin'."

Bennie's eyes softened for the first time. It was good seeing him that way again.

"You . . . you knew I couldn't . . . I . . . think." "You can't hurt," I said. "You never could, Bennie. You'd a-had to look down at him, knowin' you was the one that hurt him. That wouldn't a-been worth the pleasure of killin' him. You'd a-been sorry."

"Yeah," Bennie said. He pushed his head farther back on the pillow and closed his eyes. I guess if he'd a-been standing you coulda said he lifted his chin a little.

HE quit breathing about dawn and I went down to the doc's and then to the Baptist preacher's. The preacher took care of the rest of it, getting the grave dug and all, and by four o'clock him and me and his wife and a handful of people was standing around the grave, each of us waiting for somebody else to leave.

The preacher and his missus left first, followed by six or eight folks—Bill Gentry among them—who'd known Bennie.

I walked toward the pickup I'd borrowed to bring out Bennie's body in. On the way to the truck I stopped at a big family lot and looked over the stones. The Camp lot. A big family them Camps, with big stones, most of 'em. Even Lonnie's was big . . . the new one . . . next to the road. "Lonnie Camp, born 1912, died 1951."

I figgered on a small stone for Bennie.

—BY YEWELL LYERLAND

How to Buy a Suit

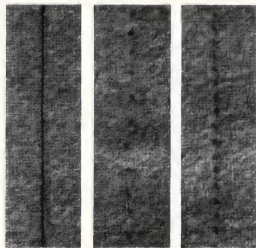
Continued from page 25

■ When you try on a suit and look at it in the mirror, make sure the coat is buttoned; it's the only way you can tell if the collar fits neatly. Raise your arms over your head; the shoulders should not feel tight. Your coat should be long enough to cover your trouser seat, and your trousers should be full enough so that the crotch doesn't bind when you sit.

How can you pick up a good suit at bargain prices? Easiest way is the obvious way: Buy during clearance sales—January and February for fall clothes, July and August for summer stock.

But if you wait for clearance sales, watch out for sharpshooting store owners who wait for clearance-sale bargain hunters. These merchants often buy suits especially for the occasion, price them 20 percent higher than they should be, then price them down 20 percent for the sale. The buyer winds up paying the regular retail price.

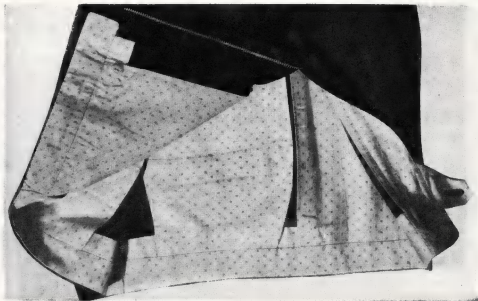
Reputable shops—department stores or well-run national chains, for example—can't afford such practices. Somehow, word gets around among the customers, and the store might as well close. One big firm in New York was pushed on the rocks 10 years ago by its phony sales. New management took over



Good hand-stitching (right) is always found on good suits in parts—such as armholes—where machine stitching (left) is not practicable. On cheap suits, the hand stitching is irregular (middle).

and decided to try an honest approach. Now when the store announces a clearance sale, customers pour in.

If you wait for sales, at shops you trust, you can save 20 to 30 percent on a suit. But be sure they make



Trousers of a good suit will always contain this amount of lining made of a good fabric.

alterations; the "bushel room"—where alterations are done—can make or ruin a bargain. A man I know bought a suit in a sale but had to take it elsewhere for a fitting. The suit was butchered and he was stuck.

Even bigger savings are possible if you track down suits unsold at the end of a clearance sale. The bigger, style-conscious stores sell them in a bundle to department-store basement shops and other bargain outlets. For example, a Boston department store takes the leftovers from a swanky chain and advertises them at about half the original price. The store keeps marking the suits down until they are sold. Usually, however, the labels are off; you've got to trust the store's word as to the manufacturer.

How about stores that sell only "famous brands" at half price? One such outfit in New York does a fantastic business. On paper its bargains appear terrific, and often are. But—

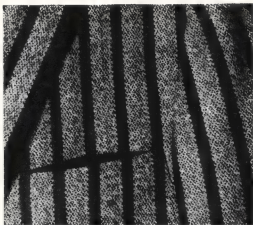
This store is at the end of the line, and picks up suits which may have been unsold in two or three other places. A buyer for a Fifth Avenue chain stepped into the bargain store and found that a \$100 suit marked down to \$60 actually had been made four years before. Fabric begins to lose elasticity after two years, so the buyer estimates that a new suit made five years ago will give only about two-thirds the wear of a suit made recently. Thus, this bargain shop garment was worth about \$65—and was a design that, to practiced eyes at least, looked like an old suit.

How long ago a suit was made may mean nothing to most men, but it's almost a matter of life and death to people who are out to impress the public—people like the advertising salesman trying to land a million-dollar account for his ad agency. Men's clothes fashions change slowly, but they do change, and

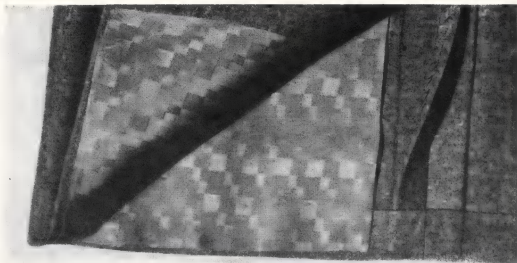
practiced eyes can look over the cut of a garment and tell the year it was made.

The trend now is toward the "silhouette": narrow shoulder, narrow lapel, a minimum of shoulder padding. Ephraim Witty, head of the Witty Brothers clothing chain, says that the advertising agency crowd—"the Ivy League"—are wearing this style in blacks and charcoal grays. More conservative dressers—"Cosmopolitans"—are wearing suits with squarer shoulders, slightly wider lapels, conventional colors.

Does this sound like something from the women's



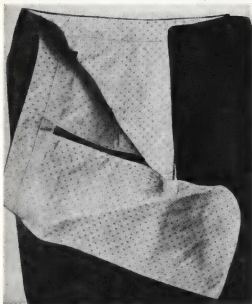
In good clothing, the design of the fabric will be closely matched-up where sections join, as in the blazer above. Below: A high-grade coat lining is smoothly fitted, hand-stitched, with material folded under.





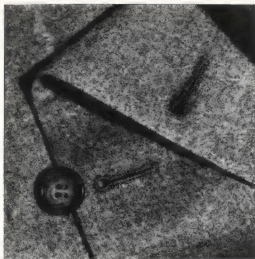
Bunch up in your fist the lapel of a good suit and it will spring back at once into shape—as did the one on the left above.

Below: Good trousers pockets are deep and roomy, and made of closely woven fabric.



fashion pages? The suit makers want it to be. In fact, nothing would please them more than to have men sitting around in beer parlors discussing the latest shape of tuxedos.

Manufacturers and retailers complain that men don't buy enough suits. Since the end of World War II, we've been spending 79 percent more on tobacco, 133 percent more on automobiles, but only 5 percent more on clothing. Leaders in the clothing industry are chipping in to a \$5 million kitty to make the American male more clothes conscious, and there is talk of regular fashion shows every year, like those run by dress designers, to display the new models.



Above: The buttonholes on good suits are neat and strong and stitched on both sides.

In talking with retailers about this campaign, I found that they expect outcries that they are trying to change styles so that men will be obliged to buy new suits while their old clothes are still wearable. A publicity man for the clothing industry calls this technique "creating obsolescence through fashion." Of course manufacturers of women's clothes have been doing this for years.

Men's wear retailers say that rapid style changes are a hazard for them, too—if the customers don't go along with the changes, stores will be stuck with unsaleable merchandise.

"We can't dream up changes and then force our customers to go along with us," a buyer told me. "We've got to guess what they'll want. A few bad guesses and we're out of business."

He added: "Anybody who objects to some new style has a simple solution: Just don't buy it."

—By JOHN L. SPRINGER

The Battle of Codes

IT IS AXIOMATIC that any code made by man can be cracked by man. Patient analysts have deciphered ancient writings in the unfamiliar characters of long-dead languages. They have even wrung the secret from coded messages transcribed in Chinese—in one case, it was done by men who had no knowledge of the Chinese language.

Possession of another nation's code may play a crucial role. This nation had a great advantage in the Pacific war because the United States cracked the Japanese high command's code.

This unseen, unceasing war between code-makers and code-breakers is usually waged in cloak-and-dagger fashion behind locked doors. Occasionally, though, some phase or result of it boils into the open with widespread reverberations. Such an instance was the death of Mary, Queen of Scots. She died because her own private code was deciphered.

The English secret service which, it is said, even included Shakespeare as a member for a time, managed to work one of its agents into the Scots-woman's group of followers. This agent was entrusted with a ciphered message to Mary, and he turned it over to the English cryptographers for copying. They broke the code.

The message revealed a plot on the part of some courtiers to assassinate Elizabeth, free Mary, and crown her queen. Walsingham, a canny, worldly man who was the secret-service head, read the message and bided his time. There were three more notes exchanged and Walsingham kept copies of each. Then came one definitely linking Mary with the plot.

The Scot queen, according to this note, approved the assassination and suggested some minor changes in the plan. She also proposed ways by which she could be freed. Walsingham laid all the notes before Elizabeth, and Mary went to the execution block.

Joachim Murat, one of Napoleon's marshals, also died because of a code letter—one that he failed to decipher. Leader of many a victorious cavalry charge, Murat was rewarded by his emperor with the throne of the Naples kingdom. But before the final campaign that led to Napoleon's overthrow, Murat, sensing hints of disaster, considered changing sides and sent secret overtures to Vienna.

The Austrian reply was delayed. Pressed by Napoleon to act, Murat decided to remain loyal to

the French emperor. On the march to join Napoleon, he met a messenger from Vienna with dispatches for him, written in code. Unable to decipher them, Murat sent them on to Naples, joined the Little Corporal and, after the general disaster, died before the guns of a firing squad.

Then, after his death, a bitter joke came to light. The Austrian message, finally deciphered, proved to be a full acceptance to Murat's terms, with immunity and extension of his kingdom.

The Germans lost a chance for an early end of the first World War because their cryptographers were inept and the French were alert.

The Germans were thundering toward Paris in the late summer of 1914. They had prepared a new and complex code for this offensive, entirely too complex as events showed. It was a double substitution cipher, which meant that the loss of even a single letter made gibberish of the whole message. Radio traffic was heavy in four languages, thus few radio orders got through intact. Many messages had to be repeated from five to a dozen times.

Two German corps at Mons failed to get their orders at all, so failed to close a trap on a British force that extricated itself. Six days later, Von Kluck failed to understand his orders and the French escaped at Guise. Meantime the French had broken the German code.

On the night of September 2, the German high command radioed an order to Von Kluck, changing his plan of action. Von Kluck did not get it, but the French did. The next day Von Kluck, still unaware of any change in plan, radioed the German high command he was proceeding according to plan—the only one he knew. The high command did not receive this message. But again the French took it in. The whole fatal misunderstanding was then laid before the French general, Joffre.

He realized there would be a sizable gap between two German armies operating at cross purposes. He sent a French army streaming out of Paris to engage Von Kluck so closely that Von Kluck could not shake loose to correct the error. Another kept the second German army very busy. A British corps and a French army slipped through the gap, thus turning the tide against the Germans in what history calls the "miracle of the Marne." So ended the Kaiser's chance of winning the war with one massive blow.

—BY C. C. HANKS

Disposal Service

Continued from page 32

"I wasn't nagging!" his wife shouted.

"I'm going to lie down," Ferguson said.

He went upstairs and stood in front of the telephone. There was no doubt of it, everything Esmond had said was true.

He glanced at his watch, and was surprised to find that it was a quarter to five.

Ferguson began to pace in front of the telephone. He stared at Esmond's card, and a vision of the trim, attractive Miss Dale floated through his mind.

He lunged at the telephone.

"Disposal Service, Mr. Esmond speaking."

"This is Mr. Ferguson."

"Yes, sir. What have you decided?"

"I've decided . . ." Ferguson clenched the telephone tightly. He had a perfect right to do this, he told himself.

And yet, they *had* been married for 17 years. Seventeen years! There had been good times, as well as bad. Was it fair, was it really fair?

"What have you decided, Mr. Ferguson?" Esmond repeated.

"I—I—no! I don't want the service!" Ferguson shouted.

"Are you certain, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Yes, absolutely. You should be behind bars! Good day, sir!"

He hung up, and immediately felt an enormous weight leave his mind. He hurried downstairs.

His wife was cooking short ribs of beef, a dish he had never liked. But it didn't matter. He was prepared to overlook petty annoyances.

The doorbell rang.

"Oh, it must be the laundry," Mrs. Ferguson said, trying simultaneously to toss a salad and stir the soup. "Would you mind?"

"Not at all." Glowing in his new-found self-righteousness, Ferguson opened the door. Two uniformed men were standing outside, carrying a large canvas bag.

"Laundry?" Ferguson asked.

"Disposal Service," one of the men said.

"But I told you I didn't—"

The two men seized him, and, with the dexterity of long practice, stuffed him into the bag.

"You can't do this!" Ferguson shrieked.

The bag closed over him, and he felt himself carried down his walk. A car door creaked open, and he was laid carefully on the floor.

"Is everything all right?" he heard his wife ask.

"Yes, madam. There was a change in the schedule. We are able to fit you in after all."

"I'm so glad," he heard her say. "It was such a pleasure talking to your Mr. French this afternoon. Now excuse me. Dinner is almost ready, and I must make a phone call."

The car began to move. Ferguson tried to scream, but the canvas pressed tightly against his face.

He asked himself desperately, who could she be calling? Why didn't I suspect?

—BY ROBERT SHECKLEY

YOU CAN'T LOSE!



You can always be sure of enjoying *your* copy of BLUEBOOK—regardless whether your newsstand sells out, as so many of them regularly do. Simply enter your subscription now for *one or two* years of BLUEBOOK at today's low rates.

Hand this coupon to your newsdealer or mail to

BLUEBOOK MAGAZINE, Dept. XW1

McCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio

☐ \$2.50 for 1 yr.

☐ \$4.00 for 2 yrs.

Subscriber's

Name.....

Subscriber's

Address.....

City &

State.....

In Canada, mail to McCall Corporation, 133 Simcoe St., Toronto 1, Ont.

The Night The Station Got Lost

Continued from page 37

to Goldie's ordinary everyday pranks. Got so we could schedule them pretty well, even figure out who was due next. That's when he got started on his scientific stunts, the ones that took some time and planning.

Like the night he loosened the wheels on the baggage cart. Not all the way off, but just enough so they'd hold up for a few yards before everything went boom. Of course, it would be a Friday night he'd pick. Right smack dab at the height of the weekend rush, with all them co-eds carting suitcases home from college and those skiers heading off to the mountains. Top of that, the train was late and the engineer was bellowing at Henry to load up quick so he could make up the time. I tell you, it was a picture. There was the 5:51 Bangor-direct snorting and puffing like a bull in clover. There was all them pretty little girls straddling their suitcases, and the skiers with all that lumber leaning against them. And there was the baggage cart, loaded near to the roof with chickens and trunks and parcels and what not, and Old Henry, our baggage clerk, bent over in front tugging at the handle. Then all of a sudden there was a terrific crashing, like the station had collapsed. The girls was screaming at the fellows. The fellows was screaming at the conductor. The baggage cart was on its belly in the middle of the platform, flatter than a toboggan, and Henry was chasing the wheels up and down in every direction. It was a sight. Chickens flying in and out the eaves, people scampering and tripping over skis and sometimes over skiers. Out on the tracks there was trunks and bundles and chicken cages three feet deep. The engineer was cussing his head off. So was Henry, and he was a temperate man, mighty temperate. And echoing above all this, came the shrill call of that cawing gooney bird in the office. It took more than a mite of coaxing to keep Henry from quitting his job right there and then, and hang the retirement pay.

Then the Swede arrived. And he was to be the inspiration for Goldie's greatest achievement.

The Swede was an engineer sent up from Augusta to break in with the Mountain Division. Might have made a good man any place else, but he was made to order for Goldie. The blaze made by Shorty's schedule was nothing compared to the one the Swede's straw suitcase made when Goldie got done with his handshaking stunt. You remember, the one with the cigarette lighter. Always good for a laugh. So were all the others, and they started all over again, from the nailed-up shoes right down to the exploding cigar. Swede never give a frown or a smile.

When he found his new work gloves oozing with wheel oil, he just shook his big blond head and muttered, "What do you know about that. Ay moest 'ave spilt some earl in my gloeffs!" And when his favorite corn-cob blew up like a thirsty boiler, he jabbered, "Yumpin' yimminy. Ay never buy that ter-baccy again."

Swede had been pulling a slow freight less than a month when Goldie hit on his real Lulu. I call it that, 'cause I think it's the only one really rated the title. We hadn't seen much of him for a few days. Guess he was inside the office mapping it out. Great one for strategy, that Goldie. One day though he come busting out, arms all aflutter and voice shrieking like a rusty brake wheel. "Gather round, lads," he cried. "This is it! My masterpiece. The Swede'll never catch on." Then he told us Swede was being promoted to a passenger run, the 10:17.

"What's so comical about that?" asks Abner. "Seems to me he'd be just the man . . . always on time, careful with the equipment and reports every last wheeze in his boiler to the shops."

"Wait a minute," cuts in Goldie. "You haven't heard my plan yet. You all know where Beaver Lake is, don't you?"

Of course we did. It's a logging town up in the hills, about halfway between Orsank and Middletown. Four trains a day; six Sundays and holidays. Good ski country and enough freight with the sawmills and pulp plants.

"Then you must know where that old fur-curing factory is?" continues Goldie. "Out of business now, but the siding is still there. In serviceable condition too, according to our maintenance reports, but I'm having it checked again, just to be sure. Here's the plan: that siding leaves the main drag about a mile after Beaver Lake, circles two miles through the woods out to the old fur place, then comes back on the main line about a mile before Beaver Lake."

"Get it? One of those overlapping sidings. Begins in one place that comes back to the main line again just ahead of where it started. The Swede'll never catch on. It'll kill him."

He was laughing so hard somebody had to give him a glass of water before we could make head or tail of it.

"You don't get it?" he says in a disappointed tone. "It's really very simple. Look, when Swede starts highballing it out of Beaver Lake, we'll have the switchman throw him into that siding. See what happens? Instead of staying on the main line, he'll circle out to the old fur-curing plant then back into Beaver Lake. Two Beaver Lakes in one night. It'll drive him nuts!"

We had our doubts. Goldie assured us Swede would never know what was happening. He had never been north before and would hit there around midnight. It's a dark patch of woods coming out of Beaver Lake. A new engineer could easily mistake a siding for the main line.

"What about the train crew?" demands Shorty. "Night or day those fellows can feel the tracks under their feet."

"Oh," says Goldie with a pixie grin, "that's where you boys come in. We have to work this together. I took care of my end. Spoke to the agent at the Lake this morning. The switchman's all primed. Now it's up to you to tip off the trainmen."

"How about the passengers?" injects Silent Tom, the government mail clerk. "They got eyes too, you know."

"Won't be any passengers second time around," snaps Goldie. "All interested in Beaver Lake will have gotten off the first time. Besides, he'll only stop in Beaver Lake once. Second time around, we'll give him the green."

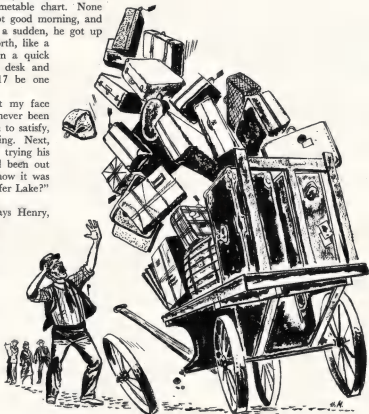
I asked how it would work on the return haul and he says "Like a charm. Like a charm. The very same thing. Into Beaver Lake, out of Beaver Lake. Into the siding, out to the old fur place, then back into Beaver Lake again. It can't miss."

It didn't either, from the looks of the Swede's face the morning after his first trip on the 10:17. He was sitting in the office when we came back from our coffee session down at the shops. For a cold day, there seemed to be a lot of perspiration on his face. Probably some sort of chill, because his hand shook as he read over the timetable chart. None of us dared say a word, except good morning, and he didn't answer that. All of a sudden, he got up and began pacing back and forth, like a switcher doing ramp duty. On a quick impulse, he sidled up to my desk and almost whispered, "That 10:17 be one Yell of a run, don't she?"

I coughed a little to get my face straight and confessed I had never been on the train. That didn't seem to satisfy, so he went back to floor pacing. Next, he tried Henry, who had been trying his darndest to look busy but had been out of practice so long he forgot how it was done. "Ayfer been yup to Bee-fer Lake?" I heard Swede ask.

"Can't say as I have," says Henry, burying his face in a drawer to keep from ripping out all over the place, while the rest of us found sudden need to hunt up a file folder or check on the thermometer outside. Swede didn't try any others, so we had to wait on the train crew and the agent at Beaver Lake to fit the pieces together.

All of a sudden there was a terrible crashing.



Seems he hit there right on time, little past midnight, dropped off a couple of hunters and some egg crates, then pulled out. Mile or so up the pike he thundered through the switch into the siding, circled the old factory and was back in Beaver Lake in less than five minutes. Agent said he was afraid Swede would fall out of the cab the way he was leaning into the roadbed to see if it was really Beaver Lake again. They say you could smell burnt out brake lining the rest of the night the way he stopped.

"What the blazes are you stopping for," the agent roared. "Don't you see that green?"

"Ya. Ya. Sure," Swede stammered. "But ain't this Bee-fer Lake? I yam supposed to stop here."

"It's Beaver Lake all right and you already have stopped here."

Swede looked for sympathy from the fireman beside him but got nothing more than the bored look most veterans reserve for newcomers. "Ya. Ay guess maybe Ay don't feel so good tonight," he murmured. "Ay yumpy all over."

He mumbled and grumbled all the way back about "Bee-fer Lake," the crew told us, and when he hit it a second time on the return run, he reached for the brake bar again, but didn't stop. He just

leaned forward in his seat peering out into the night, and held that pose the rest of the trip, like he expected two or three more Bee-fer Lakes to come popping out of the darkness.

But worse than that came out of the darkness—Valhalla Corners. Goldie thought of it three days later. He came charging out of his office shouting, "Call up the stockholders. Declare a dividend! This line has got a new station! The old B & K is growing every minute. Make way for Valhalla Corners, U.S.A."

We should have guessed it. It was the new name for Beaver Lake second time around. As usual, Goldie had it all plotted out: the bright red-and-yellow sign, a red wig for the agent over at the Lake, and little details like moving the newstand and rearranging the baggage carts and trash baskets. He thought of everything.

The next morning Swede came into the office and I never saw anyone looking so bad. His eyes were all blurry and bloodshot. His face was white as goat's milk. And it would be me he'd pick on when he finally decided to talk. "Ayfer hear of Val'yaller Corners?"

"Nope," I gulped. "Can't say's I have. Where is it?"

The goat's milk curdled. "Oh," he moaned. "It been sum'vere. Aye tank."

Then he spun around on his heel and was gone. He never mentioned Valhalla Corners again. Not ever to the train crew. But he saw it every night. Sometimes it was Beaver Lake first and Valhalla Corners second; other times the ghost station came first, then the Lake. The signals never permitted a stop; but Swede often slowed down enough to let

the mystery of it fill his big eyes with terror. Especially on the nights when it was Valhalla Corners first on the way up and then first again on the way back!

I guess it ended the only way it could have. The mail special took care of it. Funny part is, the whole thing was Goldie's idea. He suggested a special mail train to run Christmas packages up to that Army camp near Middletown, and the brass hats went strong for the idea. It was scheduled out of here about 10:25, only eight minutes after Swede's train, so I don't see how Goldie ever forgot. Maybe it was all the excitement over the opening run. The general manager and his whole staff come up, plus all the public-relations people and the Army bigwigs. You know how people carried on in wartime. But this was one celebration they never got over.

The way I heard it, Swede made up his 10:17 and was out of here lickety-split, on the dot, as per usual. It was beginning to snow and get fierce when the special roared through here a few minutes later, with Goldie grinning and waving from the observation deck. The general manager was just running over his speech in his mind when they got to Beaver Lake and whistles start tooting up ahead.

"What train is that?" he asks, and Goldie told him it was the 10:17. He didn't think twice about it. Neither did the Swede, who by this time was barreling through the siding back towards Beaver Lake again. Only this time the way was blocked by the special, which had stopped for a mail pickup. Swede gave a tug at the whistle. The general manager lost the thread running through his speech. "Pretty busy division you have here, Mr. Goldrick. What train is that back there?"

"The 10:17," gasped Goldie as the light struck.

"How nice," said the G.M., returning to his musing. Goldie took advantage of the silence and lit out for the door. "For gossake," he shouted, "somebody pull that switch. Do you hear me? Somebody throw that switch." It was a fatal direction, but the switchman was already long accustomed to Goldie's whims. He did as directed. Goldie should have remembered the agent had orders to switch only once, then let the 10:17 go on its way. When he called for another one, that's what he got. Into the siding went the Special, all the way out to the fur plant, then back into Beaver Lake again, right behind the 10:17.

Whistles up ahead again. The General Manager stuffed the speech into his brief case. "What train is that?" he demanded in querulous tones.

"The 10:17," mumbled Goldie, all meek and beaten.

"What did you say?"

"The 10:17 . . ."

"But I thought that was behind us!"

"I know," sighed Goldie. "It's just one of those things . . ."

"One of what things?" roared the executive. "What's going on here? How many 10:17's are there? First it was in front of us, then behind us, now in front of us again. Trains don't jump over

Native Wit...

I ENTERED the railway station of a small village in central Saskatchewan to find the division superintendent engaged in rapt conversation with the local section foreman.

"Sam," the immaculate super said to the grubby old track-worker, "you have been reduced to a crew of two, yourself and one man. Yet the rule book emphatically states that in changing a rail one flagman must be deployed to the east and another to the west. What do you do when you change a rail?"

Old Sam took off his cap, scratched his head, spat on the stove, and replied; "Well sir, it's like this: I send my man out to the west to flag, I go out to the east to flag, and we put the damn rule book in the middle to change the rail."

—R. MACKEY

Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Can.



one another. They run on tracks . . . steel tracks. They can't play leap-frog. I've been in this business 35 years. I ought to know. Do you hear?"

His voice rumbled through the car like a loud-speaker, each new quiver of wrath bringing redder hues to the bald spot on his oval-shaped crown. "Yes sir," shivered Goldie, "I'll go see what I can do." And with that, he ran down on the steps shouting frantically for someone to "throw that blasted switch." They did.

When whistles tooted mournfully from behind, the General Manager sprang into action. A conductor came on the run to answer his summons. "What time is it?" the G.M. barked.

"It's 24:03," replied the conductor with a smart flip of his watch.

"Find out what train that is behind us and be quick about it if you like your job!" The conductor dashed up to the doorway and back with hardly time to turn around. "The 10:17," he announced crisply, and never quite recovered from the barrage of profanity that greeted him. Goldie leaned out into the night, pleading with the switchman.

They never did settle how many times the two trains went around that circle. The agent says at least three. The switchman claims five. Others go as high as seven or eight. I do know that someplace in there the general manager calmed down long enough to find out the name of the station they were passing through.

"Val-hal-la Corners," reported the brakeman, squinting at the sign through the snowflakes.

"Valhalla WHAT?"

"Corners. Valhalla Corners. It says."

"But . . . but . . . but that's impossible! Ridiculous! We don't have any station by that name."

"Yes sir. But that's what the sign says."

"I don't care what the sign says. I ought to know. I'm general manager of this line and I've been here 35 years."

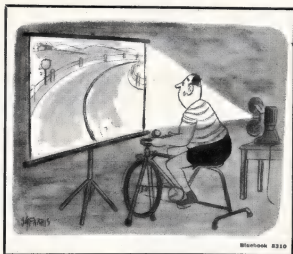
His report must have been a beauty. Within 48 hours the whole Union Station force, from callboys to president, was up here asking more questions than Dr. Kinsey and the income tax combined. They rode all over, interviewed hundreds of people—farmers, lumberjacks, hoboes, hunters and what not. Didn't do any good. Nobody ever heard of Valhalla Corners. Then the railroad dicks arrived, went over this place like customs agents hunting the crown jewels. Next the FBI and the ICC. Never a trace of Valhalla Corners. It had vanished in the old pot-bellied stove over at Beaver Lake in a fragrance of burnt shellac and crackling of good pine.

Before the probe busted up, the president of the line apologized to Goldie and said a lot of nasty things about the general manager. Goldie was real nice about it. He told the president not to be too hard on the general manager, because you know how it is around the holidays. Fellows get to celebrating. Saved the general manager's job too, but the man never appreciated it. Some people are like that.

We saw Swede only once after that. He came in and cleaned out his locker. Didn't even wait for his paycheck. Suppose half a dozen assorted Beaver Lakes and Valhalla Corners was too much for him in one night. Guess you can't blame him there. Got a card from him about a week ago. He's in the Peruvian jungles. A missionary of some sort. Come to think of it, he did get awful religious towards the end there.

And Goldie? Oh, he's the same. Never changes. Got a new engineer in the other night. Guess that's why the 10:17's late. Heard Goldie talking to the sign shop this afternoon. Said something about "Utopia Junction." Whatever that means.

—BY HUGH A. MULLIGAN



STROKE!

Continued from page 40

upper arm before I'd realized the thing had been unpacked from its case; then he was pumping the liquid up the dial, his fingers on my left wrist. "210, systaltic," he said to my wife in a low voice. "Must have been higher when it struck him."

Then he poked and squeezed about my limbs and body; went over nerve ends and fibers with the sharp and blunt ends of a pencil-like instrument. He wanted a urinalysis, because a stroke often affects the kidneys. He wanted blood tests. He wanted me taken to a hospital. And how I managed a "Nuts to that idea!" vehemently enough without being able to enunciate clearly is beyond me. No hospitals for this boy! I'd been in too many during World War II and wouldn't voluntarily enter another. I vowed then I'd leave the house either on foot or on a slab. And I guess the doctor understood, because he didn't insist. He would call in a neurologist, I was told. Then, I guess, I was given a sedative, because I slept.

The neurologist was a youngish, vital man with an infectious grin. His probing and punching and stabbing and tickling at last finished, he sat back and smiled. "You'll live, I guess," he said.

"Doc," I struggled to enunciate clearly through the side of my mouth, "Just . . . what is it . . . this stroke business? Wha . . . what happened to me?"

He grinned. "A patient isn't supposed to know what's wrong with him."

"Thell with that!"

"Well, you've experienced a thrombosis, which I suppose you know by now. Lower left pontine."

"Words!" I uttered exasperated.

"All right, then! Words you want, words you'll get!" He sat back, legs crossed, lighting a cigarette.

"Thrombosis," he began, "simply means that a blood clot, a thrombus, has formed in the blood vessels. In your case the clot apparently occurred in the many small pontine arteries that feed the enlarged part of the brain stem known as the pons. The clot shuts off the blood flow, and therefore the nourishment, to part of the pons and this part degenerates. So do the nerve fibers that go through or come out of this region.

"These fibers include the cranial nerves, which go to parts of the head, and the motor nerves, which supply the trunk, arms and legs. Hence, a thrombosis of the left side would directly affect the muscles on the left side of your face. On the other hand, since the motor fibers to the trunk and limbs cross over to the opposite side, a lesion on the left side of the pons would show up in the muscles of the right side of the body, including the right arm and leg."

"Would . . . uh . . . nerves cause that?" I managed to get out. "Nervous tension?"

"Yes," he answered. "Nerve tension could have had something to do with it. It's really very hard to know just why such things happen."

"Doc," I mouthed, "when . . . will . . . will I walk again? Be able to . . . to pound a typewriter again?"

"Well, you're young for this sort of an accident, fella. Fifty isn't old, you know; only to kids is it old. Take care of yourself, learn to live free from tension, and you should not only recover but avoid having the same thing happen again."

"When will I be right again?"

He shrugged. Which was about what I'd expected. Recovery was up among the clouds! Somewhere in maybe-maybe land! Seeing I was let down, he grasped my shoulder, saying:

"Your strength and reflexes will return bit by bit. But you must help, spiritually as well as physically. You must help yourself. No one else can do this for you. Even God will need your cooperation. Try moving your leg from time to time, just moving it an inch or two on the bed. Try flexing your fingers. Try to lift your forearm across your stomach. Try to talk as you have been trying, because you felt an urgency. Fortunately, only your left facial muscles were affected; not the muscles of your jaw. And, of course, when you're up and about again, no tobacco, no alcohol, no rich food . . . not only because your weight must be kept down, but because your arterial system must be kept free from fatty tissues."

Room of Torment

So I had my answers. I'd been given the why's and wherefore's and do's and don't's. All I had to do was reconcile myself. No sooner had he left the room than I was rebelling over having to remain bedded, to be fed and changed.

The bedroom became a cell of dejection. Noises from outside became a torment. The neighborhood kids didn't play, they rioted. Traffic sounds reminded me of endless convoys of GI trucks tearing through a mountain tunnel. Fiction reading only brought to vivid reality life in which I might no longer be a participant. Discarded must be the hopes and aspirations of yesterday. So why dream? Let the dark door open when it would; I was ready—overdue! For what use might I hope to be to myself, let alone to those dear to me? . . . And only then did I come to realize I was defeating none but myself, that I was permitting myself to deteriorate morally, to rot! Then and only then did spirit grope for a hold within my being. Then and only then did I realize I must rise above my affliction. In the throes of self-pity, I had forgotten that God does not permit one of His to suffer needlessly—not when they are willing to help themselves.

A stroke I'd had! Well, so what! An affliction—but not one which couldn't be licked. The doctors

had said that. Now I had said it. Because I had said it, it meant something to me.

So this day I rolled onto my paralyzed side, allowed myself to slip gently to the floor. Then I dragged myself up by the bedpost, took a step, holding to the edge of the bureau, and fell. I crawled across the floor to the stair landing, then slid down step by step on my buttocks. At the bottom, regretting my impulse, knowing the hell I would catch when my wife returned, I pulled myself up by the newell post, wrested a cane from the adjacent umbrella stand, and propelled myself into the living room via desk edge, chair back and table corner until I managed to reach my den. There I sank into the desk chair, triumphant and grateful.

It had taken weeks to lead up to that impulse. But suddenly I was no longer bedridden. Daily I buttocked myself downstairs to my "place of business." There about me was all that had meaning in my life: my books, my manuscripts, my pictures—illustrations from material published, war souvenirs, photographs of friends, children, grandchildren, parents, grandparents. There was my life, my past and my future. There I could sit and not be alone.

But sitting there, daring dream again, the pictures of my forefathers became especially significant. They, too, must have faced crises and surmounted them. Each in his own way, for each had come from different walks of life. My maternal grandfather had been a poor farm boy; wanting to become a builder, he migrated to Boston where, in later years, he built the greater portion of what is now known as that city's upper Back Bay. My paternal grandfather had had means, yet ease and dollars had not kept him from composing music of lasting memory. And I was of them, wanting to create physically with my hands as my mother's father had done, yet wanting to create artistically as my father's father had done. Thinking of their lives, I seemed to have missed my particular boat. For writing alone, I now knew, had never been enough; nor would manual labor have been enough. Thus a new need took root within me. And here Fate entered again.

A newspaper story appeared at this time concerning a man in a nearby town who remodelled houses, making salable antiques out of wrecks, and, as a hobby, whittled caricatures of local people. House . . . building . . . my grandfather; caricatures . . . art . . . my father's father. I reached the man by telephone, asking if he would visit me and show me his whittlings, explaining why I could not visit him. And he came, a bouncy, jovial man exuding enthusiasm and philosophical homilies. He brought some whittlings, which were fascinating—grinning farmers, sassy farm women, hoboes; but he also brought chunks of basswood and a three-inch fish knife of Swedish steel, honed razor-sharp. Passing me a chunk and the knife, he said:

"Whittle, son!"

"You're crazy!" I exclaimed, my speech more articulate now. "Couldn't even hold the thing!"

"Can't without trying," he answered. "Won't do no harm t'ry. Might help."

I saw what he was driving at. More importantly, I saw that he was trying to help—he, a stranger. So I gave the wood a whack with the blade, and, as I'd feared, the knife flew from my hand to the floor.

"There!" I exclaimed. "See?" And I could have wept, because, ridiculously, the wood held an odd fascination for me.

"Heck," he said, "that's only the first time. Try it this way: Grip the wood tight, then press your left thumb against the right. You'll find the left thumb works as sort of a brake against the right as well as a lever. Go on, now, try! Don't think about making anything special. Just try to slice the wood."

The Great Beginning

So I tried again, and the left thumb did work just as he'd said. Basswood being soft and the knife razor-sharp, the wood cut like chilled butter. I persisted while he watched, a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes. Getting up to leave, he took from his pocket the figure of a choir boy, simple in form, long robes covering his body and feet. Passing it to me, he said, "Copy this 'fore I get back again."

I was trying when my wife returned.

"What on earth!" she exclaimed.

"Pat brought it to me."

"Whoever Pat is, he's crazy! You'll cut yourself to shreds. Thayer, put down that knife!"

"Nope," I answered. "I'm going to copy this choir boy or bust."

Then she got the doctor on the telephone, and returned defeated and perplexed.

"He said?" I prompted.

"Best thing you could do for your arm: Keep your mind occupied, too. But I'm getting a band-aid and Mercurochrome just in case!"

A fortnight or so later, sitting before the hearth in the chill of evening, fondling the figure of a kilted Scot I'd finished that day, I said to my wife:

"These little people fascinate me. Old Angus here looks like your uncle."

"The places you've been, your mind should be chock-full of characters to carve," she answered.

"And people buy the things too," Pat said.

"But you must acquire skill first."

"Sure, sure! What else have I to do but sit here and acquire skill? But it fascinates me. Each new chunk of wood is a new challenge. Odd it should take such a hold on me. I suppose, though, man has been whittling ever since Ned Neolithic made a knife of a stone and whittled utensils and weapons from driftwood. And see how much better my arm is!" I waved and twisted my arm, flexing my fingers.

"You have a gift, and the gift has proved a blessing."

"Took a stroke to bring it out, though."

"Stroke of fortune," she smiled. "But that isn't the way you should think of it. The stroke was a

misfortune, something terrifying. But good always rises from evil. You've a new world to open up."

"I sense that," I told her, because I did sense potentials I would never have recognized before.

"Soon," she said, "you'll be able to type again; then your writing will complement your whittling, and the whittling the writing. Ideal combination for one of your temperament; both constructive, both opposites in a sense." Then she pecked me on the cheek, saying, "I'm happier than I've been in months."

So I whittled.

The local newspaper learned of what I was about and thought it would make a good story. Their illustrated feature brought the curious to my "studio": some to watch, a few to buy. The neighborhood kids congregated to kibitz, leaving with a dog for a boy, a doll for a girl. The state's Arts & Crafts Service had seen the story and sent a field representative to see my little men and women. They suggested I exhibit and market through gift shops and winter and summer tourist resorts throughout the state.

I found myself in business, my "studio" or porch

being my office-workshop. I found myself a student again, too. There was much I needed to know. About the woods I used: the mahoganies, birches, butternuts, maples; about anatomy, too, so my figures would be accurately proportioned; about sketching, so I could make penciled impressions of this or that character whose features I might wish to retain. The study of wood sculpture fascinated me as much as the art of creation, the art of creation no less than the manual labor, the physical doing. I was hypnotized. I couldn't leave it alone. Nor did I want to.

As my figures sold, more orders came. And my scope increased. I learned to whittle birds as well as cats and dogs; then horses, standing, bucking, lying down; and elephants, because my wife considers them lucky. Then a customer from Hanover, N. H., suggested creating Eleazar Wheelock, Dartmouth's founder. This opened up an entirely new market.

But, meanwhile, I tried my hand at the type-writer again. Gradually, my fingers began to strike the right keys at command. Encouraged, I unraveled a story which had been rattling around in my mind since pre-stroke days. Written, now, it may sell when cut, properly plotted and polished. And there are other writings to unravel, people and their stories to put on paper—and to carve in wood, maybe. Not the reportorial work in which I'd formerly been engaged, nor the publicity of the old days, because I cannot get about. But the world of fiction is a far richer field, for it encompasses us all as we have lived, loved, lost, and yet dared to dream. Thus it might seem that my life is full; but it is not that simple.

The doctors still require monthly visits for blood tests, pressure readings, other checks. There are three varieties of medicines to take daily. There is the cane I must carry lest people think my wavering gait that of a drunk. There are the tripping over rugs, the knocking of things off tables, the dropping of things unless I concentrate on what I have in my hand. Then there's the tightening of my facial muscles when I talk any length of time, and the thickness of my speech.

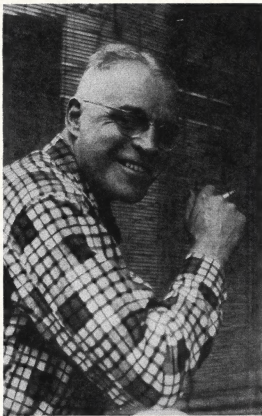
Nor can I walk distances without my bad leg becoming difficult to control. Then there is the light-headedness when tired, the need for regular hours of work, relaxation and sleep lest the tensions rise within me and nerve exhaustion cause a relapse. These are things I have to live with from now on.

But to blazes with them! Life is too interesting to be inconvenienced by them; life is too potential. There is too much to be accomplished, and the joy and pride of accomplishment. So, if my life must be confined largely to studio and porch, I'll remain content, for within their perimeter is a world to be characterized, a life to be fulfilled.

Yes, a stroke is an ill experience. I pray no reader may have one. But it is a thing which can be licked, and largely by self alone—by self through God's strength, for without that of Him which is within us all, this narrative might never have been written.

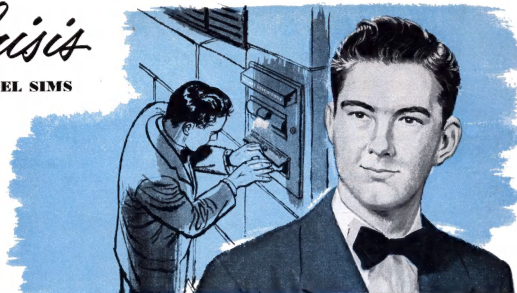
—BY HERBERT THAYER BRUCE

Herbert Thayer Bruce—man of courage.



Crisis

By LYDEL SIMS



“What did you do with the money?”

FEELING THE EYES on him as he walked, he set his face in a blank, expressionless mask. These were not the people he had known all his life: for six weeks they had been strangers. And he was not John McCroskey of Memphis, Tenn., the kid who had delivered papers and worked week-ends and summers to earn spending money. He was a character in a play.

It had begun right here. He had walked along this same block on that Saturday evening, carrying the deposit sack from the drug store with \$735 cash in it. He could still remember the way he had to force it through the slot in the night depository because the corner of the sack got stuck.

And he could still remember the telephone ringing on Monday morning, and his boss's voice as he asked: “What did you do with the money, John?”

That first time, the question was almost casual. That was while everybody still knew John McCroskey, knew he was as honest as they came. But later, when the police were called in and he had become a character in a play, the questions were sharper: “Who do you think you're fooling, John?” “Come on, now, *what did you do with the money?*”

He told them how the sack had stuck. It had never happened on his previous night deposits. Could something have been wrong with the depository mechanism? But the man from the lock company said that was out of the question. No, if he had deposited the money it would have been there. Nothing had ever gone wrong with the mechanism.

Well, they had searched John's home, but they hadn't arrested him—not yet, at least. And though he wasn't making the deposits any more, he hadn't been fired from his job at the drug store. His boss said he knew John couldn't have taken the money. But all

around him, the strangers were watching. All his life, he thought, they'd be staring, whispering.

What could you do to *make* them believe you were innocent? Nothing!

Or was there something? He thought of a book he had been reading the night before. Do something about your problems, the writer had said. Don't sit passively and accept defeat. All the more reason if the situation looks hopeless; what can you lose?

He thought about it. This was Saturday night, and the pharmacist was in charge of the store. He liked John. Maybe . . .

John McCroskey and the pharmacist walked together along the familiar block from the drug store, carrying a sack of money. At the bank they stopped, and John stuffed the sack through the slot in the night depository. This time he jammed it deliberately, making the corner stick just as that other one had. Then he forced it on out of sight.

It was Monday morning again, and again the phone was ringing.

“John,” said the pharmacist, “you owe me a chocolate soda. . . .”

The second sack had failed to show up, too, and this time there was a witness to say John had put it in. And this time the man from the lock company took the whole mechanism of the night depository apart. And there, against all experience, jammed under a metal edge at the entrance to the chute, were two sacks of money.

John McCroskey is in college today, drawing on a \$3,000 trust fund established for him by the bank because of the “unheard of circumstances” which caused him six weeks of agony.

CAPTAIN KID STUFF

(OR...JOHN'S MISTAKE)

John was growing up. (He shaved. He drove a car. He wanted to impress girls.)

But John was impatient. He wanted to be more grown-up. He wanted a grown-up reputation.

In short, he wanted to make a name for himself. That's natural. Most young men his age feel the same way.

But John made a mistake. He expressed his impatience and his ambition behind the wheel of a car.

He became another "highway cowboy."

He purposely drove fast ... didn't use chains on snow or ice ... skidded ... took chances ... raced on crowded streets.

He thought this would make him seem more grown-up. But the gang could see through his antics. They gave him a name all right—"Captain Kid Stuff."

They were smart enough to know that Careless Driving is Kid Stuff.



THE SIX RULES OF WINTER DRIVING

1. ACCEPT YOUR RESPONSIBILITY

to do all in your power to drive without accident. Don't blame the weatherman for an accident.

2. GET THE "FEEL" OF THE ROAD.

Try brakes occasionally while driving slowly and away from traffic. Find out just how slippery the road is and adjust your speed to road and weather conditions.

3. KEEP THE WINDSHIELD CLEAR

of snow and ice, fog and frost. Be sure headlights, windshield wiper blades and defrosters are in top condition.

4. USE TIRE CHAINS AND GOOD TIRES.

Don't rely on worn smooth tires. Use tire

chains on snow and ice. They cut stopping distances about half, give 4 to 7 times more starting and climbing traction ability.

But even with the help of chains, slower than normal speeds are a "must" on snow and ice.

5. PUMP YOUR BRAKES

to slow down or stop. Jamming them on can lock the wheels and throw you into a dangerous skid. A little skidding can carry you a long way.

6. FOLLOW AT A SAFE DISTANCE.

Keep well back of the vehicle ahead—give yourself room to stop. Remember, without tire chains, it takes 3 to 12 times as far to stop on snow and ice as on dry concrete.



An official public service message prepared by The Advertising Council in cooperation with the National Safety Council.

**CARELESS DRIVING
IS KID STUFF!**